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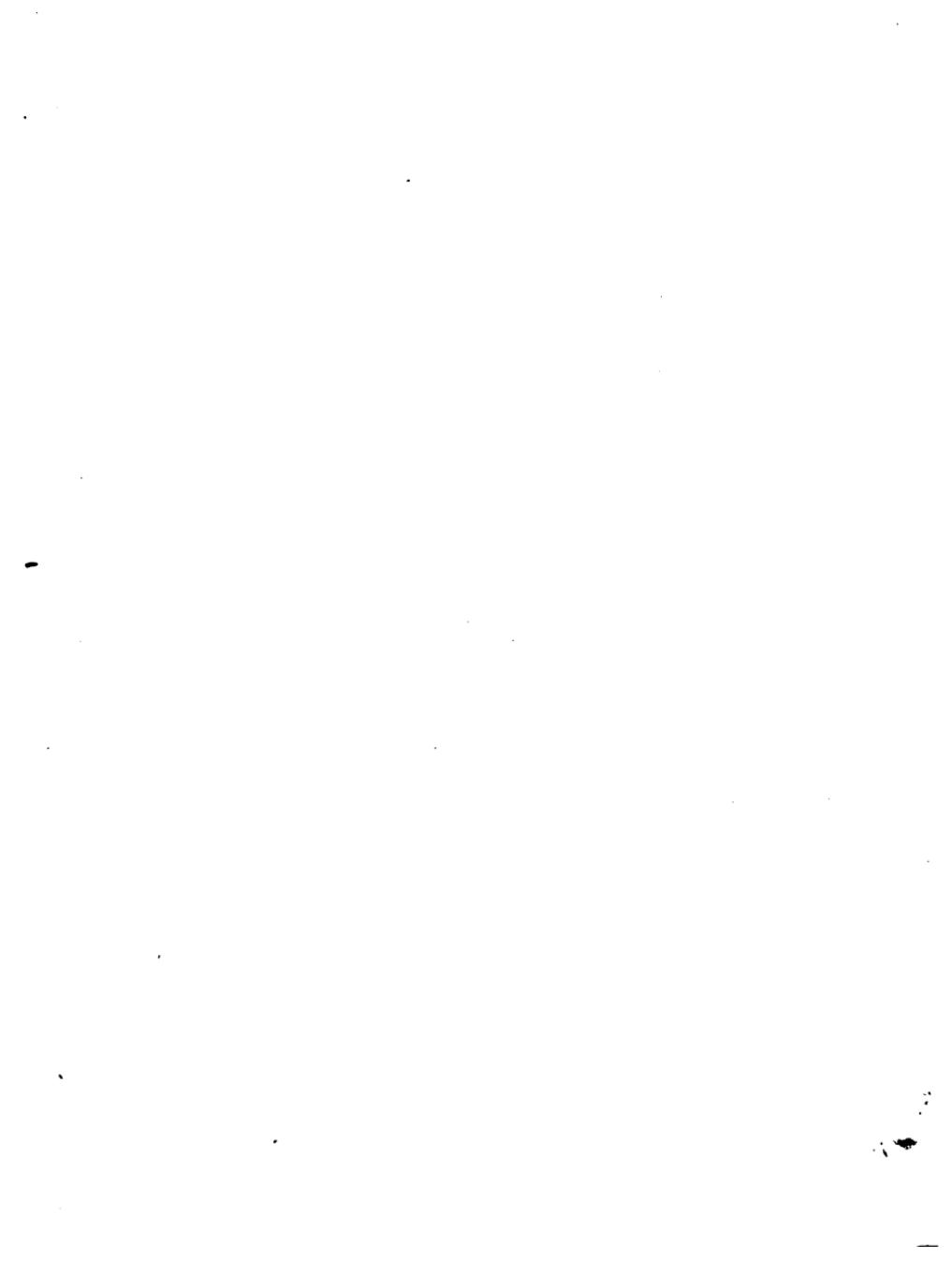
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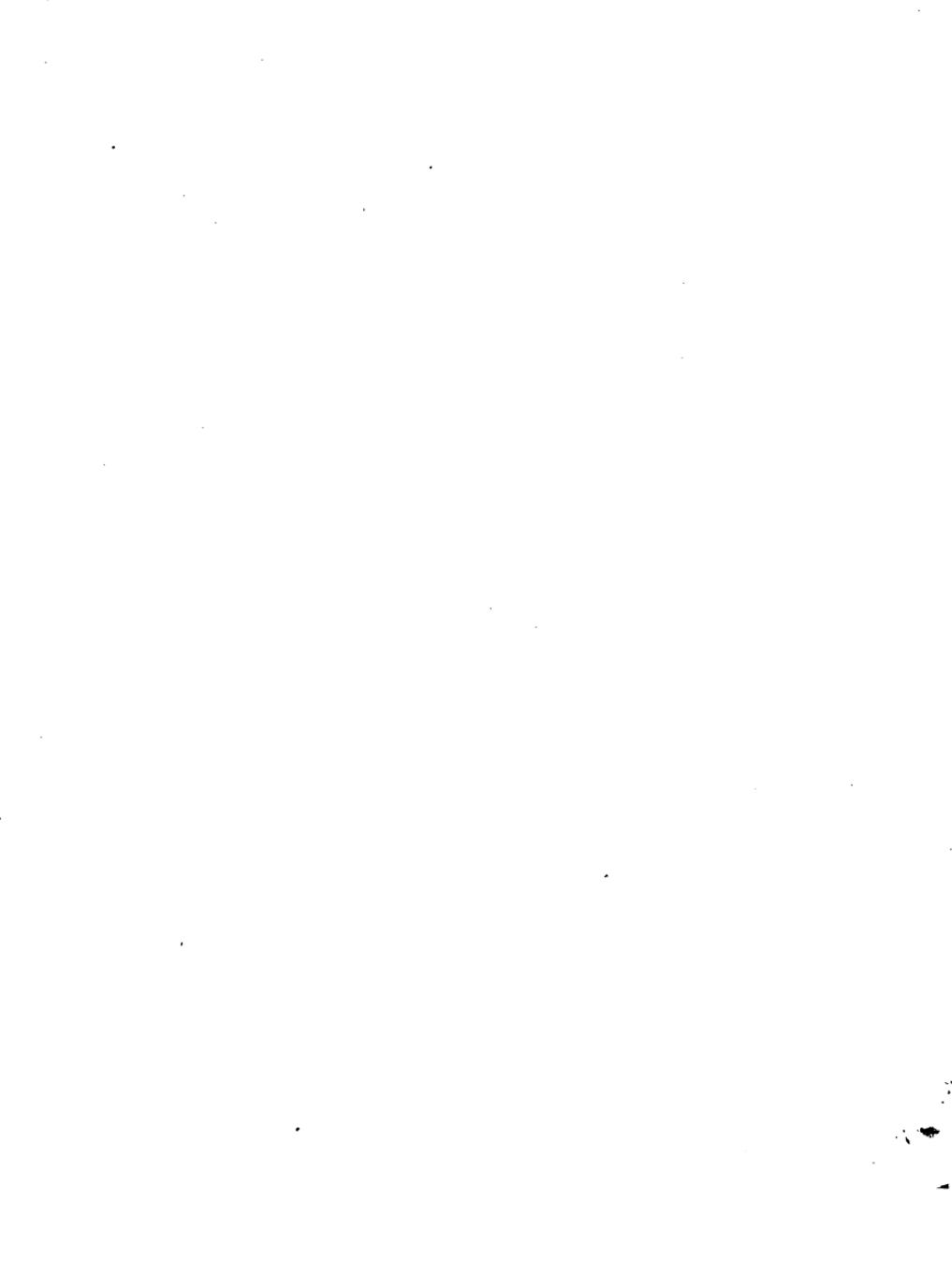
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GLENDALOUGH.

IN THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

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HAND-BOOKS FOR IRELAND.

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D U B L I N

AND

W I C K L O W.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.



LONDON: VIRTUE, HALL, & VIRTUE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DUBLIN: JAMES McGLASHAN, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

1853.



LONDON:

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL

## GENERAL ADVERTISEMENT.



THESE "Hand-Books for Ireland" have been compiled by their authors chiefly from their own work—"IRELAND: ITS SCENERY AND CHARACTER"—written and published by them in the years 1841-2 and 3. But they are arranged with a view to communicate to THE TOURIST in that country such information as he more immediately needs, in his progress—of routes, roads, hotels, charges, distances, conveyances, &c. &c.; with descriptions of the objects and places of attraction he will necessarily visit and inspect, and concerning which he will specially desire knowledge. With a view, therefore, to this essential duty, the authors revisited in 1852 the several places they have described; and, in 1853, these Books have been revised generally.

The leading purpose of the authors is to induce VISITS TO IRELAND. Those who require relaxation from labour, or may be advised to seek health under the influence of a mild climate, or search for sources of novel and rational amusement, or draw from change of scene a stimulus to wholesome excitement, or covet acquaintance with the charms of Nature, or wish to study a people full of original character—cannot project an excursion to any part of Europe that will afford a more ample recompense.

To the ENGLISH, therefore, a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, holds out every temptation the traveller can need. A cordial and hearty welcome will be given, at all times and in all places, to the "STRANGER," who will there journey in security such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe. Ireland will, unquestionably, supply every means of enjoyment that may be obtained in any of the Continental kingdoms, and without calling for the sacrifices of money and comfort that will be exacted in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy.

The authors of these volumes will indeed rejoice if their statements be the means of inducing English travellers to direct their course westward, knowing well, that for every new *visitor*, Ireland will obtain a new *friend*.

To other inducements, may be added those which now arise from facilities for travelling with ease and comfort. DUBLIN is barely twelve hours distant from LONDON: a railroad conveys to Holyhead; and the Channel is crossed in large and commodious steam-ships in less than four hours. Through all the leading districts there are railways; the inns, throughout, are for the most part comfortable; and even where discomfort has to be endured, it will be deprived of annoyance by the knowledge that efforts have been, or will be, exerted to remove it.

And something may be said of the comparatively small cost at which the tour may be made. "Tourist Tickets" are now annually issued at a cost of between four and six pounds. These Tourist Tickets are always considered—at the stations, the hotels, and, indeed, everywhere—as letters of introduction: they give assurance of "a STRANGER," who is proverbially, in Ireland, secure of kind and courteous treatment; moreover, the ticket is a contract to avoid delays on all routes—the first places upon occasions of difficulty of right belonging to the holders of these tickets. Independently, therefore, of the very great saving of expense, all Tourists in Ireland should obtain "TOURIST TICKETS."

The four Hand-Books consist of:—

- No. 1. DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.
- No. 2. THE NORTH AND GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.
- No. 3. THE SOUTH AND KILLARNEY.
- No. 4. THE WEST AND CONNAMARA.

They may be obtained, either together or separate, of any bookseller in the Kingdom, price 5s. each, or 20s. the Four Volumes.

\*\* The Authors will be much obliged by receiving any corrections to these volumes, or any suggestions for their improvement.

THE

## TOUR TO DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.

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VOYAGE to Ireland is, at present, very different from what it was, within our memory, before the application of steam had made its duration a matter of certainty, and enabled the traveller to calculate without reference to wind or tide. "The sailing-packet" was a small trader—schooner, or sloop; the cabin, of very limited extent, was lined with "berths;" a curtain portioned off those that were appropriated to ladies. In the centre was a table—seldom used, the formality of a dinner being a rare event; each passenger having laid in his own supply of "sea store," to which he resorted when hungered or athirst; finding, however, very often, when his appetite returned, that his basket had been impoverished by the visits of unscrupulous voyagers who were proof against sea-sickness. The "steward" was almost invariably an awkward boy, whose only recommendation was the activity with which he answered the calls of unhappy sufferers; and "the voyage across" was a kind of purgatory for the time being, to be endured only in cases of absolute necessity. It was not alone the miserable paucity of accommodation, and utter indifference to the comfort of passengers, that made the voyage an intolerable evil. Its duration was always uncertain: what with "waiting" for a fair wind, "putting back," and other sea casualties, weeks were frequently expended between one port and another. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that comparatively

little intercourse existed between the two islands, or that England and Ireland were almost as much strangers to each other as if the channel that divided them had been actually impassable.

The introduction of steam has made them, as it were, one island: the voyage across is now scarcely more fatiguing than a journey to Edinburgh: and in the large and comfortable steam-ships, which ply daily between the two countries, the traveller sustains little more inconvenience or annoyance, than he must do if the tunnel over the Menai Straits extended all the way from Holyhead to Kingstown.

Railroads and steam-boats have, in fact, so much facilitated intercourse between the people of Ireland and of England, that they are now at all events known to each other. But they have produced advantages of far greater import; inasmuch as they have largely contributed to develop and increase the resources of Ireland, and to improve the moral and social condition of its people. The Irish of all grades and degrees very generally visit England. The higher orders have always done so; but the middle classes now-a-days do so to a considerable extent—becoming their own merchants, and buying and selling as their own agents. Hence they obtain a knowledge of men and manners; naturally shrewd and inquisitive, they look around them as they travel along; their curiosity is excited; they inquire and examine, and take back with them notions of improvement and of the profit to be derived therefrom, which they not only turn to account, but disseminate among their neighbours. As will therefore be expected, a material change for the better has taken place throughout Ireland—perceptible even in the remotest districts, but very apparent in the vicinity of sea-port towns. The very lowest class, perhaps, has not yet felt the full benefit of this movement, but every grade above that class has essentially advanced; in all respects the people of Ireland are gradually but certainly assimilating with the people of England.

Hitherto, however, although steam has so largely aided in inducing visits from Ireland to England, visitors to Ireland from England have not, in the same ratio, increased. Happily, many of the causes that produced this evil exist no longer, and others are rapidly disappearing. It will be our leading

object in this publication to induce the English to see and judge for themselves, and not to incur the reproach of being better acquainted with the Continent than they are with a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, and which (we repeat what we have said elsewhere) holds out to them every temptation the traveller can need—a people rich in original character, scenery abundant in the wild and beautiful, a cordial and hearty welcome for the stranger, and a degree of economy and security in his journeyings, such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe. This opinion is indeed becoming so general, that for one visitor to Ireland twenty years ago, there are now perhaps one hundred; and the fascinations of Killarney, the marvels of the Giant's Causeway, the sublimities of Connemara, and the graceful beauties of Wicklow County, are becoming familiar themes to English travellers. The natural consequence has been that prejudices have given way: that the Irish are no longer regarded with indifference by their more prosperous brethren: but that there exists throughout England a universal desire that Ireland shall participate in all the advantages which England enjoys. We cannot too often express our belief—based upon long experience—that in every new visitor Ireland obtains a new friend.

The usual routes to Ireland are either by Holyhead to Dublin: by Liverpool to Dublin: or by Bristol to Cork or Waterford: the advantage of the first named route is, obviously, the shortness of the sea voyage—which occupies no more than four hours. The railway carriage deposits the Tourist on the quay at Holyhead: and the steam vessel places him on the quay at Kingstown, from which the railway conveys him (seven miles) to Dublin.

In this book we have endeavoured to furnish him with all the information he requires concerning the capital of Ireland, and its many attractions. The Hotels are, almost as a matter of course, similar to those of England: those which the English most generally frequent, and which are universally considered “the best,” are “the Gresham” and “Morrison's;” but Hotels are sufficiently numerous to receive and “comfort” travellers of all grades. We believe our volume will furnish ample information upon all the topics necessary for the pleasant progress of the Tourist.

From Dublin it has been our pleasant duty to guide the Tourist into the far-famed and very beautiful COUNTY OF WICKLOW. Not the least of the inducements to this tour will be its facility: the principal points of attraction in Wicklow are within a few hours' drive of the Metropolis; yet we may not omit to state that many parts of it vie with Killarney for beauty, and with "the West" for sublimity: and that if the time of the Tourist will admit of no more extended excursion, he will be amply compensated for his labour even by a circuit, made in a drive of one day, taking in the Scalp, Enniskerry, Powerscourt, the Waterfall and Dargle—returning to Dublin by Bray; or a two-day tour, taking the morning coach through Bray, the Glen of the Downs and Vale of Avoca, to Arklow—returning next day by Glendalough.\*

\* The distances from Dublin of the principal "Lions" of Wicklow are these:—the miles being all English miles.

ASHFORD.—29 miles.

(In its vicinity are the Hotel at NEWRATH Bridge, and THE DEVIL'S GLEN.)

ARKLOW.—50.

(THE MEETING OF THE WATERS being on the high road, which runs seven miles through the VALE OF AVOCa.)

BRAY.—12 miles.

(From which there is a by-road to Enniskerry, the Dargle, Powerscourt, &c.)

DELGANY.—18.

(Passing through THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS, which is the high-road.)

ENNISKERRY.—12.

(In the vicinity are POWERSCOURT, the DARGLE, WATERFALL, and TINAHINCH, on the high road to which from Dublin is the SCALP—10  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.)

NEWTOWN-MOUNT-KENNEDY.—22.

(In this neighbourhood are DUNRAN, and the Hermitage at Altadore.)

ROUNDWOOD.—23.

(The turn to Luggela commences within 4 miles of ROUNDWOOD, and LUGGELA is distant 3 miles out of the main road. Luggela is thus 21 miles from Dublin: and GLENDALOUGH, the turn to which commences at Roundwood, is distant 5 miles from that village, being thus distant from Dublin 28 miles.)

A glance at the map will show that Enniskerry, Roundwood, Luggela, and Glendalough are in one line of road: and on another are Bray, Delgany, Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, Ashford, Rathnew, Rathdrum and Arklow—including Dunran, the Devil's-Glen, and the Meeting of the Waters in the Vale of Avoca. There are of course cross roads from these high roads, leading for example from Bray to Enniskerry, from Glendalough to the Devil's Glen, and so forth.

It has been announced that Powerscourt (the Deer Park and Waterfall) will be open to the public on the Mondays and Tuesdays only of each week, and the Dargle every day except Sunday.

The Devil's Glen is not open to the public on Sunday: visitors are admitted every other day on entering their names in a book kept at the lodge of Mr. Tottenham. Generally, private domains are closed to the public on Sundays, although for the most part freely open on other days.

Perhaps his enjoyment will not be lessened, but enhanced, by finding that, for the greater part, these trips must be made on one of the "cars" of the country, for although there are numerous public conveyances on the coach line of road to Arklow, the advantages to be gained by travelling with them will chiefly be, to attain more speedily the starting points for visiting the objects of attraction that lie off the highway.\*

At Bray, twelve miles from Dublin, the Tourist enters the County Wicklow, and so far he may choose a variety of conveyances, from the humble car to the luxurious railway carriage,—as the line through Dundrum is now rapidly approaching completion.

Before proceeding further, we shall request the Tourist to pause and accompany us in an imaginary flight to an elevation from which he can have a bird's-eye glance that may be of use to him; whence, descending, he must lay aside his wings, and again take to such modes of locomotion as chance or choice may throw in his way.

Looking south and along the coast, Bray Head is in the foreground, round the bold sea-side of which, at a height of one hundred feet above high water, runs the railway now making to Wicklow, a piece of engineering, at this point, which if equalled is not surpassed in the kingdom for the daring of the undertaking—the cuttings and tunnellings opening glimpses of terrific grandeur, whether we look down on the restless surge, or up the almost perpendicular height of some hundreds of feet: but having rounded the

\* There are about fourteen or fifteen PUBLIC CARRIAGES from Dublin into Wicklow; all of which run every day (Sundays excepted): these consist of mail coaches, omnibuses, cars, mail-cars, stage-cars, and vans; the day coach to Wexford leaves the office in Sackville Street at half past 7 o'clock, passing through Bray (from Dublin 12 miles), Delgany (18), Newtown Mount Kennedy (22), Ashford (27), Rathnew (30), Rathdrum (38), and Arklow (50). It arrives at Arklow at 40 minutes past 1 o'clock: thus, as will be seen, visiting the leading beauties of the county. The Arklow omnibus leaves Dublin daily at 1 o'clock, and arrives at Arklow at 8 o'clock. Arklow may be regarded as the extreme of the county. Information upon all needful points will of course be obtained in Dublin. But, we repeat, a private "postcar" will be found by far the most desirable mode of conveyance: Glendalough, the "Devil's Glen," and the other "Lions" of the county cannot, indeed, be visited in any other way. Those who are not compelled to hasten through the tour, will do well to hire a horse and car in Dublin, which will convey them through the whole of the Tourist's route, and prevent any danger of delay at points on the road—in consequence of the car being "out."

"Head" a lovely landscape stretches away by the sea-shore, leaving little more to exercise the skill of the engineer until he arrives at Wicklow.

Over Bray Head and along the shore to Arklow lies the "SEA-SIDE" ROAD, seldom travelled by the Tourist, being very hilly, and not passing through or near any of the "celebrities," though not devoid of points of prospects of great beauty. It passes through the villages of Kilcool, Newcastle, and Rathnew into Wicklow; on this line, three miles before reaching Wicklow, is the Newrath Bridge Hotel, delightfully situated and a favourite rest, but it may be easily arrived at from the mail-coach road, which shall presently be the subject of our second flight. From Wicklow to Arklow on the "sea-side" road there is nothing to interest the lover of the picturesque.

Arklow being the furthest point to which we shall lead the traveller, we return to Bray\* and follow the MAIL-COACH ROAD, which may be distinguished as the highway to the same terminus; following the river Bray, which it crosses at St. Valory near the Dargle, and passing Holybrook, it lies at the feet of and between the great and little Sugarloaf Hills, and then through the glen of the Downs, New-Town-Mount-Kennedy, by Dunran and the Devil's Glen, takes a more westerly or inland direction to Rathdrum, after which, descending into the Vale of Avoca at the Meeting of the Waters, under Castle Howard, it keeps the river-side by the Coppermines, Avoca Hotel, Newbridge, Wooden Bridge Hotel; and with the wooded heights of Ballyarthur and Shelton Abbey on the left, and of Glenart on the right, we again arrive at Arklow.

Again at Bray, and turning more to the west, observe the "Roundwood road" enter the county Wicklow through the Scalp, passing through Enniskerry, by the Dargle, Powerscourt, Tinnehinch, Bushy Park, Charleville, and the Waterfall, ascend the west side of the great Sugarloaf until you reach the table land on which stands Roundwood, at this side of which, that road over the hill to the right leads to Luggela, and from Roundwood village another in the same direction leads to Lough Dan; now passing by Derrylossory

\* We have made Bray the starting point, for here the best horses and carriages will be found; and here also is one of the best Hotels of the kingdom: some Tourists will take the Enniskerry Road; Enniskerry is five miles from Bray; and a good road joins them.

Church and through Annamoe, we reach Lara Barrack, at the entrance of the gloomy valley, in which stand the ruins of "the Seven Churches." The road here keeps the banks of the river Avonmore down the Vale of Clara; and passing through Rathdrum crossing the mail-coach line leads through Avondale, until entering the Vale of Avoca at "the Meeting of the Waters," we are again on the coach line of road.

Once more back to Bray, pass your eye over Enniskerry until it rest at the head of the Valley of Glencree, on the "MILITARY ROAD," crossing to the left under that crater-looking hollow near the summit, in which lies the mountain tarn called Lough Bray. That grey pile under the road is all that remains of Glencree Barrack; and that Swiss cottage on the bank of Lough Bray is the mountain lodge of Sir Philip Crampton, Bart. From this the Military road lies over a vast tract of mountain, at an elevation above the sea of two or three thousand feet, and for some twelve miles there is neither tree nor enclosure—the only trace of a human hand being the well-made road. About two miles beyond Lough Bray it crosses the first gathering of the mountain streams that here take the name of "the Liffey." Shortly after, a narrow road crosses our path, that to the right leading to Blessington and that to the left to Luggela. Ascending the heights west of Luggela and Lough Dan, the Military road is carried on to Glenmacanass, where one of those streams peculiar to such districts rushes over the steep rocky declivity that abruptly terminates this secluded dell. Descending into the glen, the road following the stream reaches Lara Barrack, where crossing the Roundwood route it ascends through the woods of Derrybawn, between Glendalough and Glenmalure; it descends into the latter, where we find the third of the Barracks on the line; and now on the banks of the Avonbeg we follow its course until again we are at the Meeting of the Waters.

These constitute the leading roads in which the pleasure Tourist is interested, but another glance will convince him that the deviations from these may be multiplied in an almost endless variety; information concerning them should be sought for, and will be obtained, at the Hotels.

At all the principal points are comfortable Inns: guides of the plea-

santest and most "original" order will conduct him to "the Lions :" and he will have to endure no fatigue that can diminish his enjoyment.

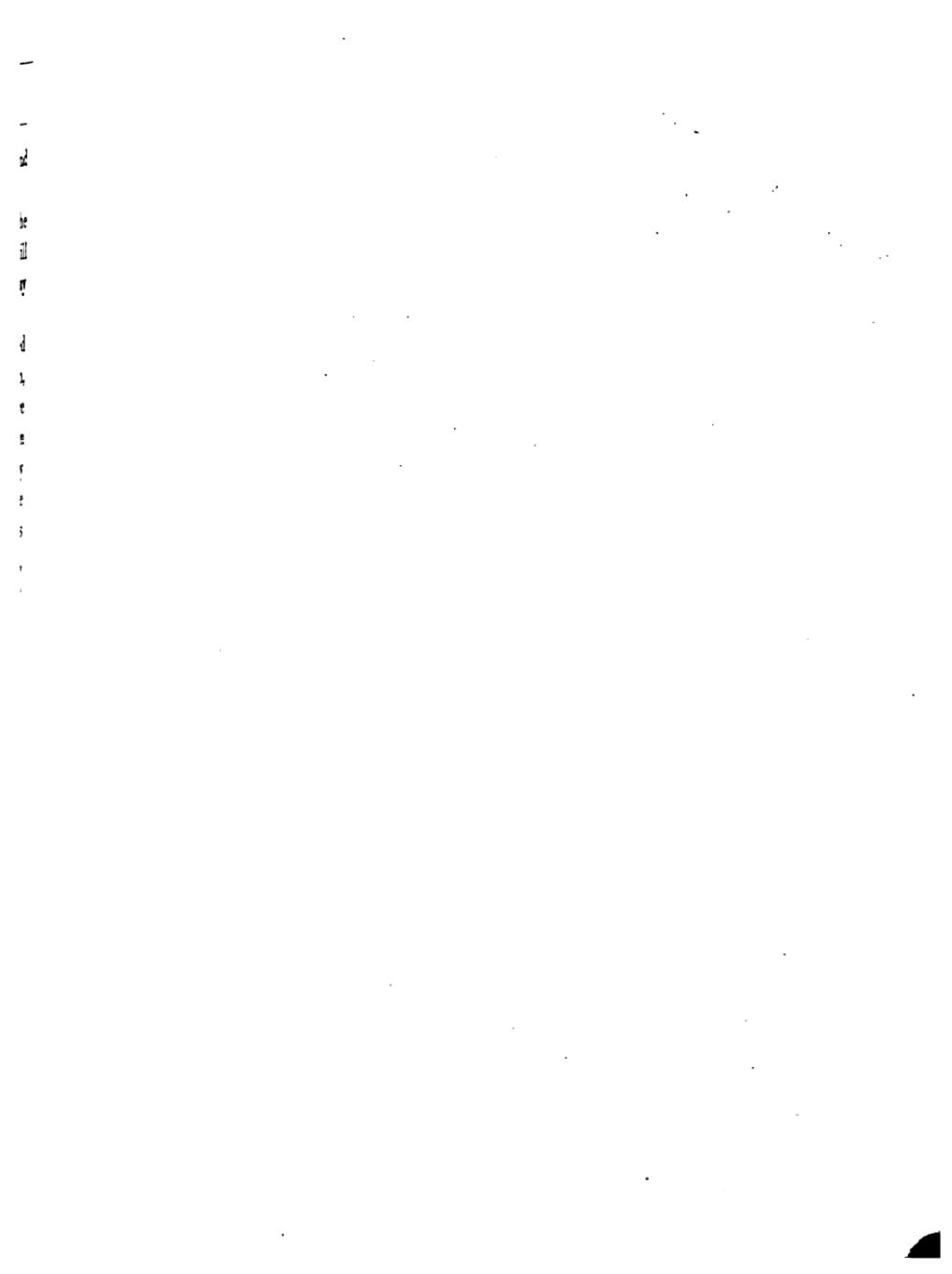
We hope that few will visit Ireland only to see its capital and the neighbouring county: but even those whose purpose may be thus limited will be amply and largely recompensed for time well spent—instruction that may be profitable, and labour that is relaxation.

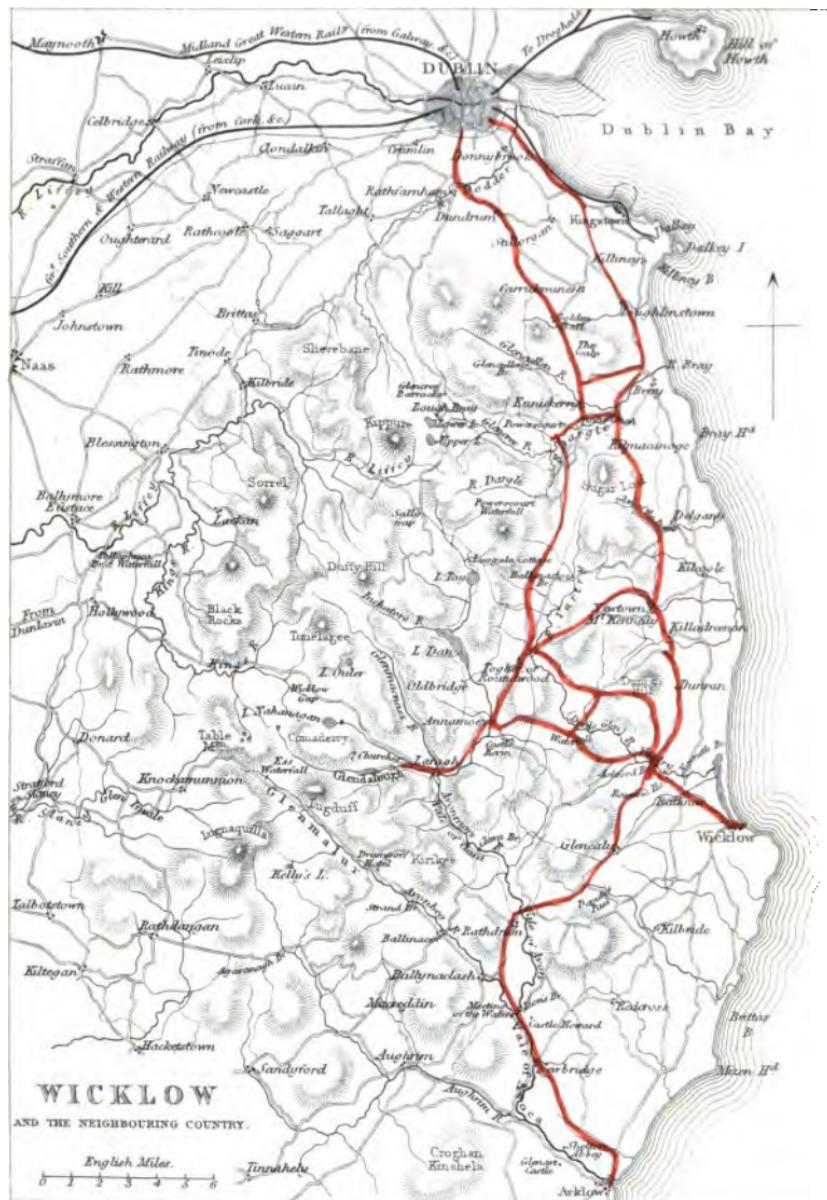
It will be well here to remind the Tourist, that he should always be prepared for rain; and that in his carpet-bag there should invariably be a Macintosh, especially if he be travelling in mountain districts: for sunny June is no more to be trusted than showery April. Some one has said that the only day on which you can be certain to escape a wetting is the 30th of February; a day that never comes: and it is recorded of Mr. Fox, we believe, that whenever he received a visitor from Ireland, after his own brief tour in the country, his invariable question was, "By the way, is that shower over yet?" This is, undoubtedly, a sad drawback upon pleasure; the humidity of the atmosphere is a continual affliction to those who are not used to it, and is very insufficiently compensated for by the fact that the grass in Ireland is, consequently, ever green. Yet the evil is one that can be always guarded against.

We may not close this division of our Guide Books, without giving expression to the gratitude which all Tourists will feel towards those noblemen and gentlemen—of Wicklow County especially—who freely open the gates of their demesnes to all travellers; and who in other ways study the comforts, while promoting the enjoyments, of visitors to the beautiful district.

How often as we traversed the level lawns and wooded glens, to which the generous owners gladly give the stranger free access, have the appropriate lines of Cowper been brought to mind:—

" The folded gates would bar my progress now,  
But that the lord of this enclosed demesne,  
Communicative of the good he owns,  
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye  
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys."





## WICKLOW AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY.

English Miles.

London: Virtue, Hall & Virtue.

W Hughes



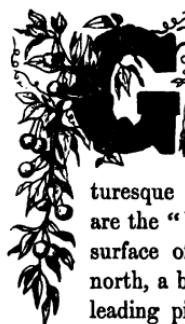
F the world, few cities—and, perhaps, none in Great Britain—are so auspiciously situated as the city of Dublin. The ocean rolls its waves within ten miles of the quays; the Bay is at once safe, commodious, and magnificent, with every variety of coast, from the soft beach of sand to the rough sea promontory, from the undulating slope to the terrific rock; and several lighthouses guide the

vessels into harbour. On one side is the rich pasture-land of Meath; on the other are the mountains and valleys of Wicklow. The splendid range of Wicklow Mountains can be seen from nearly the centre of the city. A noble river flows through it. Breezes from the ocean and the hills both contribute to keep it healthy; and scenery of surpassing beauty is within an hour's walk of its crowded streets. But no description of Dublin can so aptly and pithily characterise it as the few quaint lines of old Stanhurst, who says, in tracing its origin to the sea-king Avellanus, and giving him credit for wisdom in selecting so advantageous a site:—"The seat of this city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable, and wholesome: if you would traverse hills, they are not far off; if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffey runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand."

In population and size, Dublin is the second city of the British empire, and ranks as the seventh of Europe; it is somewhat above three miles long in a direct line from east to west, and of nearly equal breadth from north to south. It is encompassed by a "circular road," in extent about eleven English miles; in 1841 the population amounted to 232,726; and in 1851, to 258,261—thus leaving a considerable increase, notwithstanding the check which had arisen from "the famine," and the many miseries that followed in its train.\* It contains above 800 streets, and 22,000 houses. It is situated at the western extremity of Dublin Bay; and the river Liffey, which rises among the Wicklow mountains, runs through it; increased by the King's River, the Dodder, and the Tolkan; but these three rivers are of minor importance. The Liffey is crossed by nine bridges, seven of stone and two of iron, and is embanked on each side along the whole range of the city, a length of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, by quays faced with granite. The city occupies a space of 1,264 acres; originally it was confined within walls to the hill upon which the Castle now stands. These walls were not above a mile in circumference. Its increase during the past century was very considerable; but since the Union, its extent has been very little augmented; and the mansions of the nobility have, almost without exception, been converted into hotels, public offices, charitable asylums, or schools. The Corporation consists of a lord mayor, aldermen, and common council. The title of *Lord Mayor* was bestowed on the chief magistrate by Charles I. in 1641. The city returns two Members to the Imperial Parliament; and two are also returned for the University. Dublin is the seat of the Vice-regal government. Its first charter was granted by Henry the Second, A.D. 1173—"to the men of Bristol." The ecclesiastical province of Dublin, over which the Archbishop presides, comprehends the dioceses of Dublin and Glendalough, Kildare, Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin. Dublin contains two cathedrals—Christ Church and St. Patrick's. The number of vessels belonging to the port in 1851 was, including steamers and vessels of every size, from 15 to 1,200 tons, 448. Most of these vessels were engaged in the coasting or channel trade, six or eight only being employed in the West India trade, the same number in that of France and the Spanish Peninsula, and from twenty to thirty in the North American timber trade. The export trade has long been con-

\* In 1682, the number of inhabitants was 64,843; in 1728, 146,075; in 1753, 128,570; in 1777, 138,208; in 1798, 182,370.

siderable in the usual articles of Irish commerce—cattle, cured meat, corn, leather, &c.; but its import trade was, until lately, very limited. Recently, laudable efforts have been made by some of the most enterprising of the Dublin merchants, to extend their transactions abroad. Several cargoes of tea from China have been imported directly to Dublin, and importations have also taken place from Calcutta and the Mauritius, and on a more extensive scale from the West Indies, all with the most favourable results to the enterprising merchants engaged in them. But the improvement of the port of Dublin may perhaps be best judged from the increased amount of customs duties paid on articles for home consumption. From 1821 to 1832 the receipts were nearly stationary at about 600,000*l.*; in 1850 they had increased to 874,943*l.*



LORIOUS is the impression of Ireland conveyed to the eye and mind upon approaching the noble and beautiful BAY OF DUBLIN! It is, indeed, inexpressibly lovely; and on entering it after a weary voyage, the heart bounds with enthusiasm at the sight of its capacious bosom, enclosed by huge rocks, encompassed in turn by high and picturesque mountains. To the south, varied into innumerable forms, are the "Wicklow Hills;" but nearer, rising, as it were, out of the surface of old Ocean, is the ever-green island of Dalkey. To the north, a bolder coast is commenced by the "Hill of Howth,"\* on a leading pinnacle of which stands the most picturesque of the Irish beacons; at the other side of the promontory is seen a village, with another lighthouse, a martello tower, an ancient abbey, and a calm, though now deserted, harbour—for so long a period *the* landing-place upon Irish ground.†

\* "The bold and nearly insulated promontory called the Hill of Howth," writes Mr. Petrie, "which forms the north-eastern terminus of the Bay of Dublin, would in itself supply abundant materials for a topographical volume—and a most interesting work it might be made. For the geologist, botanist, and naturalist, it has an abundant store of attractions; while its various ancient monuments of every class and age, from the regal fortress, the sepulchral cairn, and the cromleac of Pagan times, to the early Christian oratory, the abbey and the baronial hall of later years, would supply an equally ample stock of materials for the antiquary and the historian."

† The harbour was for a series of years the station for the Dublin packets. It was constructed at a cost to the country of nearly half a million sterling; having been commenced in 1807, and

And if the Tourist will "step ashore" at Howth, he may, before he is half an hour in Ireland, visit some of the most striking and interesting objects in



HOWTH HARBOUR.

the country:—a ruined church, a very ancient castle, some druidic remains, a village, dignified with the name of "town," essentially Irish in its half-desolate character; and, standing beside the wall that surrounds the Bailey lighthouse, he may gaze over the wide ocean, or, looking to the right, admire the beautiful scenery that borders Dublin Bay; while, on the left, are the famous little island called "Ireland's Eye;" beyond it, the renowned isle of Lambay; and, some forty miles north of the spot on which he stands, the clearly-defined and bold outlines of the Mourne mountains. Let us first enter the ancient completed in two years, under the superintendence of the late John Rennie, Esq.: but since the construction of Kingstown Harbour, that of Howth has been entirely deserted. Howth is connected with Dublin by a short railroad, upon which trains are constantly running, and the price charged is extremely moderate.

Abbey of Howth; and postpone our progress up the Liffey awhile, to notice its romantic history, and that of its heroic founders, whose descendants still hold the lands they won with their swords; retaining for above six hundred years the property they acquired, "without increase or diminution"—and, observes Dr. Walsh, in his valuable History of Dublin, "we may also add, without improvement or alteration." The abbey, or rather church—for of its



HOWTH ABBEY.

monastic rank there are no authentic proofs—is dedicated to the Virgin, and is said to have been erected by the St. Lawrences early in the thirteenth century: here, from time to time, the mortal remains of the "bold barons" have been laid, and the aisles are crowded with relics that bear records of their prowess.\* The church, like many of the sacred edifices erected in "troubulous

\* The original name of the family is said to have been Tristram—and its great founder a knight of the "Round Table." The name was changed in consequence of the vow of one of its members who fought with the Danes at Clontarf, to assume that of his patron saint, if he obtained the victory. This he did, and was thence called St. Lawrence. In the year 1177, when Sir John de Courcy was commanded into Ireland, he entered into an agreement with Sir Armoricus Tristram, a worthy knight, and his brother-in-law, that "whatever they should win in any land, either by service or otherwise, they should divide between them." They landed at

times," was constructed for defence as well as for purposes of religion. It is defended on one side by a battlemented rampart, which impends over the sea, and on the other by a deep fosse. Of the ancient "college" there are some remains—a hall, a kitchen, and a few cells. The ruins of another building

—a little oratory dedicated to St. Fenton—exist a little to the west of the castle. Howth Castle, for so many ages the residence of the noble family, retains but little of its original character. It has been altered at various periods, according to the wishes or wants of its proprietors, and with far more regard to convenience than to architectural skill or beauty. The small square tower called Corr Castle, is the only portion of the ancient structure that now remains.



ORATORY OF ST. FENTON.

Howth, where they were opposed by the Irish, whom they defeated. The victory being mainly attributable to the valour and skill of Amorey, the title and lands of Howth were allotted to him; but they were dearly purchased, for he lost in the encounter "seven sons, uncles, and nephews." The bridge of Evora, where the battle is said to have been fought, crosses a mountain stream, that falls into the sea on the north side of Howth, nearly opposite the west end of Ireland's Eye. In clearing out the foundation for the new parish church, erected a few years ago near this spot, a quantity of bones were discovered scattered over an extensive space; and, in the neighbourhood, an antique anvil, with bridle-bits and other parts of horse harness. The knights continued their conquests in various parts of Ireland; but in 1189, on the recall of De Courcy from the government, the Irish resolved upon an effort to regain their country. Sir Amorey being then in Connaught, was advertised, by letters from De Courcy, of his removal and danger, and desired to hasten to his assistance: accordingly, he set out, attended by thirty knights and two hundred footmen, in order to join his friend; but O'Conor, king of Connaught, understanding his design, assembled all his forces to intercept his march, and, unperceived, surrounded his devoted band. Sir Amorey animated his men resolutely to attack the enemy; but the horsemen seeming inclined to preserve themselves by flight, he cried out, "Who will may save his life by flight on horseback if he can, but assuredly my heart will not suffer me to leave these, my poor friends, in their necessity, with whom I would sooner die in honour than live with you in dishonour." At the same time he thrust through his horse with his sword, saying, "He should never serve against them with whom he had so worthily and truly served before." His example was followed by all the horsemen, except two young gentlemen, whom he ordered

The more modern residence is a long battlemented building, flanked by towers at the extremities, and approached by a long flight of steps.\*

“Ireland’s Eye” is a small island, about a mile from the northern shore of Howth; in the centre of which is the ruin of a church dedicated to St. Nessan.



ST. NESSAN'S CHURCH.

to stand on the next hill to see the battle, and after it was over to carry the news to his brother; which they accordingly did, and testified all the circumstances of the transaction. This done, he engaged the enemy, said to be twenty thousand strong, so desperately, that one thousand were slain; but being overpowered by numbers, he and his party perished to a man. “Thus,”—say the old chroniclers,—“thus died Sir Amorey Tristram, who, among a thousand knights, might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage—for humility and courtesy to his inferiors—yielding to none but in the way of gentleness.” Such is the history of the first Baron Howth; there never was an attainder in the family; and the present Earl is the twenty-ninth representative of the ancient barony.

\* The Castle contains several interesting relics of antiquity; among others, the sword with which Sir Tristram is said to have won the victory at Clontarf, and the bells which formerly belonged to the abbey. “These bells,” writes Dr. Walsh, “were discovered by accident.” When the new church—a pretty and graceful structure—was built, and it became necessary to provide a bell for it, some one called to mind a tradition that the old ones existed somewhere about the castle. They were sought for and found; and, very properly, preserved by Lord Howth as objects of curiosity. They are “about two feet and a half in height, and one foot and a half in diameter at the base.” A singular and romantic legend is attached to Howth Castle. We borrow it from Dr. Walsh. “The celebrated Grana Uille, or Grace O’Malley, noted for her piratical depredations in the reign of Elizabeth, returning on a certain time from England, where she had paid a visit to the virgin queen, landed at Howth, and proceeded to the castle. It was the hour of dinner—but the gates were shut. Shocked at an exclusion so repugnant to her notions of Irish hospitality, she immediately proceeded to the shore where the young lord was at nurse, and seizing the child, she embarked with him, and sailed to Connaught, where her own castle stood. After a time, however, she restored the child; with the express stipulation that

The church was very small, about twelve feet by twenty-four in the interior; the walls, composed of rough pebbles and fragments of flint, give evidence of the most remote antiquity. There are no traces of windows; and a great peculiarity in its structure is, that the porch and bell-tower are at the east end; this porch is vaulted—the arch (semicircular) is composed of squared blocks of that description of stone called calpe, which is said to be almost peculiar to the district of Dublin, and must have been brought from the main-land—the stones are regularly arranged and well cemented.\*



RETURNING to the Bay, and leaving to the left the pretty island of Dalkey, we enter the channel, between two huge sand-banks, called, from the perpetual roaring of the sea that rolls over them, "the Bulls," north and south. The place of ordinary debarkation is Kingstown, formerly Dunleary, which received its modern name in honour of His Majesty George the Fourth, who took ship-board here on leaving Ireland in 1821. To commemorate the event of the king's visit, an obelisk was erected on the spot where he last stood; with an inscription setting forth the fact. The harbour of Kingstown is safe, commodious, and exceedingly picturesque.† From the quay at which the passengers

the gates should be thrown open when the family went to dinner—a practice which is observed to this day."

\* The view from this tiny island is magnificent in the extreme. We borrow a description of it from an anonymous writer:—"Placed exactly opposite the harbour of Howth, the rugged promontory of Dun Crimthenn appears to the left, breasting the surge in all its savage grandeur—the modern railroad now winding up its steep declivity—in front the lighthouse, harbour, town, and ruined abbey church—backed by the serried mountain ridge. To the right, the proud baronial castle of the St. Lawrences, embosomed in wood, from which the modest steeple of the parish church peeps forth—the hill gradually sinking, or abruptly breaking down into the low neck that joins it to the highly cultivated level of Fingal—that level dotted with its marks of human life—the shore trending away to the west and north, on which appears the fishing village of Baldoyle, with its tiny fleet of hookers—the bay, enlivened by the glancing sails of the fleet cutter, or surged by the propelling wheels of the rapid steamer; while over and beyond, to the south, rise the Wicklow mountains, their bases hazy and indistinct from the smoke of thousands of habitations, and their indented summits seeming to blend and to harmonise with the blue sky above them—altogether forming a panorama of unrivalled beauty and magnificence."

† The first stone of this extensive, and expensive, work was laid in 1817, by Lord Whitworth, then Viceroy of Ireland. "The pier," according to the Picture of Dublin, "extends 2,800 feet, and is at the base two hundred feet in breadth; it terminates in a nearly perpendicular face on the side of the harbour, and an inclined plane towards the sea. A quay fifty feet wide runs along

land, the railway carriages start, and convey passengers, a distance of seven miles, in about twenty minutes to the terminus, within a few hundred yards of the centre of the city;\* leaving to the right a long and narrow range of stone-work, known as the South Wall, which runs for above three miles into the sea, and nearly midway in which is an apology for a battery, called "the Pigeon-house," — but keeping in sight all the way the opposite coast, speckled with villages, and beautifully varied by alternate hill and dale. Perhaps there is no railway in the world, of similar extent, which opens out so many fine sea views; and the

Tourist will be, of a surety, pleased with the aspect of the country on his first landing there. It is probable, also, that primitive "Irish character" will meet him on the Quay; for he will be pretty sure to encounter some "originals" among the porters and car-drivers who greet him as he steps ashore.

the summit, protected by a parapet eight feet high on the outside; there is a beacon to mark the harbour. Close to the pier-head, there is twenty-four feet depth of water, at the lowest springs, which it is calculated will allow a frigate of thirty-six guns, or an Indiaman of eight hundred tons, to take refuge within its enclosure; and at two hours' flood there is water sufficient to float a seventy-four. Towards the shore, the depth gradually lessens to fifteen or sixteen feet." The area of water contained between the piers is 250 statute acres.

\* The Dublin and Kingstown Railway was opened to the public on the 17th December, 1834; but was not finished the entire distance until the year 1837. Trains run every half-hour during the summer; and on Sundays every quarter of an hour: and the price charged for the whole distance of seven miles is extremely moderate—first class, 1s.; and second class (in which most persons ride upon this railroad), 8d.; third class, 6d.

There is also an atmospheric Railway, of 2 miles, from Kingstown to Dalkey: it is in full work.



OBELISK AT KINGSTOWN.



STRANGERS cannot fail to receive most agreeable impressions of Dublin, no matter in what part of it, out of the mere suburbs, they chance to be set down; for its principal streets and leading attractions lie within a comparatively narrow compass; and attention is sure to be fixed upon some object worthy of observation—to be succeeded, almost immediately, by some other of equal note. If the Tourist arrive sea-ward he will have fully estimated the magnificence of the approach, which nature has formed, and which art has improved; and there is scarcely one of the roads that conduct to it, on which he will not have journeyed through beautiful scenery, and obtained a fine view of the city as he nears it. But we must place him, at once, nearly in its centre—upon Carlisle Bridge; perhaps from no single spot of the kingdom can the eye command so great a number of interesting points. He turns to the north, and looks along a noble street, Sackville Street; midway is Nelson's Pillar, a fine Ionic column, surmounted by a statue of the hero; directly opposite to this is the Post-office, a modern structure built in pure taste; beyond is the Lying-in-Hospital and the Rotunda; and, ascending a steep hill, one of the many fine squares: to the south, he has within ken the far-famed Bank of Ireland, and the University; to the west, are the Four Courts—the courts of law—and the several bridges; to the east, is the Custom-house, a superb, though a “lonesome” building. Towering above all, and within ken, wherever directed, are numerous steeples, of which no city, except the Metropolis of England, can boast so many. In fact, nearly all the great attractions of Dublin may be seen from this spot.

All Tourists have indeed borne testimony to the beauty of Dublin city; and especially to the grace and elegance of its public buildings. Unhappily, for upwards of half a century, so many of its aristocracy have been “absentees,” that the deserted mansions of its nobility detract from, rather than add to, its dignity and grace; even of the few nobles who remain in Ireland, there are not many who keep up “town houses.”

The principal public buildings we shall proceed to describe. And, first, the “College.”—The Dublin



UNIVERSITY differs from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in being limited to a single college. There are some advantages in having a University and a College co-extensive; but they are overbalanced by the consequent absence of emulation—as necessary to communities as to individuals—and by an obvious tendency, in such a state of things, to render the national resources of the University subservient to the private interests of the College. It is highly to the credit of the rulers of Trinity College that they have strenuously exerted themselves to avert these evils; they have opened their educational course, their university degrees, and their university honours, to pupils of all religious denominations; Roman Catholics and Dissenters are only excluded from offices belonging to the Collegiate corporation. Thus while, on the one hand, the circumstances of the Institution have tended to restrict the University, its rulers, on the other, have done everything which their charters would allow to render the College national.

The distinction between the University and the College is very rarely noticed; in common parlance they are confounded together, and hence many circumstances in the Institution appear anomalous which might easily be explained if reference were made to its two-fold character. One of these, and the first that will strike an English visitor, is, that residence is not enforced on the students. The collegiate establishment is not adequate to meet the wants of the University, and hence attendance on examinations is substituted for the keeping of terms. In this instance the University absorbs the College, and renders it impossible to apply the rules of educational discipline which are strictly enforced in England. Residents are obliged to attend lectures, chapels, and commons; but the fines for non-attendance at chapel are remitted to Dissenters and Roman Catholics; and the latter are excused from commons during Lent. Non-residents are only required to appear at the term examinations, of which there are three in the year. It may be taken as an average that two-thirds of the students are non-resident; therefore, the amount of accommodation provided for students, appears singularly scanty to those accustomed to the Colleges and Halls of Cambridge and Oxford.

It will be interesting to trace the origin of this most important institution;

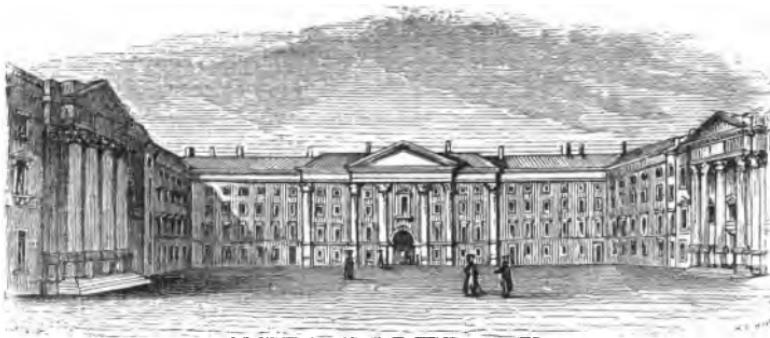
and indeed it is difficult to overrate the value of any educational establishment in a country like Ireland, the progress—we might almost say, the salvation—of which depends upon the spread of education.

In the year 1568 an Irish Parliament had projected a College, to be supported altogether by the voluntary contributions of the people of Ireland. The consent of the Government in London was of course necessary; and many apparently unnecessary delays took place to prevent this liberal design being carried into execution. At last, in 1590, the people of Ireland renewed their exertions with great vigour, and brought the project nearly to completion. But St. Patrick's Cathedral, which had formerly been devoted to educational purposes, having been fixed upon for the new College, the Archbishop, Loftus, did not feel justified in giving it up. At last the Archbishop met the Mayor and Corporation solemnly at the Tholsel, and intimated that her Majesty Queen Elizabeth would incorporate the proposed College by charter, and assist in its erection, if the Mayor and Corporation would give for that purpose the decayed monastery of All Hallows which Henry VIII. had made over to the city. This was done; the provinces were appealed to for assistance; and a sum equal to 14,000*l.* of our money was subscribed. The College was founded by Elizabeth, A.D. 1591;\* its charter was confirmed and extended by James I., who conferred upon it the privilege of returning two members to the Irish Parliament. Additional privileges were granted by Charles I., George IV., and Queen Victoria. To the present Queen the Fellows are indebted for liberty to marry without being deprived of their fellowships, and the advantage taken of the boon sufficiently proves how earnestly it was desired. At the time of the Union, the College was restricted to the return of one member. Among the changes made by the Reform Bill was the right of returning two members: but at the same time the elective franchise—previously limited to the corporation of the College, the fellows and scholars—was extended to all the members of the University who had graduated as Masters of Arts.

The front of the College faces Dame Street, and by its architectural beauty harmonizes with the magnificent structure formerly occupied by the Irish Parliament. On entering the collegiate quadrangle, which is one of the finest in any country, measuring 560 feet in length, and in breadth varying from 212 to 270 feet, a visitor is struck by the happy effect of the Chapel and Examination-

\* The charter bears date 3d March, 1592.

hall, both of which were designed by Sir W. Chambers. Each has in front a fine colonnade of Corinthian pillars. The Chapel is not quite adequate to the accommodation of the students, and the effect of the interior is greatly injured by side-galleries supported by cast-iron pillars. But the Examination-hall more than compensates for the defects of the Chapel. Its principal ornament is a marble monument erected to the memory of Provost Baldwin, who at his death, in 1758, bequeathed a legacy of 80,000*l.* to the Univer-



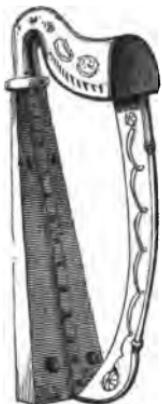
TRINITY COLLEGE.

sity. It is the work of an Irish artist, Hewetson, and was executed by him in Rome. The exterior of the Refectory does not attract or deserve much notice, but the Library is a noble building, faced with granite and ornamented with a balustrade of singular beauty.\* It is three stories high, supported upon massive pillars and arches, between which are flagged piazzas. A handsome circular oak staircase leads to the principal room, which is 210 feet long, and 41 in breadth. In the centre of the room are a series of tables and reading-desks for the convenience of the readers. All graduates are entitled to the free use of all the books, &c. At the end of the room is a stand, with glass cases along the sides, through which are seen some ancient

\* Large and important additions are about to be made to the College, consisting of Museums, Lecture Rooms, &c. The design for these additions is by Sir Thomas Deane, the architect, of Cork, who has been for many years at the head of his profession in Ireland; who has erected nearly all the remarkable structures in the south of Ireland, and whose reputation has been of late upheld by his buildings—the Queen's College of Cork, and the Lunatic Asylum at Killarney.

MSS.; some of papyrus, from the pyramids of Egypt, and some ancient Irish and other manuscripts, splendidly illuminated, and of great value. The library is peculiarly rich in Icelandic, Irish, and Persian MSS.\*

The Museum is open to all respectable persons, on presenting their cards, upon Wednesdays and Fridays, from ten to three o'clock. It is entered by a door under the vestibule of the principal collegiate entrance. The Museum



contains a good collection of Irish antiquities, but not at all equal to that of the Royal Irish Academy. It also contains a harp—probably the most ancient in the world, and said to have belonged to Brian Boru;† and several specimens of the Irish fossil elk. The Theatre and Refectory are also fine buildings, and contain many beautiful paintings, generally full-lengths, of Irish worthies. At the entrance to Park Square, as the new square in the College has been named, is an elegant but not very extensive building occupied as a printing-office; and in the park is the first magnetic observatory ever erected in the world. The Provost's house is at a little distance from the College, with which, however, it communicates by a long passage under cover. His private gardens, which adjoin the College park, are tastefully laid out; the house is modern-looking and extensive, and contains a fine collection of pictures by ancient masters—the property of the College. The number of students who entered Trinity College were, in the years ending July 8th:—1848, 333; 1849, 327; 1850, 317; 1851, 334. And the number who obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts were, for the years ending as above:—1848, 261; 1849, 254; 1850, 252; 1851, 262.

The acquisition of modern languages has become very popular among the

\* In the course of the Queen and Prince Albert's visit to Ireland (in 1849), her Majesty inspected, with much interest, the books in the College library: and upon being shown an ancient copy of Sallust, containing upon the title-page the autograph of Mary, Queen of Scots, she kindly favoured the University with another autograph: and entered her name upon the fly-leaf of the celebrated Book of Kells, after which Prince Albert wrote his name immediately under, and both parties attached the date.

† It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red "sally," the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost. The buttons or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm are the arms, chased in silver, of the O'Brien family, the bloody hands supported by lions.

students, and is wisely encouraged by the heads of the University. This is an improvement of recent date, and we have ascertained that it has had the effect of trebling the sale of foreign books in Ireland. The study of the Irish language is also encouraged, particularly among Divinity students, and it is believed that the facility of addressing the poor in the mother tongue has given to the clergy much power to instruct the lower orders, and to ameliorate their condition, which, heretofore, they did not possess.\* The classical researches of the Germans, and the mathematical analyses of the French, are familiar to all "the reading men" in the College; and the classical examination papers are every term taking a wider and wider range in history, archæology, and criticism. The College school of civil engineers commenced its operations in the year 1842, with the view of combining, as far as possible, the theoretical as well as practical knowledge necessary for the profession of a civil engineer, and at the same time to permit the student to obtain the full advantages of an academical education; and the course of education adopted, and the high character of the lecturers appointed, have already made the School an honour to the College, and a benefit to the community.

There are now provincial Colleges in Belfast, Cork, and Galway; and the presidents of the three Colleges, and other persons appointed by Royal Sign Manual, constitute "the Queen's University in Ireland," with power to confer degrees, &c. The Collegiate course at the provincial Colleges is quite independent of anything bordering upon sectarianism, but at the same time care is taken that members of each sect shall receive religious instruction from professors of their own creed. The provincial Colleges are singularly rich in professorships, scholarships, and endowments, and afford facilities for education perhaps unequalled in any other country for the same expense. The Queen's

On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf-dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece or rest is broken off, and the parts round which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

\* Voluntary associations for mutual improvement have for more than a century been formed among the students, but the violence of party spirit has always compelled the governors of the College to watch them with a jealous eye, lest they should degenerate into mere debating societies or political clubs. The most celebrated of these was the old Historical Society, in which many of the Irish orators who obtained high rank in the senate, in the pulpit, or at the bar, were first disciplined in the art of speaking.

University confers the degree of LL.D. and inferior degrees in arts, medicine, law, engineering, and agriculture.



UNDoubtedly, among the most perfect examples of British architecture is universally classed the **BANK OF IRELAND**,—the “Parliament House” before the Union. Yet, strange to say, little or nothing is known of the architect—the history of the graceful and beautiful structure being wrapt in obscurity almost approaching to mystery.\* It is built entirely of Portland stone, and is remarkable for an absence of all meretricious ornament, attracting entirely by its pure and classic, and rigidly simple, architecture. In 1802 it was purchased from government by the Governors of the Bank of Ireland,† who have since subjected it to some alterations with a view to its better application to its present purpose: these changes, however, have been effected without impairing its beauty either externally or internally; and it unquestionably merits its reputation as “the grandest, most convenient, and most extensive edifice of the kind in Europe.”

\* The historians of Dublin are singularly unsatisfactory upon this head. We learn from them only that “the Parliament House was begun to be built, during the administration of John Lord Carteret, in the year 1729; and was executed *under the inspection* of Sir Edward Lovel Pearce, engineer and surveyor general; but completed by Arthur Dobbs, Esq., his successor, about the year 1729.” Dr. Walsh—usually so searching in his inquiries, and so minute as to facts—tells us no more than Harris the historian who preceded him, and who makes no mention of “Mr. Cassell or Castell,” the architect to whom the building is usually attributed, but of whom “very little is known.” Mr. Brewer states, but does not give his authority, that Mr. Cassell did not visit Ireland until the year 1773, nearly fifty years after the structure was commenced. It is a grievous evil that so much apathy should have existed upon such a subject—that the name of the architect should have been lost within little more than a century, and that posthumous fame should be denied to one who had nobly earned it. Whoever he was, it is clear that he was content with supplying the designs and instructions without superintending the work in its progress; some needy man, perhaps, who, oppressed with poverty, was tempted to remain in the background, and sell both his genius and his glory to “the Engineer and Surveyor General.” In 1785, Mr. James Gandon, architect, was employed, in order to effect a more convenient entrance for the Peers, to add to the building an “East Front;” and a noble portico of six *Corinthian* columns was erected. The old portico, however, was of Ionic columns: a very indefensible incongruity; for which the architect is said to have thus accounted:—“A gentleman passing when the workmen were placing the Corinthian capitals on the columns, struck by the injudicious mixture of orders, inquired ‘What order was that?’ upon which Mr. Gandon, who was by, replied,—‘A very substantial order, for it was the order of the House of Lords.’”

† The Bank cost altogether £95,000, and was sold for £40,000 to the Bank of Ireland, being considerably less than half its cost of building, and subject to a rent of £240 a year.

The grand portico in College Green (which our print represents) extends 147 feet, is of the Ionic order, and, though destitute of the usual architectural decorations, "derives all its beauty from a simple impulse of fine art, and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry." A great



THE BANK OF IRELAND.

deal of the impressive effect produced by this building has been attributed to the skilful use the architect has made of the *shadows* cast by the various pillars, &c. The lights and shadows of the different parts of the building all harmonize with the graceful proportions of the whole; and what in other architectural structures often proves a defect, in this, constitutes almost its perfection. To obtain a just estimate of the magnificence of this splendid architectural pile it is indispensably necessary to visit it on a moonlight night. It is difficult to imagine anything grander than the *coup d'œil* presented from the corner of Grafton Street, on a clear moonlight night, when the Bank, and the College, and a

glimpse of Westmorland Street, and Carlisle Bridge in the distance, suddenly burst upon the sight. The tympanum of the pediment in front has in the centre the royal arms, and on its apex a figure of Hibernia, with Commerce on her left hand, and Fidelity on her right. The pediment over the east front is also ornamented with statues of Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty. The interior of this superb edifice fully corresponds with the majesty of its external appearance. While used as a senate-house, the middle door under the portico led directly to the House of Commons, passing through a great hall called the Court of Requests. The Commons'-room formed a circle, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats were disposed around the room in concentric circles, rising above each other. A rich hemispherical dome, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, crowned the whole. Between the pillars a narrow gallery was handsomely fitted up for the convenience of the public. A beautiful corridor communicated by three doors with the committee-rooms, coffee-rooms, &c. The House of Lords, to the right of the Commons', is also a noble apartment, ornamented at each end with Corinthian columns. An entablature goes round the room, covered with a rich trunk ceiling, and in a circular recess at the upper end was placed the throne of the Viceroy, under a rich canopy of crimson velvet. This room remains unaltered; it is now designated the Court of Proprietors. It is 73 feet long by 30 broad, and the walls are ornamented with two large pieces of tapestry, representing the Castle of the Boyne, and the siege of Londonderry, in a state of excellent preservation. At the end of the room is a statue of George the Fourth, of white marble.

It is impossible for even a stranger to stand beside, or walk through this noble building without calling to mind the eloquence that contributed to render it part of Irish history; and although "the Temple" may now be more advantageously occupied by the "money-changers," a sigh is natural over the memory of the many great men associated with it.

THE EXCHANGE may, perhaps, rank next in importance to the Bank. It is situate near the entrance to "the Castle," and upon the summit of Cork Hill. It was commenced in 1769, and finished in 1779, under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas Cooley, an artist to whom Dublin is indebted for other fine structures. Its form is nearly a square of one hundred feet, having three fronts of Portland stone, of the Corinthian order, crowned by a dome in the centre of the building. Twelve fluted columns, of the Composite order, thirty-

two feet high, form a rotunda in the centre of the building. Above their entablature, which is highly enriched, is an attic ten feet high, with as many circular windows, answering to the inter-columns below, and connected with pendant festoons of laurel in rich stucco-work, and from this rises an elegantly proportioned dome, ornamented with hexagonal *caissons*. The inter-columns are open below to the ambulatory encompassing the circular area in the centre of the building. Ionic impost pilasters, about half the height of the columns to which they are attached, support a fluted frieze and enriched cornice, above which, in the upper spaces of the inter-columns, are panel and other ornaments. The ambulatory is much lower than the rotunda, being covered with a flat ceiling, the height of the impost pilasters, with enriched soffits, extending from these pilasters to others opposite to them against the wall. Between the pilasters are blank arcades with seats. It contains several fine statues, the principal being one of George the Third, by Van Nost, in bronze; a finely executed statue, by Hogan, of Mr. Drummond, erected in 1845 by subscription; a statue of Henry Grattan, by Chantrey; one of Dr. Lucas; and one of Daniel O'Connell, by Hogan.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE was designed and erected by Mr. James Gandon, the foundation-stone having been laid in 1781. Its cost was enormous—exceeding 546,000*l*. It is three hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and two hundred and five in depth, and exhibits four decorated fronts, answering almost directly to the four cardinal points of the compass—the south being the principal front. In the interior are two courts, divided from each other by the corridor, which is one hundred feet broad, and runs from north to south the whole depth of the building. The south, or sea front, is composed of pavilions at each end, joined by arcades, and united to the centre. It is finished in the Doric order, with entablature and bold projecting cornice. A superb dome, one hundred and twenty feet in height, surmounts the whole, on the top of which is a statue of Hope resting on her anchor, sixteen feet high. The north front has a portico of four pillars in the centre, but no pediment. The south front is entirely of Portland stone: the other three are of mountain granite. The effect of this spacious and superb structure is now inexpressibly lonely. Time has produced changes that have rendered it almost useless; the necessity of watching contrabandists no longer exists; the assimilation of “duties” has removed clerks and “waiters;” and “bills of

lading" would now startle almost as much as the drapery of a banshee. The interior is divided into several public offices, including the Excise, Customs, Stamps, Poor-Law, Board of Works, Quit-rents, Commissariat, Records, and District Army Pay Offices.

The principal courts of law, commonly called the "FOUR COURTS," present the same deserted appearance, and show how much the love for litigation or the means to carry it on have died away, and how heavily "law reform" has fallen upon the Irish Bar. The practising barristers do not amount to more than a third of their former number, and the silence of the "Hall" is now scarcely broken by the thin assemblage of lawyers and clients where not long ago there was a perpetual buzz, like the growling of an incipient volcano. The building which contains the several Irish courts of law, was commenced by the architect, Mr. Thomas Cooley, in 1786; and, in consequence of his death, continued by Mr. James Gandon, by whom it was completed in the year 1800, at a total cost of 200,000*l.*, since which period extensive and expensive alterations have been made. It is situated on the north side of the Liffey; and is an exceedingly beautiful and attractive object, seen either from an adjacent point, or from a distance. The whole edifices of the law courts and the law offices together form an oblong rectangle of four hundred and forty feet in front to the river, and one hundred and seventy feet deep to the rear. The centre pile, one hundred and forty feet square, divides off the law offices, and forms two court-yards, one to the east, the other to the west, which courts are shut out from the street by handsome screen walls, perforated by arches (defaced, by the way, by lines of old-book stalls). The middle structure contains the "Four Courts" of judicature—Chancery, King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. On the pediment over the portico stands the statue of Moses, with figures representing Justice on the one hand, and Mercy on the other. On the corners of the building, over the coupled pilasters, are sitting statues of Wisdom and Authority. "To have a clear conception of the disposition of the various apartments of the inside," writes Mr. James Malton, "as they are arranged around the circular hall, it is necessary first to conceive the plan well, which may be distinctly delineated in the imagination, by figuring a circle of sixty-four feet diameter, in the centre of a square of one hundred and forty feet, with the four courts radiating from the circle to the angles of the square." The various offices occupy the spaces between the courts. The Hall

is surrounded by Corinthian columns. From the attic springs the dome—forming a conspicuous object from all parts of the city. In this dome are the eight windows by which the hall is lighted; and between these windows are eight colossal statues in *alto rilievo*—emblematic of Liberty, Justice, Wisdom, Law, Prudence, Mercy, Eloquence, and Punishment. There are also basso rilievo medallions of the principal lawgivers of the world, and tablets representing the most interesting events in legal history, as the granting of Magna-Charta, &c. Magnificent and spacious additions have been lately made. The principal of these are the Rolls Court, the Nisi Prius Court, and the court of the Commissioners of Bankrupts—a library for the use of the bar, and two large rooms for the convenience of barristers and attorneys for a coffee-room. The hall contains a fine statue, life size, in white marble, of a late master of the Rolls, Sir Michael O'Loghlen, the first Roman Catholic who obtained that high position on the Irish Bench, after the passing of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act.

Of the other buildings the most important is “THE POST-OFFICE,” the first stone of which was laid in 1815. It was built after a design by Mr. Francis Johnson, and is one of the best and most convenient public structures in the kingdom. It is two hundred and twenty-three feet in front, one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and fifty feet (three stories) in height, to the top of the cornice. In front is a grand portico, eighty feet in length, consisting of a pediment, supported by six massive pillars, of the Ionic order. This pediment is surmounted by three finely executed statues, representing Hibernia resting on her spear and harped shield; Mercury, with his caduceus and purse; and Fidelity, with her finger on her lips, and a key in the other hand. The tympanum of the pediment is decorated with the royal arms, and a fine balustrade surmounts the cornice all round the top, giving an elegant finish to the whole. This edifice is built of mountain granite, except the portico, which is of Portland stone. Immediately opposite the Post Office is a statue of Nelson.

As public buildings, the COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, in Stephen's Green, may perhaps be ranked next; and after it, the LYING-IN-HOSPITAL, at the top of Sackville-street.

There are many public buildings of great architectural beauty besides those we have mentioned; but we must be content with reference—and that a slight one—to the more remarkable. The Session House is an edifice of cut

stone, with a portico supported by columns. It is in Green Street; and here the Commission of Oyer and Terminer for the county and city of Dublin, and Quarter Sessions, are held. Adjoining it is Newgate, the principal gaol of the city: a massive stone building flanked with round towers. Not far from Green Street is the Queen's Inn, where candidates for the bar "eat their dinners." It is at the head of Henrietta Street, and is in far too confined a position. Passing under an archway, the visitor finds himself in the garden, from which the view of the building is really very fine. The Law Library is at a little distance in the same street. It is a neat and convenient building, but nothing more. At the same side of the street, and close to it, is the Encumbered Estates Court, where estates of enormous value are knocked down by Irish judges, who act as auctioneers, with less ceremony than a foundered hack is disposed of at Tattersall's. The practice of this court is almost altogether monopolized by two or three barristers. The Mansion House, in Dawson Street, has few claims to architectural beauty. The lawn attached to it extends to the house lately purchased by the Royal Irish Academy. In the lawn is an equestrian statue in bronze of George III., removed from old Essex Bridge, where it formerly stood; and indeed it could scarcely have been carried to a worse situation. An iron railing in front of it gives a view of it from the street. In the grounds behind the Mansion House are colossal statues of Charles II. and William III. The Linen Hall was once a building of much commercial importance; but latterly almost all the business connected with the linen trade has been transferred to Belfast. It contains a statue of George IV. by Kirk, a native artist, erected to commemorate that monarch's visit to Ireland in 1821. The principal hospitals and charitable institutions are the Royal Military Infirmary, Royal Hospital, where the commander of the forces in Ireland resides, the Bluecoat Hospital, Hibernian Soldier's School, the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, Swift's Hospital, Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, Lying-in Hospital, Hepburn's Hospital, the Meath Hospital, the City of Dublin Hospital, the Fever Hospital, St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital and Dispensary, Mercer's Hospital, and the National Deaf and Dumb Institute, besides a whole host of others of less importance. Most of these charitable institutions are supported, in part if not wholly, by private contributions; and were we to add to this a list of the number of less extensive societies established for religious purposes, or in connexion with particular denominations, such as schools, &c., England would be astonished at the

enormous sums of money subscribed for these objects by the Irish public. In addition to the monuments already mentioned, a statue of George II. stands in the centre of Stephen's Green. The principal barracks are handsome and convenient, including the Royal Barracks, Richmond Barracks at a short distance from the town, Portobello, generally occupied by artillery; and outside the town, Island Bridge, Beggar's Bush; also at a little distance on the South Circular Road, the Pigeon House Fort, which is approached by a long and narrow causeway; it is generally occupied by artillery, and commands the harbour of Dublin.

Some of the reminiscences of the old town are particularly interesting. Fishamble Street is now abandoned to slopmen and trunkmakers. The Deanery House, now a Ragged-school, still stands inside a small court-yard; and a mean-looking building, now crumbling to ruin, was once the Music Hall, which was opened in 1741, and afterwards became the famous theatre. Handel was invited by the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant, to visit Dublin, and it was upon the occasion of this visit that he composed his *Messiah*. It was in Fishamble Street on the 13th of April, 1742, that a great portion of this splendid composition was first performed, including the "Hallelujah Chorus," and "Worthy is the Lamb."

There is scarcely a street in the old part of the city that is not rich in historic lore. In Upper Merrion Street stands the house in which the Duke of Wellington first saw the light; and in a narrow lane off Grafton Street (Johnson's Court) is the school in which that illustrious man received the early rudiments of education. The old desks and benches still exist. In Rutland Square is Charlemont House, the scene of many an important event in Irish politics: this is one of the few houses of the ancient Irish nobility still occupied by the noble owner. The ancient palace of the Archbishop of Dublin is now a police barrack. Moira House, on the Quay, where once the brilliancy and talent of Ireland were wont to congregate under the leadership of the noble owner, who might well be called the *Mecænas* of his native land, is a Mendicity Institution. It was also in Johnson's Court that Moore's father resided; and many neglected and now decayed lanes and courts, as well as more fashionable streets, are rich in traditions of Wellington and Lord Mornington, Moore, Swift, Sheridan, Temple, Wolfe Tone, Grattan, Curran, Ussher, Plunkett, &c.

It will be observed that of all these edifices there are none, except the College, much above a century old.



E great antiquity, however, is "THE CASTLE." Its history is, in fact, the history of Dublin. To trace the progress of the city from the period when a band of invaders destroyed it by fastening matches to the tails of swallows, and so communicating fire to the thatched roofs of the houses, to its present size and fine architectural character, would be a task—however interesting—that would far exceed our limits. But some notices of it are absolutely necessary; and for these we shall be indebted to Dr. Walsh—drawing, indeed, largely upon him, and availing ourselves of his kind assistance in cases where changes have occurred since the publication of his work.\*

The period of the foundation of the city, and the etymology of its name, are both involved in obscurity.† The geographer Ptolemy, who flourished A.D. 140, places a town (in his description of Hibernia, with which he commences his history of the world, in all probability because Ireland was the most western country) under nearly the same parallel, and calls it "Civitas Eblana;" and towards the close of the second century there are records of contests

\* "The History of the City of Dublin, from the Earliest Accounts to the Present Time," 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1348; published in 1818, with numerous illustrations. The work was commenced by Mr. Warburton, keeper of the records of Birmingham Tower; and the Rev. James Whitelaw, vicar of St. Catherine's. The deaths of both these gentlemen while the work was in progress, but in a very unfinished state, consigned the duty of continuing and completing it to the Rev. Dr. Walsh. Dr. Walsh died, Rector of Finglas, in 1852: the authors of this volume enjoyed the happiness of his friendship for more than a quarter of a century. His other works are well known and have been highly popular: they consist principally of "A Residence at Constantinople," and "An Account of Brazil," in both of which places he resided some time as chaplain to the Embassies. He was a learned man and most estimable gentleman.

† The city is known in history by various names. The Irish called it Drom-coll-coll—*i. e.* the brow of a hazel wood; another ancient name by which, according to Dr. Walsh, it is "known by the Irish to this day," is Bally-ath-cleath—*i. e.* the town of the ford of hurdles, from a common practice of the Irish, who used to make muddy rivers, such as the Liffey was, near its junction with the sea, and near bogs and marshes, fordable by means of hurdles laid down where they desired to pass. It was a rude substitute for a bridge; or more probably the ford as well as the channels was marked by hurdles stuck in the mud, a practice still common wherever "slob" exists, such as on the banks of the Shannon, Fergus, Blackwater, &c. The name Eblana, or what Ptolemy more probably wrote Deblana (the *d* having been lost from the original) is composed of two Irish words *Dubb*, black, and *Linn*, water, from the colour it took from the bogs it flowed through. There are still more than a dozen rivers of various sizes, with names similarly derived, in Ireland. Such, for instance, as the Blackwater, which falls into the sea in Youghal Bay, and on the banks of which stand the towns of Youghal, Lismore, Fermoy, &c.

between certain Irish kings for its possession, as a place "commodious for traffic and fishing." It is more than probable, however, that its commerce and fortifications were both derived from the Danish sea-kings, by whom it was settled and strengthened prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion; but that in the year 964 it had assumed some importance, is evidenced by the preface to King Edward's Charter dated in that year, where it is styled "the most noble city of Dublin." In the year 1014, the Danish power in Ireland was for a time effectually destroyed by a league of the native Irish princes, headed by the famous king Brien Boro, Borome, or Boroimhe \*; during whose reign, it is said, so strictly were the laws administered, that a fair lady might travel from one end of the kingdom, with a gold ring on the top of a wand, in perfect security. The reader will call to mind one of Moore's poems:—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand."

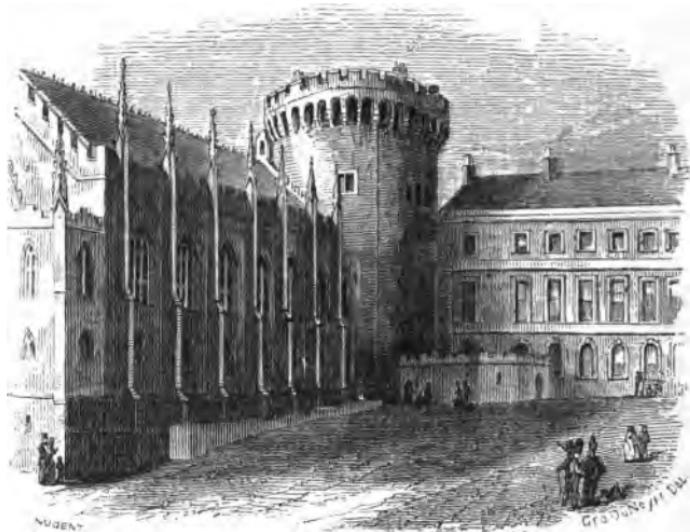
"The strangers," however, continued for above a century afterwards to keep possession of Dublin, of which they were sovereigns. Dr. Walsh gives a list of twenty-five of these Oastman kings,† embracing a period from A.D. 853 to 1170, when the city was conquered by the English, who forced the Danish monarch and his followers to abandon the kingdom.‡

\* The decisive contest with the Danes was fought at Clontarf, a village near Dublin, which skirts the harbour. The "strangers" were assisted by several of the native chieftains, at the head of whom was the king of Leinster. The battle was fought on Good Friday; and although it was for a long time doubtful, the Irish were at length conquerors; but the victory was saddened by the loss of the good and brave monarch and nearly all their leaders.

† The Danes were usually termed "Oastmen" or men from the east; in Ireland, as in England and France they were called Northmen or Normans, according to their relative position. The portion of Dublin in which they settled was styled Oastmantown, now Oxmantown—nearly in the locality where the Royal Barracks are now situated.

‡ The Anglo-Normans having established themselves in Wexford, their ally Dermod McMorogh persuaded them to attack Dublin, of which they possessed themselves on the twenty-first of September, 1170. The Irish king was stimulated upon this occasion more by a craving for vengeance than a desire to add to his possessions, for the citizens of Dublin had murdered his father; and, as a further insult, had buried the body in a dunghill with a dog. The Danish king escaped for the time; but returning soon afterwards, he was taken and slain by the Irish deputy (appointed by Strongbow) Miles de Cogan. It is related, that when the vanquished chieftain was brought before the fierce Norman and his officers, "he looked round him with ferocious pride, and bade his conquerors reserve their exultation for a day of final triumph that might never come." The threat cost him his life; he was immediately beheaded. His army were intercepted before they could reach their ships, and nearly the whole of them were slain. Mac Torcall was

With this event terminated the dominion of the sea-kings in Ireland—the Oastmen were never afterwards enabled to regain their Irish possessions; and those who continued in the country “became quiet subjects to the English, and one people with them.” In 1173, Henry II. having received the submissions of the Irish chieftains and their king—the last king of Ireland,



THE BIRMINGHAM TOWER.

Roderick O'Conor—granted by charter the city of Dublin to his subjects of Bristol, to hold it “of him and his heirs, well and in peace, freely and quietly, attended by a Scandinavian giant, named John le Dane. Maurice Regan reports, that this northern Hector was of such enormous prowess, that with one blow of his battle-axe he could cut the thigh bones of the horsemen like cheese, and their legs would fall off like so many cabbage stalks to the ground. He fell, however, by the stronger arm of Miles de Cogan. A petty king of the name of Gille Mo Helmock, of Oastman descent, but who had adopted the manners, dress, and habits of the Irish, and who governed a district not far from Dublin, came and offered the English his assistance. “No,” says Miles de Cogan, in the pride of his knighthood, “we won't have your help! all we want you to do is this—if we beat the Danes, cut off their retreat to their ships, and help us to kill them; and if we be defeated and are forced to fly, why, fall on us and cut our throats, sooner than let us be taken prisoners by these pirates!”

fully and amply and honourably, with all the liberties and free customs which the men of Bristol have at Bristol."

The building of Dublin "Castle"—for the residence of the Viceroys retains the term—was commenced by Meiler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice of Ireland, in 1205 ; and finished, fifteen years afterwards, by Henry de Loundres, archbishop of Dublin. The purpose of the structure is declared by the patent by which King John commanded its erection : " You have given us to understand that you have not a convenient place wherein our treasure may be safely deposited; and forasmuch as (as well for that use as for many others) a fortress would be necessary for us at Dublin, we command you to erect a castle there, in such competent place as you shall judge most expedient, as well to curb the city as to defend it if occasion shall so require, and that you make it as strong as you can with good and durable walls." Accordingly it was occupied as a strong fortress only, until the reign of Elizabeth, when it became the seat of the Irish government—the court being held, previously, at various palaces in the city or its suburbs ; and in the seventeenth century Terms and Parliaments were both held within its walls. The Castle, however, has undergone so many and such various changes from time to time, as circumstances justified the withdrawal of its defences, that the only portion of it which now bears a character of antiquity is the Birmingham Tower ;\* and even that has been almost entirely rebuilt, although it retains its ancient form.

\* The records of this tower—in modern times the State Paper Office—would afford materials for one of the most singular and romantic histories ever published. It received its name, according to Dr. Walsh, not from the De Birminghams, who were lords justices in 1321 and 1348 ; but from Sir William Birmingham, who was imprisoned there in 1331, with his son Walter : " the former was taken out from thence and executed, the latter was pardoned as to life because he was in holy orders." It was the ancient keep, or ballium, of the fortress ; and was for a very long period the great state prison, in which were confined the resolute or obstinate Milesian chiefs, and the rebellious Anglo-Norman lords. Strong and well guarded as it was, however, its inmates contrived occasionally to escape from its durance. Some of the escapes which the historians have recorded are remarkable and interesting ; and none more so than that of Hugh O'Donnell, in 1591. From his fastnesses in Donegal, he had intimated designs of maintaining his independence ; in consequence of which the lord-justice, Sir John Perrot, laid a plot to obtain possession of his person. Accordingly, in the year 1587, a ship was fitted out, and stowed with Spanish wine, and directed to sail to one of the harbours of Donegal. The vessel put into Lough Swilly, and cast anchor off the castle of Dundonald, near Rathmullan. The captain, disguised as a Spaniard, proposed to traffic with the people of the fortress, who bought and drank until they became intoxicated. The people of the adjoining district did the same, and all the surrounding septs of O'Donnell, Mc Swiney, and O'Dogherty, entered into dealings with the crafty wine-merchant. O'Donnell, among the rest, sent for some of the wine, and was informed that there was no more to sell, but if the young prince would come on board

The entrance to the portion of the castle occupied by the Viceroy, lies under a handsome colonnade, supported by six Doric columns. Passing through the entrance, the visitor finds himself in the Yeoman's Hall. Facing him is a handsome staircase which leads to the principal apartments. The Presence Chamber contains a throne of crimson velvet and gold, and the Council Room is hung round with portraits of all the viceroys since the Union. St. Patrick's Hall is the finest room in the castle. It is eighty-two feet long, forty-one feet wide, and thirty-eight feet high. The ceiling is painted in three compartments. The central, which is circular, represents George III. supported by Liberty and Justice; the others, the conversion of the Irish, by St. Patrick, and the submission of the Irish chieftains to Henry II. This ball-room is thrown open upon all important occasions, and when state balls are given, particularly on the anniversary of the Patron Saint, the lord-lieutenant and his lady sit upon a throne placed on a raised dais, upon which the nobility and household are alone permitted to stand.

The castle is situated on very high ground, nearly in the centre of the city; the principal entrance is by a handsome gateway. The several buildings, surrounding two squares, consist of the lord-lieutenant's state apartments, guard-rooms, the offices of the chief secretary, the apartments of aides-du-camp and officers of the household, the offices of the treasury, hanaper, register, auditor-general, constabulary, &c. &c. The buildings have a dull and heavy character—no effort has been made at elegance or display—and however well calculated they may seem for business, they have more the aspect of a prison than a court. There is, indeed, one structure that contributes somewhat to redeem the sombre appearance of "the Castle"—the chapel is a fine gothic edifice, richly decorated both within and without. The walls by which it was formerly surrounded, and the fortifications for its defence, have nearly all vanished.

The Castle of Dublin, although it has long since lost all claims to the title of castle, is still, as we have said, the residence of the Viceroy, who continues to hold a court and to enjoy the title, though long since shorn of almost all its the vessel, he should taste some of the choicest. The bait took; the prince, "overtaken" by drink, was easily secured and conveyed a prisoner to Dublin. Here he remained in custody for above three years. In the year 1591, he and some of his followers descended by means of a rope on the drawbridge, and getting safe off from the fortress, they escaped towards the Wicklow mountains, and reached O'Toole's country.

power and splendour. In the stormy scenes that agitated Ireland half a century ago, his station was as important as that of many a petty sovereign of the present day. Although the government of Ireland is in reality carried on at the other side of the Channel, the same *form* remains.\* The Executive of Ireland is vested in the Lord-Lieutenant, assisted by a privy council, whose number is indefinite, but of which the Bishop of Meath is an *ex officio* member; and by a Chief Secretary, who must be a member of the House of Commons; and an Under Secretary, and several minor officers. In the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant, his duties are performed by "the Lords Justices," who consist generally of the Primate or Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chancellor, or on a change of government, when his office is vacant, the Chief Justice, and of the Commander-in-chief of the Forces in Ireland. Each county is under a Lieutenant, who is also Custos Rotulorum, and who is generally one of the most influential men in the county; a fixed number of Deputy Lieutenants (filled up by the Lieutenant as vacancies occur); and an indefinite number of magistrates, who act gratuitously, and who are under the immediate control of the Chancellor, by whom they are appointed; but never without the recommendation of the Lieutenant of the County. The details of the laws are carried into execution by a Lord Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, twelve judges, including three chiefs, five Masters in Chancery, and judges of the Prerogative, Consistorial, Admiralty, and Insolvent courts, &c. The more minute details are committed to the Stipendiary magistrates and the Constabulary, who are changed to different localities, according to the pleasure of the Lord-Lieutenant. Dublin Castle is now the head-quarters of the Executive Government, and it will be convenient, before dismissing it from our minds, to take the opportunity of reviewing at a length not unwarranted by its importance, an institution to which Ireland is in no small measure indebted for the peace and prosperity that are at last beginning to dispel the gloomy cloud that has so long hung over it—paralysing its energies, and withering its strength.

\* The policy of altogether "doing away" with the office of Lord Lieutenant has been much canvassed of late years, both in Ireland and England, and opinions very strongly vary on the subject; the advocates for continuing the office are principally found in the metropolis, whilst those who either take the opposite view, or are indifferent on the matter, are the residents in the provinces, who consider that the attractions to Dublin from the "country parts" are sufficient without this especial one. It is probable, however, that when Ireland has become more thoroughly a part of England this office will no longer exist.



E allude to the IRISH CONSTABULARY. During our several visits to Ireland we had frequent opportunities of testing the advantages that had accrued to the community at large, from the admirable mode in which this Force is conducted. Our attention was first attracted by the exceedingly neat and clean-looking houses, fitted up as their barracks, in many instances built expressly for them, and the remarkably soldier-like air and manner of the fine-looking young men who compose the corps.\* The closer our inquiries, the more we became convinced that a more shrewd, active and intelligent body of men, or one more effective for the purpose it is intended to answer, never existed in any country.† Soldiers were at all times available for quelling disturbances; but the constabulary have acted upon the principle of the adage, "Prevention is better than cure;"—as one of its officers very forcibly expressed it to us, they "*take off the match before the shell explodes.*" This is, indeed, thus distinctly laid down in one of the earliest of the printed "Regulations":—"In the performance of their duty as peace officers, they are distinctly to understand that their efforts should be principally directed to the prevention of crime, which tends far more effectually towards the security of person and property than the punishment of those who have violated the laws; the best evidence that can be given of the efficiency of the police is the absence of crime."

The first introduction of an *armed* police force into Ireland was in 1787:

\* The rooms were all whitewashed; the little garden was well cultivated and free from weeds; they slept on iron bedsteads; and the paillasses, blankets, pillows, &c., were neatly rolled up and placed at the head of each. The fire-arms and bayonets, polished as a mirror, were hung up over each bed; and the floors were as clean—to adopt a familiar simile—"as a new pin." Each man had his small box at his bed-foot. All was in perfect order. The sub-inspector visited the station once a month—the inspector once a quarter. It is usual to assign one married man with his wife to each barrack—the wife, of course, arranging the rooms, and providing the meals of the men, who always mess together.

† The dress of both the cavalry and infantry is, the coat of rifle green, with black facings, and the trowsers Oxford grey; black belts; caps with leather tops; the arms, carbines and bayonets; and each man wears at his belt a handcuff case, in which handcuffs are always carried. When on duty in courts, the men carry battoons, and deposit their arms in the police-barracks. When their duty is discharged, "they are to return the battoons to the head or other constable, authorized to receive them, and resume their arms." Each man is required to have, at all times, twenty rounds of ball-cartridge in his pouch.

prior to that time, constables were appointed by *courts leet*, and by magistrates in quarter-sessions. By the 27 Geo. III. cap. 40, the lord-lieutenant was empowered to divide counties into districts, consisting of one or more baronies, and to appoint a chief constable to each district. The grand juries were empowered to appoint sixteen sub-constables, “*being Protestants*,” in each district. This act was only carried into effect in thirteen counties. In 1792 another act was passed (32 Geo. III., cap. 16), authorizing the grand juries of the remaining counties to appoint not more than *eight* constables in every barony or half barony. The grand juries were also to raise two pounds per man once in twelve years, for arms and accoutrements, with the same allowance to “*armed Protestants*,” as in the former act.

The constables appointed under the above acts, although armed, wore no uniform, and in general, if not universally, followed their ordinary occupations: they were found so very inefficient, that in 1814, Sir Robert Peel, then chief secretary, introduced what is generally termed the “*Peace Preservation Act*,” (54 Geo. III. c. 131,\*) by which the lord-lieutenant was empowered to appoint for any district comprising a county,



THE CONSTABULARY.

\* The force employed under this act were universally known by the cognomen of “*Peelers*;” and for a considerable time afterwards the name was so obnoxious to the peasantry, that the service became one of great danger, as well as odium; it was therefore found exceedingly difficult to induce men of good habits to join it.

or one or more baronies proclaimed by the privy council as in a state of disturbance, a chief magistrate, a chief constable, and fifty sub-constables, whose functions *were to cease* on the district being declared *tranquil*. By this act, provision was made for the continuance of the *baronial constables* appointed under the acts of 1787 and 1792.

The Peace Preservation Act having been found to answer to a certain extent the object for which it had been framed, induced the government to introduce a more general measure; accordingly, in 1822, the Constabulary Act was passed. By this act, the lord-lieutenant is empowered to appoint one inspector-general, two deputy inspectors-general (to be resident in Dublin), four provincial inspectors, thirty-five sub-inspectors (now called county inspectors)—one for each county and riding, one chief constable (now called sub-inspector), two head constables, and sixteen constables and sub-constables for each barony, half-barony, or other division of a barony; also one receiver and eighteen paymasters, and a limited number of paid magistrates.

The men nominated by the inspectors-general were selected without reference to their religious faith, and not until after strict inquiry into their characters and general fitness for the service, as regarded both their literate and physical\* qualifications; and, as a further improvement, they were removed from among their own relations and friends, and from local *influence*—the bane of all discipline. There was altogether a great change for the better in the order and cleanliness of their barracks, which before this period were not paid much attention to. But a much more important result was produced by a change of system, and its consequent effect on the discipline of the establishment; namely, *confidence* on the part of the people in general in its members, and which has continued to increase as the discipline of the force has advanced, and all religious distinctions in the selections of its members have disappeared. The consequence is, that from having been an unpopular force, it is now quite the reverse. It is a remarkable fact that, interspersed as the Protestants and Roman Catholics are, in about 1400 barracks all over

\* The act requires that every sub-constable should be able to read and write, and be an able-bodied man. No man is taken under five feet eight inches in height. The height of the men now in the service is as follows:—

6 ft. 3 in. and upwards .....	23	5 ft. 11 in. and upwards .....	1,794
6 2 .....	161	5 10 .....	2,921
6 1 .....	506	5 9 .....	4,623
6 0 .....	1,104	5 8 .....	1,318

the kingdom, it is of extremely rare occurrence indeed that any difference has arisen on the score of religion.\* The relative numbers of the two at present amount to—

Roman Catholics . . . . .	7,798
Protestants . . . . .	4,703

The duties of the constabulary are multifarious and onerous, and are becoming, every day, more and more so. In fact, whatever is to be done is expected to be performed by it. The constabulary is now the great machine by which almost every measure is worked, and there is no doubt that it is becoming gradually of greater political importance; therefore, the more care should be taken not to make its members politicians, or to depend on political influence. It should be—and it is as much as possible—kept a distinct body—that is, distinct from all political considerations.

Thus, then, in a national point of view the constabulary force has been, and is, of the greatest advantage to Ireland, whether considered socially or morally. In the first place, it is a comfortable and respectable provision for 12,000 of her natives, who, from the lives which they are obliged to lead, acquire orderly, sober, cleanly, and respectful habits and manners; the prospect, too, of rising by good conduct and intelligence to the rank of officers, is not only an incentive to the former, but has induced the sons of very many highly respectable gentlemen to enter the establishment: and as no person is eligible to enter it who cannot read and write, it has, from this circumstance, effected more towards the education of the people than is perhaps generally known.

The great desire to obtain appointments in the force, and the disgrace attached to a dismissal from it, show the value the people set on a situation in it.†

With respect to the appointment of officers, the present government have made a regulation that no appointment is to be considered *confirmed* until the individual nominated has served a probation of six months, to give the inspector-general an opportunity of judging as to his fitness, &c.: this has only reference

\* We inquired from many of the men, of both religions, whether their opposite principles prevented their living in harmony or acting in concert; and were assured that the subject was seldom canvassed among them, and very rarely indeed led to "ill-blood." It is notorious that in the army difference of religion never leads to discord: we rejoiced to find it was the case, also, in this force.

† The resignations are principally of men who have obtained better situations (members of the force being very much sought for by gentlemen and others requiring steady and efficient servants or assistants), or of men wishing to avoid the disgrace of dismissal.

to original appointments. All *promotions* in the force are made on the recommendation of the inspector-general.\*

These arrangements have had a powerful effect in stimulating the force, generally, to an upright, impartial, and zealous performance of their duties, and have diffused an "esprit" through the entire establishment, which did not before exist, and which has added much to its efficiency, as well as to its respectability. The temper, forbearance under provocation, patience under fatigue, and strict impartiality, exhibited by the constabulary at riots, contested elections, and other occasions, have frequently been the subject of just commendation. A stronger proof cannot be adduced to sustain this assertion, than the fact, that it has very rarely occurred, particularly of late years, that a life has been lost in any affair in which the constabulary have been concerned (which is saying much for an *armed body*); or that any member of that body has been brought to trial, or reported, for intemperance in the execution of his duty.

According to the latest returns (1853), Ireland is divided into thirty-five constabulary districts, over each of which a County Inspector is placed; and these are again divided into (generally) seven sub-districts, over each of which is placed a Sub-Inspector. The number of stations amount at present to 1,590. The force consists of an Inspector-General, 2 Deputy Inspectors-General, 2 Assistant Inspectors-General, a Surgeon, Veterinary Surgeon; 35 County Inspectors, 248 Sub-Inspectors; 332 Head Constables, 1,707 Constables, and 10,051 Sub-Constables: total, 12,381; with 352 horses. The maintenance of this force in 1851 amounted to 494,175*l.* 16*s.* 6*½d.*, including the expense of 71 Stipendiary Magistrates, whose annual salaries are,—1 at 60*5l.* 7*s.*; 2 at

\* The present inspector-general is General Duncan M'Gregor, an officer of great experience derived from services in various parts of the world. It is admitted on all hands, that no man is better calculated to occupy so important a position; and he has succeeded—a task by no means easy—in governing the force without incurring the charge of recognising the existence of any party. Indeed, the great efficacy of the establishment arises to a considerable extent from the fact, that its chief officers have been enabled to remove all suspicion of being biased by undue motives, and to the respect and esteem in which the inspector-general is universally held. He is emphatically "popular" among all classes. In every instance in which we consulted either the officers or the men, upon the essential point whether they had confidence in their "commander-in-chief," we received but one answer—generally given with a feeling akin to personal affection. General M'Gregor had been known to the world previously to his appointment in Ireland; it was this officer who published an account of the "Loss of the Kent Indianaman by fire, in the Bay of Biscay"—and to whose own share of exertion on that melancholy occasion testimony has been borne by every survivor—except himself.

461*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; 60 at 400*l.*, and 8 at 350*l.*, with extra allowances for clerks and stationery, and in some cases for lodgings, forage, travelling expenses, and absences at a distance from head-quarters. The proportion of the expense of the force charged on the Consolidated Fund was 459,392*l.* 6*s.* 9*½d.*, and the amount borne by the counties, cities and towns of Ireland, by last return for the year ending December 31st, 1851, was 34,783*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*\*

The annual salaries are, to the Inspector-General, 1300*l.*, Deputy Inspector General, 1200*l.*, second ditto, 800*l.*, Provincial Inspectors each 500*l.*, County Inspectors (first, second, and third rate) averaging 260*l.* each; sub-inspectors (first, second, and third rate) averaging 130*l.* each; head constables, first rate, 60*l.* second rate 50*l.*; mounted constable, 32*l.* 7*s.*; constable, 32*l.* 7*s.*; sub-constable, first rate, 27*l.* 14*s.*; second rate, 24*l.* There are, however, sundry allowances, the principal of which are, "while attending assizes or quarter sessions, while marching from one county to another; or on any duty causing a necessary absence from home during the night." There is on an average one policeman (including head constables) to every 1000 of the population throughout Ireland, including the cities and towns, with the exception of Dublin, where a distinct force is employed; and one policeman (including also head constables) for every four square miles throughout the country. We were curious to ascertain, indirectly, the condition of the various counties of Ireland, as exhibited by the amount of the force stationed in each, and looked with some interest through the list that gave its distribution; the result was illustrative of the comparative tranquillity of the north as compared with that of the south—in all the counties except the southern county of Kerry. Thus, in Antrim county there is one policeman to every 1730 inhabitants and every six square miles; in Londonderry county, one to every 2344 inhabitants and every 8*½* square miles; in Kerry, one to every 1599 inhabitants and every 10 square miles; in Louth, one to every 272 inhabitants and every 1*½* square miles; in the Queen's county, one to every 430 inhabitants and every 1*¾* square miles; in Cork county, one to every 1178 inhabitants and every 4*½* square miles; and in Tipperary county (strongly contrasting the peace of one district of it with the other), in the northern

\* We are indebted for some of the foregoing statistics to Mr. Thom's excellent Irish Almanac and Directory. His statistics of Ireland are accurate, clear and concise; and the information he gives, far surpasses that contained in any other almanac in the empire.

district, one to every 514 inhabitants and every  $1\frac{1}{2}$  square miles, and in the southern district, one to every 1952 inhabitants and every  $7\frac{1}{2}$  square miles. The number of stations where a sub-inspector is stationed amounts to 220; the number of stations where a party of the force is stationed throughout Ireland, amounts to 1363; the number quartered in each being of course dependent upon peculiar circumstances, but averaging from five to ten.

Notwithstanding the superior mental and physical attainments required for the Constabulary, the cost of the whole force is less than that of an equal number of her majesty's troops,—the difference being, according to Sir Francis Head, nearly as follows:—10,000 police, with their officers and staff, cost 2,000*l.* a year less than 10,000 troops *without* staff. The average annual expense of the clothing of the Constabulary is as follows:—

Infantry, per man. . . . .	£1	5 <i>s.</i>	5 <i>4d.</i>
Cavalry. . . . .	1	19	1

The discipline is enforced with mildness, but with firmness; and more through the efficacy of rewards than punishments. Every man in the force feels confident that neither his zealous services nor his demerits will pass unnoticed. Accordingly, they all do their duty "with a heart," and become attached to the service, confident that good conduct must lead to honourable distinction. Promotion always "looms in the future." Whenever a constable displays in the course of his duty extraordinary zeal or courage, he receives a chevron, which he wears *à la militaire* upon the left arm of his jacket. Thus he becomes at once conspicuous among his comrades. Should he again distinguish himself, he receives another and another; and it is scarcely necessary to add that such constables are always the first to receive promotion to positions for which they are qualified in their districts. These chevrons also entitle the possessor, on retiring from the service, to a substantial acknowledgment from "the Reward Fund"—if a head constable, 6*l.*, and if a constable or sub-constable the sum of 4*l.*, for each chevron; and in the event of his death in the service, these sums are paid to his widow or children.

As to matrimony, its blessings are only extended to  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the force, and then, even, it is still placed under some restrictions; but at present the propriety of relaxing these stringent regulations is under consideration. For five years the new recruit is not permitted to take unto himself a wedded wife under any circumstances; after the expiration of that period, any constable may

enter his name as a "Candidate Bachelor;" and as vacancies occur, by the retirement &c. of married men from the force, the candidate, after a careful inquiry into the "character and respectability" of his "lady-love," is permitted to wed.

The Mounted or Cavalry Constabulary are also a fine body of men. Their force is equally well appointed; and for intelligence, sobriety, and attention to their multifarious and complicated duties, cannot be surpassed.

We must bear in mind that this great force is not centralized, under the immediate *surveillance* of experienced officers, but that it is scattered over the whole of Ireland in small detachments of three, four, and five, and that it is only visited at times by their officers. Thus the men are thrown almost altogether upon their own resources and judgment—often in cases of severe trial, requiring wisdom, temper, and experience of no ordinary amount. Remembering these things, it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the whole of this valuable department. What an example does it afford of the facility with which the Irish peasant may be moulded, by the powers of a firm and generous hand, into intelligence, loyalty, civilization and discipline!

We do not hesitate to assert that a better Constabulary never existed in any country; and we feel assured that such will be the conclusion at which every Tourist will arrive, be his sojourn long or short in the country. We recommend him in all cases of difficulty to apply for aid or information to the Constabulary—either at their barracks, or to any single patrol. Sure we are that everywhere he will receive assistance, courteously rendered: and that to the Constabulary he will owe some of his best impressions of the country.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police consists of 7 Superintendents, 24 Inspectors, 100 Sergeants, 1,000 Constables, and about 50 Candidates in training; total, 1,181. The annual expense of the force of the Divisional Police Officers in 1850, was 71,900*l.* The income arises from 21,500*l.*, police-rate; 5,650*l.* from carriage-tax, licences, &c.; 3,876*l.* 19*s.* from pawnbroker's licences; 3,300*l.* from fees, fines, &c.; and 273*l.* from incidental sources, with a parliamentary grant of 35,500*l.* The salaries of the two Commissioners of Police, 840*l.* each, are paid out of the consolidated fund, and are not a charge upon the police establishment.\*

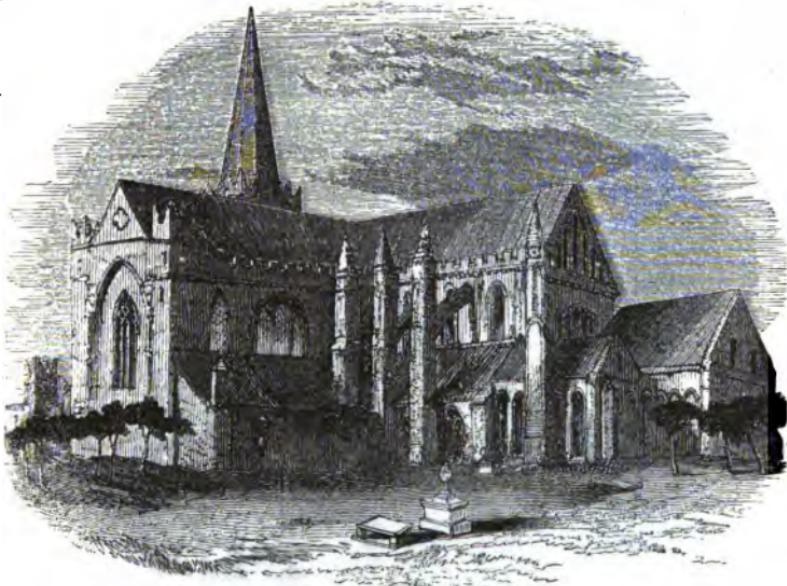
\* The Dublin Constabulary is under the command of Colonel Brown (a brother of Mrs. Hemans), a distinguished officer, who saw much service during the Peninsular War.



As we have said, few of the public structures of Dublin possess "the beauty of age," but many of its churches may be classed with the "ancient of days." Chief among them all is the **CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK**; interesting not alone from its antiquity, but from its association with the several leading events, and remarkable people, by which and by whom Ireland has been made "famous." It is situated in a very old part of Dublin, in the midst of low streets and alleys, the houses being close to the small open yard by which the venerable structure is encompassed. Its condition, too, was until lately very wretched; and although various suggestions had been made, from time to time, for its repair and renovation, it continued in a state by no means creditable either to the church or the city, until a few years ago, when, large sums having been raised by private subscription, the interior of the edifice was subjected to extensive alterations and repairs. These works having been completed in a most satisfactory manner, attention was directed to the dilapidated condition of a great portion of the exterior. Here, also, much of the ancient and decayed masonry has been replaced by solid blocks of stone, and the external effect of the cathedral has been greatly improved; but it is to be regretted that the funds applicable bear so small a proportion to the extent of the building, that several years must elapse before the works now in progress are completed. It was built A.D. 1190, by John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, by whom it was dedicated to the patron saint of Ireland; but, it is said, the site on which it stands was formerly occupied by a church erected by the saint himself—A.D. 448\*.

\* St. Patrick's was collegiate in its first institution, and erected into a cathedral about the year 1225, by Henry de Loundres, successor to Archbishop Comyn, "united with the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Christ's Church, Dublin, into one spouse, saving unto the latter the prerogative of honour." The question of precedence between the sees of Dublin and Armagh was agitated for centuries with the greatest violence, and both pleaded authority in support of their pretensions; it was at length determined, in 1552, that each should be entitled to primatial dignity, and erect his crozier in the diocese of the other: that the archbishop of Dublin should be titled the "Primate of Ireland;" while the archbishop of Armagh should be styled, with more precision, "Primate of all Ireland"—a distinction which continues to the present day. Above two centuries before this arrangement, however, as the diocese of Dublin contained two cathedrals—St. Patrick's and Christ Church—an agreement was made between the chapters of both, that each church should be called Cathedral and Metropolitan, but that Christ Church should have precedence, as being the elder church, and that the archbishops should be buried alternately in the two cathedrals.

The vaults of St. Patrick's Cathedral contain the remains of Dean Swift, and "Stella," his unhappy admirer. A bust of Stella, in the aisle, preserves her memory. In the interior of the cathedral there are several monuments, more remarkable for their gorgeous splendour than for the historical importance of the persons whose memories they preserve. The finest of them is that of Richard,

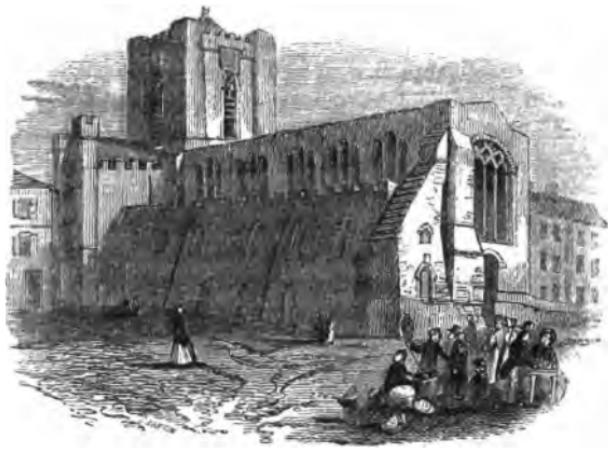


ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

Earl of Cork, erected in the reign of Charles the First. A modest inscription in one of the walls informs the stranger that the mortal remains of the Duke de Schomberg, who was slain at the battle of the Boyne, obtained their last resting-place in the vaults of St. Patrick. Over the inscription the cannon-ball by which he met his death is suspended by a chain. The capitals of the octangular shafts, from which the arches spring that support the roof, are greatly admired. They exhibit some very beautiful specimens of the varying and upright foliage of the 13th century, in no respect inferior to the best specimens

in Salisbury Cathedral or York Minster. Full cathedral service is celebrated here every Wednesday and Friday at 3 o'clock; and the service, particularly upon Sundays (at the same hour) is most impressive.

The sweeping censure of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, that "in point of good architecture it has little to notice or commend," is not to be questioned; ruins—and St. Patrick's narrowly escaped being classed among them—of far greater beauty abound in Ireland. The prevailing architectural character throughout the exterior is that of the early pointed style, with not a few incongruous additions, probably the improvements of later days. It is to its associations with the past that the cathedral is mainly indebted for its interest. The choral music of St. Patrick's is said to be "almost unrivalled for its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill."



CHRIST CHURCH.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST CHURCH was, it is said, originally erected in the year 1038, by Sitricus, the son of Amlave, king of the Oastmen of Dublin, and Donat or Dunan, the first Oastman bishop, who was buried in the choir, at the right-hand side of the communion table, 1074. Its architectural beauties are even less than those of its rival, although it contains some "good examples of Saxon ornaments." "The choir," writes Sir Richard Hoare, presents "a sad medley of Gothic and Italian architecture, combined in the most unnatural manner."

Christ Church is, however, in a better condition than St. Patrick's.\* Its walls entomb the dust of Strongbow, the great Anglo-Norman conqueror of Ireland. He died in Dublin "about the Kalends of June," A.D. 1177, of mortification in the foot; and his remains were interred in this cathedral. A monument to his memory was erected, but not until two centuries after his death, by Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President. It consists of two figures of hewn stone; the one representing a knight in armour, the other a female, his consort Eva, lying by his side. Sir Richard Hoare, however, although he admits the probability that "the conqueror" was interred here, entertains "some doubt if the effigy has been rightly attributed to him;" grounded on the fact that the arms on the shield of the knight are not similar to those described as belonging to him "by Enderbie, and also an ancient manuscript by George Owen." That Sir Henry Sidney considered the monument to be veritable, is evidenced by the following inscription, engraved upon a slab let into the wall above it:—



STRONGBOW'S TOMB.

THIS: AVNCYENT: MONVMENT: OF: BYXARD: STRANGBOWE: CALLED: COMES: STRANGVLENIS: LORD: OF: CHEREPSTO: AND: OGYN: THE: FYRST: AND: PRINCIPALL: INVADER: OF: IRLAND: 1169: QVI: OBIIT: 1177: THE: MONVMENT: WAS: BROKEN: BY: THE: FALL: OF: THE: ROFF: AND: BODYE: OF: CRYSTES: CHVRCH: IN: AN: 1562: AND: SET: UP: AGAYN: AT: THE: CHARGYS: OF: THE: RIGHT: HONORABLE: SR: HENRI: SIDNEY: KNYGHT: OF: THE: NOBLE: ORDER: L: PRESIDENT: WALES: L: DEPUTY: OF: IRLAND. 1570†.

\* Some of the records connected with Christ Church are very curious. In this cathedral, "in 1487, Lambert Simnell, the impostor, was crowned by the title of Edward VI. The crown used on the occasion was borrowed from a statue of the Virgin, which stood in the church of St. Mary-le-Dames, and shortly after he received the homage of the citizens in the Castle. In 1508, Robert Castelle, alias Payneswick, a canon regular of the priory of Lanthon, was installed on the 4th of July; and the same year the staff of St. Patrick, which was brought hither from Armagh, as a relic of great estimation, was publicly burned. In 1559, a parliament was held in a room in this cathedral, called the Commons'-house."

† The following is Cambrensis' portrait of the renowned knight:—"The earl was somewhat

Of the other churches of Dublin, the only one that demands particular notice is that of St. Michan; if we except the Church of St. Anne, which entombs the body of Felicia Hemans; and where, in memory of whom, there should be some public record worthy of her pure mind and lofty genius.—St. Michan's Church has no claim to attention for any architectural beauty; it is, like most other old churches in Ireland, merely a plain cruciform building of dark coloured stone, its only ornament being a large square tower containing the belfry, through which is the principal entrance. But it is remarkable for its vaults, which possess an extraordinary property of preserving the bodies deposited there from decay; and, what is nearly as singular, they are not infested by rats—a fact to which the state of the bodies, in the absence of other evidence, would sufficiently testify.\*

ruddie and of sanguine complexion and freckle faced, his eies grei, his face feminine, his voice small, and his necke little, but somewhat of a high stature. He was very liberal, courteous, and gentle; what he could not compasse and bring to passe in deed, he would win by good words and gentle speeches. In time of peace, he was more readie to yéeld and obeie than to rule and beare awaie. Out of the campe he was more like to a souldior companion than a capteine or ruler; but in the campe and in the warres he caried with him the state and countenance of a valiant capteine. Of himselfe he would not adventure anie thing, but being advised and set on he refused no attempts; for of himselfe, he would not rashly adventure or presumptuouslie take anie thing in hand. In the fight and battle he was a most assured token and signe to the whole companie, either to stand valiantlie to the fight or for policie to retire. In all chances of warre, he was still one and the same maner of man, being neither dismayd with adversitie nor puffed up with prosperitie."

The Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow, came over to Ireland with a company of gallant knights with the consent of Henry II. in 1162, to assist Dermod king of Leinster, against O'Connor king of Ireland, by whom Dermod had been deprived of his principal possessions. The king of Leinster promised him his daughter in marriage and his crown in reversion, if successful. Strongbow came accordingly, and recovered his lost possessions, and when in 1171 Dermod died, Strongbow became king of Leinster, including the metropolis. Henry on hearing of the success of the earl became jealous; but Strongbow went over to England, and by surrendering Dublin to him, and agreeing to hold the province from him as his liege, he appeased the wrath of the English monarch.

\* The bodies in the state of best preservation are in a small vault under the right angle of the transept, one of which is said to be the body of St. Michan, laid there two hundred years ago. It is that of a man of short stature, and is still quite perfect. The nails continue on the hands and feet, and the entire of the flesh and skin remains on the bones. From the process of drying, the flesh is considerably shrunken on the limbs and the abdomen, and the parts below the chest are sunken; so that in shape the body resembles that of a person very much wasted away by sickness. The flesh is tough to the touch, but not so hard as that of a mummy; nor is the skin black, like a mummy's, but brown and leathery, much resembling the cover of an old book in the species of binding called law calf. The covering and ornaments (if there ever were any) of the coffin in which it lies have long since mouldered away; and the whole has certainly the appearance of being very old. In one corner of this vault there are about twenty dead bodies and parts of bodies, bones, and covers and sides of coffins, in a confused heap. There are also



ERY essential to our notice of Dublin, and properly, perhaps, associated with these notices of its ancient churches, will be some observations concerning the system of "NATIONAL EDUCATION"—for it is a theme upon which every Tourist in Ireland will require information. We shall endeavour to treat the subject briefly: yet it absolutely requires space.

The value of education to all classes of a community, from the highest to the lowest, is now acknowledged universally: it is only as to the safest and wisest mode of bestowing education that men differ and dispute. It is admitted, not alone to open up new sources of rational enjoyment to mankind, and to give individuals increased "power;" but to aid in extending and establishing virtue, in bettering the social condition, and in augmenting national strength. Those who so consider, and so describe, it, cannot, therefore, hesitate to accept as an axiom, that to encourage, promote, and increase education, is a duty of the State. State assistance is required only by persons disabled, from local circumstances or pecuniary disadvantages, from obtaining it by other means: to such it should be freely given, and on a scale commensurate with the want of it. Unhappily, however, in Ireland, there are difficulties in the way of educating the people generally, which human wisdom cannot altogether remove: they are peculiar; exceedingly disheartening; often wilfully, if not wantonly, raised; consequently, not to be dealt with by any ordinary process; and greatly embarrass any Government, that would legislate for the benefit and improvement of that country.

We have often had occasion to observe upon the avidity with which the Irish several entire coffins, some new and perfect, a few old and broken. But notwithstanding the mass of corpses in this little chamber, which is not more than about twelve feet square and very low, there is not the least offensive odour; and from the great dryness of the soil, not even the disagreeable smell usual in underground vaults. The principal vaults are in a long corridor under the centre of the church, off which there are thirteen chambers; most of these are the burying-places of particular families. In one of these were deposited the remains of the two unfortunate brothers Sheares, who were executed for rebellion in 1798. They were, until the last few years, in a state of perfect preservation; but for some reason or other have been removed to a vault nearer the entrance of the passage, which is not as dry as the rest, and indeed seems the only damp vault among them. They have since rapidly decomposed, and are now almost mere skeletons. They lie in two uncovered coffins by the side of each other, their skulls still remaining on their chests, where their severed heads were placed after their execution.

seek, and have always sought, knowledge. This is indisputable. The ground was, therefore, prepared for the seed; yet, for centuries, a most cruel policy not only permitted it to remain waste and unprofitable, but actually made its cultivation penal; and when, at length, a more rational and generous principle prevailed, and education was not only tolerated but encouraged, the result was scarcely more advantageous to the people; for the mode in which it was proffered was so opposed to their prejudices, and, as they imagined, their interests, that they refused to receive it upon the terms on which alone it was to be obtained.

A brief review of the various plans for promoting what has been termed "National" Education in Ireland, may be desirable.

From a very early period, the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland were bound by oath, on admission to a benefice, to teach, or cause to be taught, the English language in schools under their control; but the statutes which so provided, fell into desuetude; the clergy very generally considered they fulfilled the contract by subscribing to one or other of the societies for promoting instruction; and cases are recorded of their so literally construing the obligation, as to believe it terminated when "there were no children in their parishes ignorant of the *English tongue*;"—and yet they so argued, perhaps, neither irrationally nor unjustly; for the act of Elizabeth, to which we principally refer, was, undoubtedly, part and parcel of the state-project for extirpating the "mere Irish" in name and in fact.\* Out of this enactment grew the "Diocesan Free Schools." These have been considered in a report of the "Board of Education," bearing date the 21st April, 1809. It then appeared that "only ten of the dioceses were provided with school-houses in proper repair;" that "the whole number of effective schools in all the dioceses together was but thirteen;" that "the whole number of scholars in all the schools did not exceed 380;" and that "twelve out of thirty-four dioceses contributed nothing towards the object." In fact, the diocesan schools became mere private specu-

\* The same policy was unhappily carried down to an age much nearer our own. One of the "penal statutes" enacted, that "whatsoever person of the Popish religion shall publicly teach at a school, or shall instruct youth in learning in any private house within this realm, or shall be entertained to instruct youth in learning, as usher, under-usher, or assistant, by any Protestant master, be esteemed or taken to be a Popish regular clergyman, and shall be prosecuted as such, and incur such pains, penalties, and forfeitures, as any Popish regular convict is liable to by the laws and statutes of this realm." A reward of ten pounds was given to any person "discovering a Popish schoolmaster or usher."

lations; the master derived a pittance of £40 per annum from the diocese; a degree of dignity was conferred upon his "establishment;" and he received scholars, and remuneration for teaching them, as ordinary school-keepers do.

By Charles I., also, schools in Ireland were founded and endowed; and the second Charles granted several large estates for their maintenance. In 1809, the numbers of boys then in course of education in these schools were 187 boarders, and 114 day scholars; all of whom paid liberally for their education. To describe these schools as "National" was, therefore, a mockery.

The "charter schools" were incorporated by act of the Irish Parliament in 1733. These schools were objectionable on other and stronger grounds; the avowed object of their "incorporation" was to teach the "poor Irish" the "English language and the Protestant religion." They were consequently viewed with dislike, amounting to abhorrence, by the great mass of the people and their teachers. Yet between the years 1739 and 1817, they received grants from Parliament to the extent of £554,713 12s. 9d. Irish currency; averaging £30,000 per annum, independently of the annual income of the Society, not less than £10,000; while the average number of scholars was scarcely 2,000.

"The Association for Discountenancing Vice" was incorporated in 1800; it was supported by "voluntary contributions," but was, if we mistake not, originally formed merely for the issue of books. Schools were established in connexion with the Association about six years after its commencement; and for these parliamentary aid was obtained—of various amounts, but which for two or three years extended to 10,000*l.* per annum. According to Dr. Elrington, in his evidence before the House of Lords, the numbers educated in these schools were, in 1822, 5479 Protestants, and 4672 Roman Catholics; in 1828, 13,189 Protestants, and 5494 Roman Catholics; and in 1830 (after the withdrawal of the grant), 10,014 Protestants, and 3772 Roman Catholics. "National," therefore, assuredly, these schools were not.

In 1812 a new association, known as "The Kildare Street Society," sprang into existence. It was, at once, largely and liberally patronised; its members were a "numerous and influential body," and its exertions were infinitely more commensurate with the wants of the people. Great good was undoubtedly effected by it; but it had to encounter the insurmountable difficulties raised by its predecessors—of prejudice, suspicion, and mistrust; and although based upon principles far more liberal, it was not framed altogether with

a view to convince the mass of the community of the wisdom, charity, or generosity of its proceedings. The Society expressly prohibited attempts at proselytism; and yielded, indeed, upon nearly all points on which the Roman Catholics demanded concession—upon all save one; they required that the Scriptures should be read in their schools. Unhappily this was a barrier they could not overleap; here the Society was compelled to stop; and thus were, for all practical purposes, as far from the goal as if they had never made an effort to reach it.

Before we proceed to consider the "National Board," which at present holds jurisdiction over "national education in Ireland," it will be desirable to offer a few remarks upon the condition, as regards instruction, of the Irish people, who, all this while, were in little or no degree benefited by the national supply of means for their improvement—liberal as it undoubtedly was for upwards of half a century.

The "Irish schoolmaster" has been pictured by nearly every writer of fiction who has dealt with Irish character; and although commonly represented as odious and dangerous, the portrait has been seldom overdrawn. The high estimate in which the people, generally, hold "learning,"—a fact on which we cannot lay too much stress,—induced them not only to tolerate his evil habits, but tacitly to allow him a very perilous influence over their principles and conduct. Upon this topic it is needless to enlarge; there is abundant evidence by which the origin of nearly every illegal association may be traced to the cabin of a village schoolmaster. The "school-houses" were, for the most part, wretched hovels, in which the boys and girls mixed indiscriminately; usually damp, and always unhealthy; so dark that it was a common practice for the pupils to learn their lessons among the adjacent hedges; and if they acquired knowledge, it was, not unfrequently, knowledge that led to evil rather than to good. Mr. Wakefield gives a list of the books in use about thirty years ago, which he calls "The Cottage Classics of Ireland."\*

\* "History of the Seven Champions;" "History of Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore;" "Ovid's Art of Love;" "Irish Rogues and Rapparees;" "Francis, a notorious Robber, teaching the most dexterous art of Thieving;" "History of celebrated Pirates;" "Moll Flanders;" "The Devil and Doctor Faustus;" "History of Witches and Apparitions," &c. &c. &c. The ballads in common circulation were of a still worse character: we have an extensive collection now before us; a large proportion of them are political, filled with the very worst sentiments; others contain expressions of sympathy for men who have died on the gallows; and all are pregnant with danger.

These remarks are necessary in order to exhibit, by contrast, the advantages obtained by a new order of things.

And so, we proceed to treat of the existing "Board for the superintendence of a System of National Education in Ireland;"—believing it to be, all circumstances considered, the wisest and most rational project that has been devised for educating the people; and the surest to attain the great aim and object of all education—right acting from right thinking.\* Upon "the Board," as originally constituted, there "was not a single member in whom the Protestants of Ireland had the least reliance,"—whether they ought or ought not to have had confidence in its judgment, integrity, and impartiality, is another question; but the Board was, undoubtedly, so framed as to increase rather than to allay the apprehensions generally entertained by the Protestants of Ireland, that "the education scheme" was a plan for *their* "discouragement." This feeling, thus created, was certainly not diminished when they saw the school-houses spring up in the chapel-yards, or immediately adjacent to the Roman Catholic chapels, and the Roman Catholic clergymen employing and paying the masons who built them, nominating the masters, and supplying the books.† The unfortunate result was, that the Protestants generally, and their clergy almost entirely, stood aloof from all contact with "the Board," declined to receive any portion of the State money, and permitted the Roman Catholics to possess unlimited control over the funds granted for the benefit of the whole community.‡

\* The contemplated appointment of "the Board" was first announced in a letter—dated October, 1831—addressed by Mr. Secretary Stanley (now Earl of Derby) to the Duke of Leinster. It is expedient to extract the following passage from it:—

"The Commissioners, in 1812, recommended the appointment of a board of this description to superintend a *system of education from which should be banished even the suspicion of proselytism, and which, admitting children of all religious persuasions, should not interfere with the peculiar tenets of any.*"

Lord Stanley—some time afterwards—thus more definitely described the object of the plan:—"To diminish the violence of religious animosities by the association of Protestant and Roman Catholic children in a system of education in which both might join, and in which the large majority, who were opposed to the religion of the State, might practically see how much there was in that religion common to their own;" and he further adds, as the main purpose of the institution—"to give the great bulk of the Roman Catholic population as extensive a knowledge of Scripture as they could be induced to receive."

† We are fully aware that this fact is met, on the part of "the Board," by the assertion, that wherever a school was so built, it was because *no other piece of ground* was to be procured in the neighbourhood; and that, in erecting a school thus contiguous to a chapel, they had only "Hobson's choice."

‡ Unhappily, a cry was raised against the projected scheme from the very moment of its

Within the last few years, however, the clergy of the Established Church have generally resolved to pursue an opposite course, and now consider it their duty as well as their interest—first, to give to their flocks all the advantages freely offered them, and which are their unquestioned right; next, to exercise their privilege of inspecting the schools in their several parishes; next, to superintend the spiritual and temporal instruction of such members of their own church as are pupils in these schools; and next, to build, at the public expense, the schools that may be necessary for the education of the people committed to their charge.

They at length discovered that they threw, by their conduct, a vast amount of power into the hands of the Roman Catholic priests, and they have of late endeavoured, by patronising the National Schools and increasing their number in their parishes, to retrieve lost ground. And it is somewhat singular to find the ultramontane party, who have now a clear preponderance in Roman Catholic councils, committing the very mistake of which the Protestant clergy were guilty when they threw off all connexion with the Board, because they were not permitted to have complete control over its acts.

We should far exceed our limits if we were to attempt entering upon the less important points in dispute, or detailing the various arguments advanced, pro and con, in reference to this institution. We must regard the existing “Board for superintending the Education of the Irish people,” as a mighty engine for their moral and social improvement; believing that mistaken notions of religion will be far more surely removed by knowledge than by ignorance; and knowing that, whatever defects may exist in the present system, it is immeasurably superior to the old methods of educating the lower classes of the Irish. In lieu of the schoolmasters of former times,—whose characters we have briefly sketched,—have been substituted a set of men, properly taught and prepared for their important task in the “model

announcement—upon the ground that the reading of the Scriptures, entire, was not to be insisted upon in the schools. The Kildare-street Society had made this a *sine qua non*; although they permitted the use of the Douay version; but they expressly forbade any interpretation of the sacred volume, or of any passages thereof, as an infringement of their primary rule against attempts at proselytism. The Education Board provided that “one or two days in the week be set apart for giving, separately, such religious education to the children, as may be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions.” This was in reality the only subject of complaint; yet it was one that gave rise to bickerings, heart-burnings, and ill-will; and kept the Protestants generally, and their clergy almost universally, aloof, until very lately, from this State project.

schools" of the institution; paid by the public, and therefore responsible to the public; their habits ascertained before they are employed, and their conduct continually watched during employment by proper "inspectors," duly appointed, who, in their turn, are frequently examined by the Board, and called upon to report regularly concerning all subjects connected with their respective districts. The school-houses, instead of being dark, close, dirty, and unwholesome, are neat and commodious buildings, well ventilated and in all respects healthful. The books that have displaced the mischievous and deleterious publications formerly in universal use, are excellent in every sense of the term. Lessons in virtue are conveyed in every page, with a degree of skill and judgment nowhere exceeded; they have been compiled with admirable tact, so as to communicate information by the simplest process, and great pains have been taken to carry out the Horacian precept in placing in the hands of the children, books that appear intended only for amusement; but which instruct at the same time, and insensibly store the mind with many important truths and moral precepts. So admirable are the works now published by the Board, that many wealthy and noble families use them in preference to all others in the education of their children; and it is no uncommon thing to see the heir to thousands of broad acres, studying the same books which the poorest lad in the parish has received at the national school "hard by." Literature may well be termed a "common-wealth."

We believe, then, that the system is working well—marvellously well, considering the great and manifold difficulties by which it was formerly surrounded; many of these difficulties have been surmounted; others have been materially lessened; and those that remain may be obviated by the cordial cooperation of the clergy of the Established Church. Let us hope that this will be no longer withheld; "so that"—we quote an eloquent passage from one of the many "Reports" submitted to Parliament—"they may assist in bringing up children of all denominations in feelings of charity and good-will, in making them regard each other not as belonging to rival sects, but as subjects of the same sovereign, as fellows of the same redemption, so that all may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

It only remains for us to quote such information as we find in the 18th Report of the "Commissioners of National Education" issued in 1852.

" On the 31st of December, 1850, we had 4,547 schools in operation, which were attended by 511,239 children. At the close of the year 1851 the number of schools in operation was 4,704, and of pupils on the rolls 520,401, showing an increase in the schools in operation of 157, and an increase in the attendance for the year 1851, as compared with the year 1850, of 9,162 children. The total attendance in 1851 of 520,401 children in the 1,704 schools in operation gives an average on the rolls of 100 $\frac{1}{2}$  to each school. Of the 252 schools taken into connexion during the year 1851, the number in each province was:—Ulster, 82; Munster, 81; Leinster, 41; Connaught, 48—total, 252. The 252 schools specified are under the management of 204 separate persons, many of them having more than one school under their care. The religious denominations to which they belong are as follows:—Church of England—clerical, 11, lay, 19; Presbyterians—clerical, 16, lay, 6; Dissenters—clerical, 0, lay, 2; Roman Catholic—clerical, 130, lay, 11. Total Protestants of all persuasions, clerical and lay, 54; total Roman Catholics, clerical and lay, 141. Total whose religious denominations have been ascertained, 195, not ascertained, 9—total number of applicants, 204. According to returns prepared at our request by the managers of the National Schools, we have ascertained that of 5,822 male and female teachers, assistants, monitors, &c., in the service of our Board on the 31st of March, 1852, there were—members of the established Church, 360; Presbyterians, 760; other Protestant Dissenters, 49—total Protestants of all denominations, 1,169; Roman Catholics, 4,653. The number of schools in operation on the 1st of November, 1852, was 4,795. Of these 4,434 were under 1,853 separate managers, and 175 under joint management. There were 141 connected with workhouses or gaols, and 45 of which the commissioners are the patrons, making in the whole 4,795 schools. Of 4,434 schools, 1,247 were under the superintendence of 710 managers of the Protestant, and 3,187 under the 1,143 managers of the Roman Catholic communion. The number of managers, members of the established church, was 296—clerical, 67, lay, 229; of schools, 554. Presbyterians, 398—clerical, 247, lay, 151, schools, 670. Protestant Dissenters, 16—clerical, 4, lay, 12, schools, 23. Total—Protestant managers of all persuasions, 710; and of schools under them, 1,247. Roman Catholics, 1,143—clerical, 957, lay, 186, schools, 3,187. Among the patrons of 175 schools under the joint management of persons of different religious persuasions, 56 were members of the established Church, of whom 14 were clergymen and 42 laymen; thus making a total of 81 clergymen and 271 laymen, who were managers of National Schools on the 1st of November of the present year."

The Commissioners thus conclude their Report: having first adduced proofs that the Protestant, as well as the Roman Catholic population participate in the benefits derivable from the grants:—

" Twenty years have elapsed since the introduction of the system of national education into Ireland. After a careful review of its progress, and of the difficulties which it has had to encounter, we are convinced that it has taken a deep root in the affections of the people, and that no other plan for the instruction of the poor could have been devised, in the peculiar circumstances of this country, which would have conferred such inestimable blessings on the great majority of the population. Every passing year strengthens our conviction that the intellectual and moral elevation of the humbler classes in Ireland will be effectually promoted by a firm adherence to the fundamental principles of the system, and by liberal grants from Parliament towards its support."

While, therefore, on the one hand, it is to be hoped that the Protestant clergy will cooperate with "the Board,"—on the other, it is of right demanded that the Board shall be neither seduced nor coerced into undue patronage of a religion, which is, at all events, not the religion of the State.



HERE is a district of Dublin that possesses many remarkable and peculiar features ; it is still called "THE LIBERTIES"—a spacious western tract in the most elevated and airy part of the city. It derives its name from certain privileges and immunities enjoyed by the inhabitants, having manor courts of their own, with seneschals to preside in them ; but that of Thomas Court and Donore, is properly confined to the liberties, and is that from which it takes its name. This court is of very ancient foundation, being held under the charter of King John. It contains within its precincts forty streets and lanes, called the Earl of Meath's Liberties, and a population of about 40,000 souls. It has no criminal jurisdiction ; but its authority in civil matters, and the amount of sums to be recovered, is unlimited. In all cases under forty shillings the seneschal decides alone : when the sum is greater, he is assisted by a jury. He has a court-house to sit in, and a prison to confine debtors.

The present state of this once flourishing region forms a strong contrast to its former ; but it still retains many evidences of what it has been. In passing along its desolate streets, large houses of costly structure everywhere present themselves. Lofty façades adorned with architraves, and mouldings to windows, and door-cases of sculptured stone or marble ; grand staircases with carved and gilded balustrades ; panelled doors opening into spacious suits of corniced and stuccoed apartments—all attest the opulence of its former inhabitants. They are now the abode only of the most miserable. As they were deserted by the rich, they were filled by the poor ; and as they decayed, they became the resort of the more abject, who could find no other shelter. So crowded were they at one time, that 108 persons were found in one house lying on the bare floor, and in one room seven out of twelve were labouring under typhus fever.

It sometimes happens that a sudden stagnation of employment among the poor manufacturers still lingering there, causes a pressure of great temporary distress, and then they descend in masses to beg for relief in the lower and more prosperous parts of the city. They resemble an irruption of some strange and foreign horde. A certain wildness of aspect, with pallid faces and squalid

persons, at these times, mark the poor artisans of the liberties as a distinct and separate class from the other inhabitants of the metropolis.\*

In the Liberties, almost entirely reside the artisans who have made the Irish cabinets and poplins famous throughout the world, for their supremacy has survived all attempts at rivalry; and the beautiful fabrics are everywhere esteemed and admired. The manufacture, which is exclusively confined to Dublin, was introduced into Ireland by French refugees who settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There are, as nearly as we could ascertain, between six hundred and seven hundred persons employed; but the estimate includes weavers, warpers, winders, and dyers. They are principally heads of families, and earn from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings a-week (the higher wages being obtained by the weavers employed in producing brocaded or figured poplins, and who are, necessarily, the most skilful and ingenious workmen). There are not more than two hundred looms at work in the city and neighbourhood of Dublin: and, as we have intimated, there is not one in any other part of Ireland. The average produce of each loom is four yards per day (of the plain cabinet); but each loom employs three persons. The trade, and the profits derived from it, are consequently limited; yet it is, unfortunately, almost the only national manufacture, if we except that of linen.

The woollen manufacture of Ireland was famous six centuries ago, and was an article of export to England in the fourteenth century; the commodity gradually improved, and the trade proportionably increased. Immediately after the cessation of hostilities in the year 1688, the woollen manufacture was established to a considerable extent in the "Liberties." The security of property which occurred after the capitulation of Limerick, induced people to avail themselves of its local advantages, the cheapness of labour, and the abundance of the necessities of life. The Earls of Meath, to whom the district belonged, as proprietors, were famous for a breed of sheep which in the reign of Charles I. was held in the highest estimation. A number of English manufacturers, therefore, emigrated hither with their properties and families, and settled in the district. They built the Combe, Pimlico, Spitalfields, and other streets named from correspondent

\* It is singular that the tide of wealthy population in Dublin has taken a contrary direction from that of London. They have deserted the high, airy, and salubrious site of the west end, which is now de-olate, and selected the flats and swamps of the east. Thus, by a strange perversion of taste, the elevated site and wholesome air are left to the poor, while the rich have emigrated into the unwholesome morass.

places in London, and a square called Weavers', from the new craft introduced. In a short time it became the residence of all that was opulent and respectable in the city. A patent was granted to act plays, and a theatre was built in Rainsford Street. The Earl of Meath's mansion in Thomas Street was deemed by Sir W. Petty to be the most magnificent palace next to the Castle of Dublin, and the Duke of Leinster proposed to build the splendid family residence of Leinster House within its precincts. This sudden prosperity was of short duration. The jealousy of England was excited by the rapid progress of the manufacture, and a petition was presented to William III. by the Lords, to prohibit and suppress it. In this the subservient Irish Parliament concurred, and an exorbitant duty was laid on, amounting to a prohibition. The ruin of the trade immediately followed, and with it that of the district. The wealthy employers left the country, and all the population that remained were reduced to great distress. Towards the close of the last century, however, the woollen trade had a temporary revival; in 1792, there were at work upwards of 400 looms, which employed 5,000 persons; but it drooped rapidly, and now the manufacture is confined to a few hands. It is, we believe, more prosperous in some of the provinces than in Dublin; in several towns of the South, there are manufactories in full and profitable work.

The other manufactures that flourish in Dublin, unhappily, require but a very brief notice. In woollen cloths, the produce is of great excellence; several iron works are prosperous—especially that of Mr. Turner; the manufacture of glass is carried on to a considerable extent; there is much trade in tanning; in guns and rifles, the establishment of Messrs. Rigby has a European fame; and so have the carriages of Messrs. Hutton; the porter, if we may class it under this head, of Messrs. Guinness is preferred to that of any other brewery in all parts of the world. The amount of its consumption in London alone is immense.\* In several minor articles also, the artisans of Dublin have manifested great skill

\* It is a singular fact that little more than thirty years ago, London supplied the whole of Ireland with porter; and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Ireland is now returning the compliment. It was first produced in Ireland, we believe, by Messrs. Beamish and Crawford, of Cork; and its manufacture was the result of accident. These gentlemen were agents for its sale in the south of Ireland; but on one occasion the prevalence of westerly winds kept them for so long a period without a supply, after their store was exhausted, that they resolved upon an effort to avoid a similar mischance in future, by endeavouring to produce it themselves. They tried the experiment; it was successful, and very little London porter was afterwards imported.

—such as boots and shoes, cutlery, gloves, &c. The manufacture of articles made of bog-wood and arbutus has been lately introduced into Dublin, and is now in a flourishing state. There are ten or twelve shops exclusively engaged in their sale. But, until agitation be permitted to cease, and the natural energies and abilities of the people are directed into a proper channel, Irish manufactures will be but as a small grain of sand on the sea-shore in comparison with the vast resources and capabilities of the country. Ireland, we repeat, requires nothing but repose to flourish as a manufacturing country; not merely with a view to furnish with necessities its own population, but to become a huge store-house for the supply of every nation of the world. The manufactories which at the present moment produce articles of a superior order, subsist not by the home consumption of their productions, but by their export trade.



CHARITIES in Dublin are, as we have observed, very numerous, and almost as varied as the ailments and wants of human-kind. It is to-day as it was many centuries ago, when old Stanihurst, writing of the city, says, “What should I here speake of their charitable almes, dailie and hourlie expended to the needie!” There are hospitals for the diseased and aged; asylums for the blind, the insane, the destitute; societies to assist the “stranger,” the industrious, and the “unfortunate;” fever hospitals, lying-in hospitals, dispensaries, schools for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, refuges for servants out of place, females “of good character” discharged from prison, penitents, schools for the almost gratuitous education of the daughters of the clergy, orphan associations—in short, benevolent and charitable institutions are almost as numerous as the streets; and nearly the whole of them are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. We have frequently had occasion to observe that nothing renders a native of Ireland, of any grade, more wretched than *having nothing to give*. The people are essentially charitable; one can hardly enter a house where the ladies, young and old, are not engaged in the promotion of some plan for the relief of their fellow-creatures. They bestow quantities of food and clothing, and are truly zealous of good works. The sums expended in private charity, considering

the limited means of the expenders, is astonishing; they are ever anxious to relieve, even beyond their means, the wants of others. "Fair beggars" attack on all sides, to claim aid for some favoured charity or distressed family; and no city in the world can better sustain or better manage charitable institutions than Dublin.

Institutions for promoting science, literature, and the arts, are far more limited; first in rank and in utility is the "DUBLIN SOCIETY," occupying Kil-dare House; purchased in 1815 from the Duke of Leinster for 20,000*l.*—a noble mansion, "long celebrated as one of the most splendid private residences in Europe." The society originated in the meeting of a few eminent men, in 1731; in 1749, it received a charter of incorporation as "The Dublin Society for promoting husbandry and other useful arts;" and is maintained chiefly by annual parliamentary grants. That great benefit has been derived to Ireland from the exertions of this institution is undenial. Its museum contains a rare and almost perfect collection of the natural productions of the country; its schools have been rendered valuable auxiliaries for the spread of information; and it has been eminently successful in carrying out the object for which it was established—in "promoting husbandry and the useful arts." The prizes given at the annual cattle show amount to 300*l.* The Government School of Design has lately been placed under the management of the society. Pupils both male and female, (on paying the moderate sum of one shilling a month,) are instructed in architectural, figure, flower, landscape and ornamental drawing, in etching, modelling, painting in every vehicle, perspective and geometry. The school has already exercised a most beneficial influence upon the designs for cabinets, Limerick laces, embroidered muslin, &c., and promises still more: and high praise is due to the intelligent and industrious head-master, Mr. MacManus. Next in importance is the ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, incorporated in 1786, "to promote the study of science, polite literature, and antiquities." The society possesses an extensive library, consisting chiefly of Transactions of foreign societies and of books relative to Ireland—a subject to which, very properly, its attention is principally directed; premiums are given, occasionally, for successful essays, and the volumes of its "Transactions" contain a vast mass of important and valuable information upon a variety of subjects—abstract science, polite literature, and the antiquities of the country. The most valuable part of the "Transactions" (of late years), however, are the

papers on purely scientific subjects—viz., mathematical and physical; these contain more that is “new,” and hold a higher rank, than the publications of any similar body in Europe; and next to these, valuable contributions upon national archaeological remains, and ancient Irish art, matters which have lately attracted much more than their wonted interest. A museum is attached to the institution, which contains a collection of rare and interesting Irish relics. The “NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY,” which consists chiefly of younger gentlemen labouring for the acquisition of knowledge, has already formed a museum of great value. “THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY” was chartered in 1823, for the promotion of the fine arts. It consists of fourteen academicians and ten associates. The members possess a noble and spacious building in Abbey Street, erected for them by the late Francis Johnston, Esq., architect; the munificent artist having given them a lease of it for ever, at the annual rent of five shillings. Its members receive an annual government grant of 300*l.*, being, we believe, the only “Art-Society” in the kingdom so assisted.

The Theatre in Hawkins Street was for a very long period under the able and efficient management of Mr. Calcraft. It is an elegant building, erected in 1820, by Samuel Beazley, Esq.;\* but, like almost all theatres, it is in its decadence. The various other institutions we must pass over briefly.

The principal clubs are the Kildare-street and the Sackville-street Clubs, so called from the streets in which they are situated. The United Service Club (which is exclusively confined to the military) occupies the splendid mansion, in the north of Stephen’s-green, formerly the town residence of Viscount Guillamore, better known as Chief Baron O’Grady. There are two Royal Yacht Clubs at Kingstown, and one in Dublin, and several clubs of minor consequence, as well as an immense number of lodges and meetings of Free and Accepted Masons, including a Grand Royal Arch Chapter, a Grand Encampment of

\* Anecdotes of the Dublin Theatres might form a curious and interesting history. The earliest was built in 1635, under the patronage of Lord Strafford, by John Ogilby, the translator of Homer, for whom Shirley wrote his play of “The Royal Master,” originally performed in Dublin. The next was erected in Smock Alley, then Orange Street; but it fell in during representation, and several persons were killed. It was subsequently repaired, and Farquhar (a native of Londonderry) made his first appearance there; so also did “Peg Woffington.” Early in the last century there were no fewer than five theatres in the city. The Crow Street Theatre was opened in the year 1758. “The Theatre” has always been a favourite place for giving exit to ebullitions of wit—and sometimes an arena for the exhibition of sharper weapons. At every performance indeed there is sure to be some characteristic display of Irish humour.

the High Knights Templars, a Grand Council of Rites, an Illustrious College of Philosophical Masons, and a Most Illustrious Council of Grand Inspectors General, &c. Dublin also possesses six choral or madrigal societies, and upwards of forty charitable or religious hospitals, asylums, or places of refuge, the majority supported, wholly or chiefly, by private subscription. Most of these are under the superintendence of a committee of visitors, either male or female; and the good feeling that prevails among them, and the disinterested zeal with which they discharge their duties, is, indeed, most commendable.



ROM the public buildings of Dublin, we pass to the people; and in treating this branch of our subject, we, necessarily, introduce some observations on the state of SOCIETY in the Capital, which, here as elsewhere, may be presumed to give its tone to that of the Provinces. Throughout Ireland, unhappily, persons in the same grades of life, deriving equal advantages from education, station, and "fitness" in all respects, have been divided, too generally, by a bar—Religion—more insurmountable than that which in other countries separates the patrician from the plebeian. The laws of "the Pale"—"Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate"—were not more rigidly exclusive, in ancient times, against "the mere Irish," than were, in some districts, the habits and customs—and prejudices—which kept apart the Protestant and the Roman Catholic.\* But the famine that lately desolated the

\* It is unnecessary to go at any length into this theme, fertile of discord and misery. Suffice it that the "Statute of Kilkenny," enacted that marriage, nurture of infants, or gossiped with the Irish, or submission to Irish law, should be deemed high treason. Any man of English race taking an Irish name, using the Irish language, or adopting Irish customs, was to forfeit goods and chattels, unless he gave security that he would conform to English manners. Finally, it was declared highly penal to entertain an Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller; or even to admit an Irish horse to graze on the pasture of an Englishman! This infamous statute, however, was rarely acted upon, except in the counties within the Pale. Some of the Anglo-Norman "settlers," although formidable enemies to the men of Ireland, were not armour-proof against the attacks of its women. In 1335, there was a curious licence to Sir Almeric Grace, styled Baron of Grace, for the better preservation and improvement of the peace of the country, to form an Irish alliance with Tibina, daughter of O'Meagher, prince or dynast of Ikerrin, "all laws to the contrary notwithstanding." By the "statute of Kilkenny," it was made high treason for any person of English origin to contract a marriage with an Irish family. The infraction of this stern law,

country appears to have done more than legislation to lessen "domestic fury and fierce civil strife." The extensive estates of embarrassed owners, generally absentees, have lately been torn from their grasp by the remorseless operations of the Encumbered Estates Court, and have been divided among a numerous class—emphatically *the people*, wide in the distinctions of their religious and political creed, and belonging to different grades in the social scale. Yet the evil still exists—largely and extensively.

It is not always in Ireland as it is in England, where in private life the religious creed of a person seldom, and the political opinions still more rarely, form subjects of inquiry; where men meet in "keen encounter" daily, in public, but exclude all consideration of them from the social circle; and where, often, parties most hostile upon debateable ground are cordial even to friendship when meeting upon ground they consider neutral.

But it is generally the attribute of severe affliction to soften down the asperities that have their existence more in an artificial state of social relations, than in the genius or feelings of the people. If the Irish have been vicious, turbulent, or spendthrift, they have had to pay a heavy penalty for their faults. The famine suddenly involved them in difficulties against which they had never made any provision. Discord reigning where nothing but unanimity could have staved off impending ruin; proprietors with estates already heavily mortgaged, exposed to vicissitudes which large savings and an unencumbered property could alone have mastered; and tenants, long accustomed to place a blind reliance in interested and dishonest demagogues, called upon suddenly for the exercise of all the virtues of prudence and self-reliance;—such was the situation of the people when the ghastly famine of 1846—8 invaded their homes. Thousands of families, some in the enjoyment of

unless dispensed with by the king's special permission, as in the case of Sir Almeric Grace, was punished with unrelenting severity; and the crime for which Thomas Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Desmond, was attainted and executed in 1417, was that of "having broken his allegiance by an Irish alliance and fosterage." Until towards the close of the last century, the penal enactments against the Roman Catholics were scarcely less unwise and unnatural: within the memories of living men, a Roman Catholic gentleman was denied a standing at the Bar, and rank in the army and navy; was excluded from all participation in the government of cities and towns, obtained no admission to Parliament; all the avenues to honourable distinction being closed against him: he was, in fact and in truth, an alien in his own land. How very different is the case now, when, not only in Ireland but in England, Irishmen and Roman Catholics are mayors, magistrates, members of parliament, lords of the treasury, ministers of state, judges, and governors of colonies!

opulence, some of competence, were in a short time reduced to poverty and want; and all classes soon learned the severe lesson taught them by adversity—that union, self-reliance, and economy are necessary to the peace and prosperity of a country. The railways too have not only united distant localities, but they have liberalized the people, invading and scattering the narrow prejudices of provincialism, infusing in every direction new blood and social health and vigour, encouraging commercial relations, opening new markets and sources of industry to remote districts, and inculcating the necessity of a strict observance of “law and order,” better than a whole century of unintelligible legislation.

The difference between the higher classes in Ireland and those of England is, of course, very slight, in all the essentials that are understood to constitute “good society.” Of late years, indeed, the intercourse between the two countries, so frequent and so continued, has nearly removed a distinctive character from either. The peculiarities of the old Irish gentry are all but extinct; the originals of the past century bear but a very remote resemblance to their successors;—the follies and vices—the drinking, duelling, and “roistering,” in former times considered so essentially “Irish,” belong exclusively to the ancestors of the present race. Such anecdotes as that told, upon good authority, of the father of Toler—afterwards Lord Norbury—who provided for his son by giving him at his outset in the world “a hundred guineas and a pair of duelling-pistols,” no more illustrate the Ireland of to-day than the Smithfield fires do the justice of England. The habits once fashionable are no longer tolerated; and the boasts and glories of a past age are scorned and execrated in this. It was, indeed, always acknowledged that although the “Irish gentleman” was, often, an object of suspicion, the “gentleman from Ireland” was ever an example of courtesy, good breeding, honour, and intelligence.

In higher society, therefore, little of distinctive character will be perceived, except in that ease and cheerfulness of manner which make a stranger feel instantly “at home,” and the peculiar *tone* of the Irish voice. We do not mean that the better educated have what is understood by “the brogue;” but there is an intonation that belongs to Ireland which is never lost, and cannot be disguised.

The society of the middle class, or rather of the grade above it—the

members of the learned professions, and persons on a par with them—is unquestionably agreeable and invigorating in the provinces, and equally so, but more instructive and refined, in the capital and the larger towns. It is everywhere frank and cordial, tempered by playful good-humour and a keen relish for conversation; and is always distinguished by the cheerfulness that borders upon mirth and the harmony produced by a universal aptness for enjoyment.

The women of Ireland—from the highest to the lowest—represent the national character better than the other sex. In the men, very often, energy degenerates into fierceness, generosity into reckless extravagance, social habits into dissipation, courage into profitless daring, confiding faith into slavish dependence, honour into captiousness, and religion into bigotry; for in no country of the world is the path so narrow that marks the boundary between virtue and vice. But the Irish women have—taken in the mass—the lights without the shadows. Most faithful; most devoted; most pure; the best mothers; the best children; the best wives;—possessing, preeminently, the beauty and holiness of virtue, in the limited or the extensive meaning of the phrase. They have been rightly described as “holding an intermediate space between the French and the English;” mingling the vivacity of the one with the stability of the other: with hearts more *naturally* toned than either: never sacrificing delicacy, but entirely free from embarrassing reserve; their gaiety never inclining to levity, their frankness never approaching to freedom; with reputations not the less securely protected because of the absence of suspicion, and that the natural guardians of honour (“the wild sweet-briary fence”) though present are unseen. Their information is without assumption; their cultivation without parade; their influence is never ostentatiously exhibited; in no position of life do they assume an ungraceful or unbecoming independence; the character is, indeed, essentially and emphatically, feminine; the Irish woman is “*a very woman*” with high intellect and sound heart.

In writing of Irish women, we refer to no particular class or grade; from the most elevated to the most humble, they possess innate purity of thought, word, and deed; and are certainly unsurpassed, if they are equalled, for the qualities of heart, mind, and temper, which make the best companions, the safest counsellors, the truest friends, and afford the surest securities for sweet and upright discharge of duties in all the relations of life.\*

\* It will be scarcely necessary to inform the reader that these remarks proceed from but one

In Ireland, as yet, the aristocracy of wealth has made little way; and to be of "good family" is a surer introduction to society, than to be of large fortune. The prejudice in favour of "birth" is, indeed, almost universal, and pervades all ranks. Consequently, classes are to the last degree exclusive; and their divisions are as distinctly marked and recognised as are those determined by the etiquette of a court. The prejudice in favour of "birth" is not extended to rank. It is strictly confined to "the old stock." The poor are if possible greater admirers of members of an old family than the wealthy; and long after success in trade and accumulated gains has opened to the "new man" a place in the society of the great, the poor still persist in refusing him the rank accorded to him by the higher classes. It may safely be said that the lower orders of the Irish people (if we except the north of the island) are the most aristocratic and conservative people in the world. In the great majority of "agrarian outrages" the victims are either strangers, or persons who have been the architects of their own fortunes. We do not often hear of an outrage upon a member of an ancient family. Hence arises that perpetual straining after a higher station, to which many worthy families have been sacrificed: persons in business rarely persevere until they have amassed fortunes, but retire as early as possible after they have acquired competence; and the subdivisions which their properties necessarily undergo, when junior branches are to be provided for, creates a numerous class—almost peculiar to Ireland—of young men possessing the means of barely living without labour, disdaining the notion of "turning to trade,"—unable to acquire professions, and ill-suited to adorn them if obtained; content to drag on existence in a state of miserable and degrading dependence, doing nothing—literally "too proud to work, but not ashamed to beg."

So much appears necessary on the subject of Irish Society—in the classes, that is to say, which will be met in Dublin. Of the lower orders we have treated elsewhere: we have had frequent opportunities of bearing testimony to the many good and valuable qualities which distinguish the Irish peasant—justly and wisely managed; and we are bound to enter our protest against any opinion of them, formed from the "bad specimens" which are occasionally encountered. In the words of the English poet, Churchill,—

of the authors of this work; that they record the opinions, not of an Irishwoman, but of an Englishman.

“ Long from a country, ever hardly used,  
At random censured, wantonly abused,  
Have Britons drawn the shaft, with no kind view,  
And judged the many by the rascal few ! ”

The Irish have ever been famous for wit and humour ; in physical courage they have never been surpassed : but who shall speak of them without describing their enduring fortitude, their self-sacrificing generosity, their indomitable energy, which needs only a wise direction to be made of prodigious value ? It has been easy for those who are unfriendly from prejudice, or ignorant from lack of opportunity, to describe the Irish as *lazy*, when they are hungry and ill-paid ; *ignorant*, where knowledge was made penal by legislation ; *ungrateful*, under the weight of favours grudgingly bestowed : *unimproving tenants* where they have no tenure in the land they till ; *insubordinate* or *rebellious*, while they saw no evidence that obedience is a payment for protection.

Happily, of late years, the policy of England towards Ireland has been altogether changed. The old and infamous system which legislated for Ireland as a conquered country has been abrogated : it is now as intolerable to Englishmen as it was to Irishmen. “ Saxon hatred, jealousy, and oppression,” are terms that have no substance, and are used only for base and selfish purposes. With few exceptions—exceptions to be found in Ireland, and of the Irish, quite as numerously as in England, and of the English—there is an earnest and sincere desire to give to the sister country a full share of all the rights, privileges, and advantages, which the English people possess and enjoy.

If, happily, things have changed, unhappily, the evils that did exist have been succeeded by evils scarcely less disastrous to Ireland : famine and disease have been followed by *Emigration*, so extensive as to be almost universal : ere long, there will be, in a sense very different from that formerly in use —“ no Ireland for the Irish : ” they will have carried their “ four bones,” their strength and energies, to lands more auspicious than their own ; and instead of the old complaint, that in Ireland there was “ soil wanting toil, and toil wanting soil,” there will be none to till the ground, and reap the harvest.

We cannot pursue this theme : but every Tourist will marvel, not—as he has been led to believe—at the number of unemployed hands, but at the contrary ; and ponder over the melancholy fact, that Ireland has been for centuries described as over-populated with its millions of acres waste.



AVING examined the fair city, and its numerous objects of attraction, we may ask the Tourist to visit some of the more interesting SUBURBS OF DUBLIN. We shall first conduct him to one of which he has assuredly heard: although as a locality it is entirely denuded of the picturesque: its importance being derived exclusively from its association with story and with song. Far-famed "DONNYBROOK" is now but the shadow of its former self; we have, indeed, had

*"The luck to see Donnybrook Fair"*

before, fortunately for the inhabitants of Dublin, it had "fallen from its high estate."\* Although the Irishman is no longer there "in his glory," tents are still annually "pitched" upon the sodden sward, where they have been erected for centuries; itinerant "play-actors" continue to gather there once a-year; beggars yet make it a place of rendezvous; lads and lasses assemble even now to dance under roofs of canvass; and the din of harsh music from the "shows," mingled with the almost equally discordant squeakings of a score or two of bagpipes, still keep alive the memory of

*"Donnybrook capers, that bother'd the vapours,  
And drove away care,"*

\* "Donnybrook"—the little brook—is so called from a mountain stream, "the Dodder," which runs through the suburb. The fair lasted for eight whole days of the month of August. We borrow from an anonymous writer a few passages sufficiently expressive of its old character:—"Here a troop of itinerant equestrians, exciting the astonishment of the country clown and the well-dressed cit: there a merry-go-round full of boys and girls, getting their pennyporth of fun; yonder a tent crowded with lads and lasses, tripping it on 'the light fantastic toe'; or gazing in admiration on some heavy-legged bog-trotter, footing a hornpipe to the music of a pair of bagpipes, or the notes of a half-drunkener scraper on three strings; while thickly studded round may be seen tents crowded with the drinking and the drunken—the painted 'Jezebel,' or the half-tipsy youngster lovingly caressing 'the girl of his heart,' whose flushed cheek and glancing eye too plainly indicate that she herself has already had a goodly portion of the intoxicating draught: while in the distance, in various directions, may be seen the waving of the shillelah, and heard the brawling of a party daring some other to the deadly strife. Amidst what is considered by some as mere merriment and mirth—we venture to say there is more misery and madness, devilment and debauchery, than could be found crowded into an equal space of ground in any other part of this our globe, or in any other part of Ireland during five times the same space which is spent at Donnybrook, in one given year; and be it remembered, the scenes here described are those which take place during the light of day—the orgies of the night, when every species of dissipation is practised without restraint, may be better imagined than described."

during the long celebrated and verse-commemorated month of August.\* The accompanying print will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of the scene, either as it was—or is; for the artist has judiciously abstained from picturing



DONNYBROOK FAIR.

the disgusting incidents by which “the fair” was rendered famous—and infamous; although he has introduced the leading objects of its attraction.

In the autumn of last year we were curious to ascertain the difference between the Donnybrook of yesterday and that of to-day; and, prepared as we had been for the wonderful changes which a few eventful years have wrought in the habits of the people, it was with utter astonishment we noted the contrast between the reckless “devilry” of a former time, and the decent hilarity of the present. We have given, in a note, some idea of the depravity to which it was for a long period the annual usher; regularly filling the jails

\* A pretty accurate description of Donnybrook sports is conveyed by an old rhymester:—

“Such crowding and jumbling, And leaping and tumbling, And kissing and stumbling, And drinking and swearing, And carving and tearing,	“And coaxing and snaring, And scrambling and winning, And fighting and flinging, And fiddling and singing.”
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with culprits, and the streets with degraded women. Every fair in Ireland was, indeed, bad enough; but that of Dublin surpassed them all for dissipation and vice: a large proportion of the lower classes, for many months after the saturnalia, had to endure the penalties of want or the punishment of crime. To the disgrace of the country these evils were tolerated for centuries; at length they were to some extent checked by a more efficient police; and the spread of temperance and education and the improvement in the manners and morals of the people, everywhere observable, have entirely removed them.

THE BOTANIC GARDEN is situated on the north side of Dublin, at Glasnevin, about two miles from the centre of the city. A more admirable site could not have been selected; a clear stream—the little river Tolka—runs through a miniature valley, to which the ground gradually slopes; the tall and finely grown trees are sheltered from the north and east winds by adjacent hills; and the neighbourhood has long been celebrated for its salubrity, and its mild temperature. The garden contains about twenty-eight acres, and is, we believe, the largest in the kingdom. It originated in the year 1790, when Dr. Wade presented a petition to the Irish Parliament, by the hands of Toler, afterwards Lord Norbury, the result of which was an annual grant for its establishment and support. It has ever since been an honour and a credit to the city; having been, at the outset, most judiciously and tastefully laid out; and its several curators having been men of judgment and practical knowledge. A more delightful, interesting, or instructive promenade is not to be found in Europe\*: on two days of each week it is opened to the public; but to the studious it is accessible at all times by an order easy to be obtained. Dr. Walsh thus wrote of the garden in 1818:—“Nothing can exceed the command

\* Glasnevin is a village rich in historic and classic associations; the ground now converted into a botanic garden, was formerly the property of Tickell, the poet, from whose representatives it was purchased. One of the original walks—a straight avenue of yew trees—was planted under the direction of his friend Addison; and tradition states, that underneath its branches he composed the exquisite ballad of “Colin and Lucy.” At a short distance is Hampstead, once the residence of Sir Richard Steele; and a little further was the glebe-house of Finglas, in which lived the poet Parnell. More immediately in the neighbourhood is Delville—a demesne laid out by Delany, the friend of Swift: and here, it is said, the witty Dean not only composed, but actually printed some of the most biting of his satires—which no printer of Dublin would have dared to put to press. The belief that they were produced in this calm retreat received, according to Dr. Walsh, confirmation strong about the beginning of the present century, when “in removing the lumber of an out-office, preparatory to its being pulled down, a printing-press was found concealed among it.”

of aspect which the irregular beauty of the surface presents, and of which the planners of the garden have been careful to avail themselves; having ample room for every botanical purpose, they have not sacrificed taste to convenience, or disturbed such objects as contributed to the beauty of the old demesne." The garden has since undergone material improvements, while it has lost nothing of its former interest and value. The only other botanic garden in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin, is "The College Botanical Garden," under the management of the Board of Trinity College. The garden is at the head of Upper Baggot Street. It is tastefully laid out, and contains some good conservatories, hot-houses, &c., enriched with many rare and valuable plants. These gardens are open to the public on producing a card, or order, which can be easily obtained from any dignitary of the College.

Adjacent to Glasnevin is a public CEMETERY. There was no subject in Ireland which contributed more to keep alive the asperity of parties than that of burials. By an anomaly peculiar to the Irish character, the angry passions which agitate men in life were not relinquished in death; every funeral was a signal to renew them, and the embers of discord were raked up and fomented even among the ashes of the dead. An obsolete fragment of the penal statutes continued unrepealed till a late date. It prohibited Roman Catholic priests from officiating in Protestant churchyards, even for a member of their own flock. To put an end to this state of things, Lord Plunket, then attorney-general, brought in a bill by which a Protestant incumbent might give *permission* to a Roman Catholic priest to perform the service on his "asking permission in writing." But this did not satisfy the angry parties. The one would not ask the boon in the prescribed form, and the other would not compromise their "privilege" if the minutest formula were omitted. The result was the formation of a cemetery on the south side of the city. The success of the attempt induced the promoters to establish another, on a larger scale, contiguous to the Botanic Gardens. Curran, the celebrated advocate, has a monument here; and a tomb was here erected for Ruthven, a "liberal" member for Dublin: but it was little more than commenced, and the fragments of it lie neglected and trampled upon. It is in this cemetery, also, that the mortal remains of O'Connell repose, without any monument to mark the last resting place of one now almost forgotten, but once the idol of his countrymen. A third cemetery has been established at Harold's Cross, exclusively Protestant.

It is of equal size with the former, and laid out in plantations and gravel-walks with great taste and beauty.

Not far from Glasnevin is the village of FINGLAS. Finglas was early distinguished for its salubrity, and acquired the name of Fioun Glas, "the fair or pleasant green." It was the favoured residence of St. Patrick,\* who predicted that it would be the future capital of Ireland—that it should be "lifted up into the throne of the kingdom"—and, in the meantime, conferred on it various gifts; among the rest a Well of many spiritual and physical virtues.



CROSS AT FINGLASS.

Among other remnants of antiquity is a ponderous stone cross; it was buried in order to conceal it from Cromwell's soldiers, and remained under

\* Among the successors of St. Patrick have been many eminent saints. St. Canice, to whom the parish church is dedicated, and whose name is engraved on the ancient communion service plate, was followed by others, whose bones repose under the chancel of the church; and since the time of the Reformation the benefice has been filled by several distinguished men. The learned Archbishop Usher was incumbent of Finglas, and separated the vicarial from the rectorial tithes, because he thought he could not conscientiously receive the whole. Since then, the rectorial

ground for nearly two centuries. The tradition of the circumstance induced the Rev. Dr. Walsh, then curate of the parish, to search for it. After long and fruitless inquiries, he met with an aged man, who told him that his grandfather had pointed out to his father the place where it had been buried. Taking the old man for his guide, and some labourers to assist him, he began to dig, found the cross, and placed it in its present position.

Among the customs of the village is a May fair, formerly celebrated with great pomp. A queen was crowned, and a court appointed to support her dignity, dressed in gorgeous apparel, and great crowds were in attendance from the city for several days to do her homage. But the scene of dissipation and profligacy into which it degenerated caused it to be utterly discountenanced. The last unfortunate queen died, not long ago, and she has had no successor; although the semblance of the fair is still kept up.

The village was formerly the abode of opulence and fashion, and supported two sedan-chairs to convey the company to its evening parties. But the mansions of the fashionable are now deserted and in ruins.

The immediate vicinity of Dublin, in all directions round the city, is of great interest and beauty. The banks of THE LIFFEY, from the quays to a considerable distance beyond Leixlip, and into the county of Kildare, are highly picturesque; the natural luxuriance of the soil has been improved by taste and cultivation; and stately mansions and graceful cottages crown the heights of the green hills by which the river is everywhere bordered. The Phoenix Park will be taken in this route; for the public road runs directly under it. In the park is the residence of the Viceroy; and here, of late years, the representative of the sovereign, in Ireland, has constantly resided during the summer; being more healthful, agreeable, and convenient, than "the Castle." "The Lodge," as it is called, has little pretensions to magnificence. The park contains about 1000 acres, admirably laid out; the trees are finely grown; it is "kept" with exceeding care; and is deservedly classed foremost among the

tithes form part of the corpus of the chancellor of St. Patrick's. Among the vicars of Finglas was<sup>8</sup> the poet Parnell, whose autograph is still extant in the vestry books. During his incumbency a wing of the church was allocated for a public library for the benefit of the parishioners. He did not live, however, to enlighten them. There is an extraordinary inaccuracy in all his biographers with respect to the date of his death; Goldsmith, Johnson, Chalmers, &c., declare he died in July, 1717, yet his autograph is found in the vestry book on Monday in Easter week, April 14th, 1718. The Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., was among the latest of the remarkable men, vicars of Finglas.

public promenades of the kingdom. Dr. Walsh, indeed, who had visited nearly every continental country, did not hesitate to say that "viewing all the particulars which should distinguish a place set apart for public recreation, the Phoenix Park, on the whole, would not suffer on comparison with any other in Europe." The demesne connected with the viceregal lodge, contains about 200 acres of land. Not far from it, is the chief secretary's lodge—a handsome building with nearly 70 acres attached. Close to it also, is the Under-secretary's lodge. A portion of the park called "the fifteen acres," is quite flat and free from trees. This was in old times the favourite place where gentlemen used to obtain "satisfaction." Frequent reviews are held here, of both infantry and cavalry. Nearly at the entrance, from the city, is a huge heap of stones, dignified by the title of "The Wellington Testimonial,"\* and on the Kildare side is an erection equally unmeaning—a tall Corinthian column, surmounted by a Phoenix†. THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY have their gardens within the park, a portion of it having been allotted to them in 1830, by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant.

The western side of Dublin will, indeed, afford materials for an entire day's

\* The cost of this absurdity exceeded 20,000*l.*; the amount having been raised "by subscription." It is formed of mountain granite. On the summit of a flight of steps stands a square pedestal, on the four sides of which are panels, with figures in basso reliefo, emblematic of the principal victories won by the noble Duke. From this rises the massive obelisk, truncated, of thick and heavy proportions. On the sides of the obelisk, from the top to the base, are inscribed the names of all the places in which victories were gained by the Duke, from his first career in India to the battle of Waterloo. Opposite to, and standing on the centre of the principal point is an insulated pedestal, on which "it is intended to place an equestrian statue of the hero." The dimensions of this structure may be estimated from the following measurements:—The lowest step, forming the base, 480 feet in circuit; perpendicular section of steps, 20 feet; sub-plinth of pedestal, on top of steps, 60 feet square, by 10 feet high; pedestal, 56 feet square, by 24 feet high; obelisk, 28 feet square at base, and 150 high, diminishing in the proportion of one inch to the foot. Total height of the Testimonial, 205 feet.

† The column was erected in 1745, by the then Lord Lieutenant, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. It has contributed to the popular error, which derives the title of the Park from the bird of fable. Its origin, however, is far more natural. According to Dr. Walsh, "In the Irish vernacular *Fionnswige*, pronounced *Finnisk*, signifies clear or fair water, and, articulated in the brief English manner, exactly resembles the word *Phœnix*. At length the park became known, even at an early period, by no other appellative." The spring or well so called, still exists. It is situated in a glen, beside the lower lake, near the grand entrance to the Viceregal Lodge, and has been much frequented from time immemorial for the supposed salubrity of its waters. It is a strong chalybeate. It remained, however, in a rude and exposed state till the year 1800, when, in consequence of some supposed cures it had effected, it immediately acquired renewed celebrity.

sight-seeing. Driving towards the park we pass along the banks of the Liffey opposite to the Royal Barracks, before which is a railed enclosure. The barracks stand upon a height, and form a handsome range of stone buildings without possessing any characteristic features. Should the Tourist desire it he can visit the Hibernian Soldiers' School and the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham; but if pressed for time it is better to drive at once straight through the Phœnix Park. The viceregal lodge may be seen from the park road, and we pass by the Zoological Gardens, which we leave at our right, the Wellington Testimonial being at our left, and the "Phœnix" before us. Issuing through the Knockmaroon gate, we find ourselves upon the Lucan road on the banks of the river. Following the road, which runs almost all along by its margin, we may visit Lucan, the Salmon-leap, and Leixlip, all famous for their historic associations. LEIXLIP is in the county of Kildare. It is one of the most beautiful "bits of scenery" in the kingdom, and within a distance of ten miles from the metropolis. The village is neat and pretty; but the leading object of attraction is the Salmon-leap, about half a mile from the road. After passing along two or three green fields, through which a foot-way has been generously made, the roar of the waterfall greets the ear, and through some skilfully formed breaks among the foliage that skirts the river, occasional glimpses of it are caught. The cataract is of great



LEIXLIP.

width, and very picturesque in character; the waters glide onwards in a smooth but rapid current, and dash down the rocky steep—a mass of spray and foam. The whole neighbourhood is beautiful; the river is lined with graceful trees, from its borders up the slopes of hills that ascend from either side.

Not far from Leixlip, and beside the "Liffey's Banks," is the village of CELBRIDGE—famed as the residence of Swift's "Vanessa."

If the Tourist visits Leixlip, he will assuredly continue his walk, or drive, until he reaches MAYNOOTH—but four miles distant from Leixlip.

Maynooth consists of one long and broad street; the dwellings, of a class between houses and cabins, at either side, having an air of exceeding discomfort. At one end of the town is the entrance to Carton, the seat of "Ireland's only Duke;" at the other, are the ruins of the ancient castle, and the "Royal College of St. Patrick." The college is a peculiarly ungainly and ungraceful structure; it appears to have been originally a mansion of moderate size, to which additions have been made from time to time, and where elegance and uniformity have been sacrificed to convenience.

The College was founded in the year 1795. Previously, youths intended for the Roman Catholic Church were compelled to enter foreign universities, and to graduate there—having received the rudiments of learning, how and where they could, in their own country.\* Towards the close of the eighteenth century, however, the war with the Continent in which Great Britain was engaged, rendered the transmission of students dangerous as well as difficult; and, the more liberal spirit of the age favouring the project, application was made to the Irish Parliament, by several leading members of the Roman Catholic Church, for leave to establish a college, under charter, for their education at home. Permission was granted, and, with it, a vote of money to aid in providing suitable premises; the act for its incorporation receiving the royal assent on the 5th of June, 1795. The site was not fortunately chosen;

\* A short time prior to the French revolution (according to the Rev. Dr. Walsh, 'History of Dublin'), the number of Irish Roman Catholics, masters and students, in the several Continental colleges, were, of the former twenty-seven, and of the latter four hundred and seventy-eight. In France, there were—in Paris ("Collège des Lombards," and "Communauté, rue Cheval Vert,") one hundred and eighty scholars; at Nantes eighty; at Bordeaux forty; at Douay thirty; at Toulouse ten; and at Lille eight. At Louvain there were forty; at Antwerp thirty; at Salamanca thirty-two; at Lisbon twelve; and at Rome sixteen.

it was selected chiefly in consequence of the offer of the then Duke of Leinster, to grant, upon a lease of lives renewable for ever, fifty-four acres of land at the annual rent of seventy-two pounds. The neighbourhood is by no means healthy; and the distance from any city or town, by effectually preventing the occasional mingling of the students with society, is an evil against which no advantage could have been a sufficient set-off.

In the October following, the College was opened for the reception of fifty students. Since then, candidates for orders in the Roman Catholic Church have been educated chiefly at Maynooth; there are other colleges from which they have also been ordained—at Kilkenny, Carlow, Tuam, Wexford and Waterford; but many youths, the sons of persons of, comparatively, higher stations, continue to graduate at Continental universities.

The number of students at Maynooth upon the 2d of December, 1851, was 516 in attendance, and 7 absent; 2 on leave, and 5 on account of ill health. The annual cost of lodgings, instruction, commons, &c. for 500 students, is borne by the annual parliamentary grant, as well as the expense of "allowances" to 20 Dunboyne scholars, and 250 members of the senior classes. The Dunboyne scholars are mainly supported by the annual profits of estates left by one of the Lords Dunboyne, which produce an annual rental of about 500*l.* Notwithstanding that the population of Ireland has fallen from eight millions to six millions, no reduction has been made in the number of students at Maynooth, although the number of Roman Catholic priests in Ireland is so superabundant, that considerable numbers of them emigrate every year. The free presentations are made by the four ecclesiastical provinces—by Armagh and Cashel, each seventy-five, and by Dublin and Tuam, each fifty. They are admissible at the age of seventeen; and are selected after examination by the bishops of the respective dioceses. Besides the free students, there are pensioners and half-pensioners—the former paying twenty-one pounds and the latter ten pounds ten shillings annually. Each free student pays an entrance fee of eight guineas, and each pensioner an entrance fee of four guineas. The sums thus raised are insufficient for the maintenance of the establishment. Its principal means of support are derived from annual parliamentary grants. During the first twenty-one years of its existence they averaged £8,000 annually; the sum was subsequently raised to £8,928—the present amount of the grant. The college is placed under the direction of a board of trustees,

consisting of seventeen Roman Catholics, of whom the four archbishops are members *ex officio*; of the thirteen, seven are of the church and six are laymen. They are directed to hold visitations *triennially*, or whenever the lord-lieutenant shall direct them so to do; and are empowered to examine, upon oath, "touching the management, government, and discipline;" all matters connected with doctrine being subjected to the decision of the Roman Catholic members only. The officers charged with the superintendence of the institution, are the president, the vice-president, and the senior and junior deans. They must be natives of Great Britain and Ireland. The professors rank in the following order:—1. Dogmatic Theology; 2. Moral Theology; 3. Hebrew and Sacred Scripture (divinity professors); 4. Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; 5. Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics; 6. Greek and Latin; 7. French and English; 8. Irish.

This is not the place in which to canvass the very difficult and intricate matters connected with the establishment at Maynooth, or the grant by which the College is in a great degree supported.

The ostensible object of its foundation, on the part of those who acquired and those who accorded the "privilege"—for as such it was received and acknowledged—was to avert, by home-education, the evils likely to arise to the kingdom from committing the charge of instructing teachers of a large portion of British subjects to foreign enemies of the state. It is notorious that this object has not been answered; that, on the contrary, the old priests, who were educated abroad, are infinitely less hostile to England than those who have received their education at Maynooth. We are, however, bound to omit all discussion upon this topic—referring our readers to the many books that exist on the subject.

South-west of the city, about four miles, is the village of CLONDALKIN, with its round tower, in a perfect state of preservation. Its height is about ninety feet, and it measures fifteen feet in diameter; its base was, however, about sixty years ago, encased with strong mason-work, in order to protect it from the assaults of time; and, strangely enough, a few years after it was judiciously guarded, a catastrophe occurred that would otherwise have levelled it with the earth. Extensive powder-mills in the neighbourhood blew up; yet the tower withstood the shock, although (to quote the newspapers of the day), "the earth seemed to shake from the very centre, and ponderous masses of

many tons in weight were cast to the distance of five or six fields." Immediately adjoining the round tower are, as usual, the ruins of an ancient church; and it is certain that an abbey was founded here at a very early period.



ROUND TOWER AT CLONDALKIN.

It is impossible, within the compass to which we are restricted, to accord anything like justice to the scenery around Dublin. We have, however, given the Tourist a glimpse of the charms which may be found on the banks of the fair LIFFEY; we have afforded him some idea of the attractions of its HARBOUR, and we are about to accompany him into the COUNTY OF WICKLOW. Upon no account, however, must he omit a visit to KILLINEY HILL, for the prospect thence is, perhaps, as magnificent as any he can obtain in Ireland.

As we have stated, the DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY is merely a suburban railway. A great portion of Kingstown, which a few years ago was quite "the country," is now almost a city; but all round it the landscape is studded with villas, some of them most picturesquely situated. As soon as each train arrives at Kingstown, carriages start upon the atmospheric railway for Dalkey, and for the sum of twopence we find ourselves among the *mountains* at a distance of nine to ten miles from the metropolis, and in the midst of scenery as wild and grand as if we were plunged all at once into the wastes of Connemara. This railway carries us up a steep inclined plane, rising one foot in fifty-seven. The summit of Killiney Hill is reached in a few minutes, and immediately a splendid prospect opens itself. Beneath us is the village of

Dalkey, with its nunnery lying under us, and its secret walks open to vulgar gaze. Beyond it is Kingstown, with its harbour crowded with shipping. Almost at our feet is the sea, studded with bright islands. If we stand facing Dalkey Island, Dublin Bay will be at our left, with a distant view of the metropolis wrapped in haze; a little nearer to us we shall see the Pigeon House fort, from which extends into the sea the North Wall, with the lighthouse at its extremity. If we look a little further out to sea, and in nearly the same direction, we shall see the verdant Hill of Howth, surrounded by beetling rocks that rise majestically from the ocean. Killiney Bay, with its soft sandy beach, lies a little to the right, and at the opposite extremity of the bay is the picturesque town of Bray, and the bold promontory of Bray Head towering over the waves. Behind us lie fertile and richly wooded valleys, studded over with elegant villas, and behind them the horizon is bounded by the "Scalp" and rugged mountains of Wicklow, that lose themselves in the misty clouds.

There are also railways to Drogheda and Howth. The Drogheda railway has a station at Clontarf, which is only at a short distance from the city, and may consequently be better visited on foot or on a car. There is, however, little to be seen at Clontarf except the Castle, a small but beautiful edifice, once the stronghold of the Knights Templars. These localities, en route to Drogheda, have been described in our visit to the North.



NE other topic of interest we must notice before we leave Dublin. The references we have made to the social state of Ireland at the time the staple food of the country vanished, as it were, in a single hour, will doubtless have prepared the reader for an extraordinary decrease in the POPULATION, by death from starvation, disease, and emigration. But we scarcely think anything short of the actual fact could have made us believe that such an event could have produced the startling effects it has. In the year 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,175,124. In the year 1851 (the next census), had it

continued to increase at the same rate, it would have amounted to about nine millions of souls. But the potato perished; the famine scourged the land; and the census revealed the awful fact that Ireland had virtually decreased *two millions and a half*, or one-third! The population in 1851 only amounted to 6,515,794, instead of nine millions! Since the famine, upwards of 270,000 dwellings, too, have been swept away, and mouldering walls alone now record the places where the cheerful fire not long since blazed—spots consecrated to all the social virtues of home and happiness, and early associations and affections, but now desolated and deserted. The famine, however, was principally confined to the south and west of Ireland. It fell upon the north with a mitigated severity; and, indeed, though the population of the north has decreased a little, yet its comparative increase has been very great. In 1841 the inhabitants of Ulster formed only a fourth, now they form a third of that of the entire island. It would not be a useless speculation, but, on the contrary, the solution of a most interesting question of social philosophy, to endeavour to ascertain why this great distinction exists between the north and south of Ireland. Different writers have attributed it to different causes, and, among the most prominent, to the difference of religion and to the admixture of Scotch and English blood. It would be foreign from this work to pause for the purpose of analyzing the arguments of different writers upon this subject, often advanced with more acrimony than fairness, and more zeal than discretion. But one thing must strike all—the difference of education in these localities. This will be perceived, not less from conversation with the people themselves than by reference to authentic statistical returns. For instance, glance at the subjoined table, showing the attendance at Sunday schools for the year ending the 1st of January, 1851:—

Province.	Population in 1851.	No. of Schools.	No. of Scholars.	No. of gratuitous Teachers.
Ulster.....	2,004,289	1,931	164,635	14,051
Leinster.....	1,667,771	457	32,314	3,006
Connaught.....	1,831,817	400	17,160	1,774
Munster.....	1,011,917	216	12,403	822
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>6,515,794</b>	<b>3,004</b>	<b>226,512</b>	<b>19,753</b>

Again, on referring to the census of 1841, we find that the percentage of the population in each province who could neither read nor write, were,—Ulster, 33 per cent. ; Leinster, 38 ; Munster, 52 ; Connaught, 64. Thus we see that there were then of persons wholly ignorant, fewer in Ulster by one-third than in Munster, and by one-half than in Connaught. If we test these facts by a reference to the returns of the Commissioners of Education, we find them further corroborated:—the number of national schools in Ulster exceeds by 250 the aggregate number of national schools in the two provinces of Munster and Connaught. If space permitted, we should have no difficulty in generalising upon this important subject ; and in showing that education supplies at once a discipline and intellectual force to individuals, that gives them a vast superiority in the busy race of life over their less educated neighbours. There is an elasticity of mind in the educated man that enables him to rise superior to the transitory reverses of fortune. We could also prove with ease that crime increases exactly in the same ratio as education is neglected ; and that in fact education, as the world is now constituted, can alone lead to advancement, and secure virtue, prosperity, and contentment. We can only subjoin a most interesting table, compiled by the metropolitan constabulary, from which it will appear incontrovertibly, that out of 6,524 convicted in the course of seven years, only fourteen were possessed of superior education. What then can benefit Ireland ? We answer, without hesitation,—Educate—educate !

*A comparative Table showing the education of persons committed for trial within the Metropolitan district, convicted from the years 1844 to 1850 inclusive:—*

Year.	Neither read nor write.	Ditto imperfectly.	Ditto well.	Superior education.	Total.
1844	457	340	25	1	823
1845	399	311	18	1	729
1846	569	423	24	5	1,021
1847	682	505	22	2	1,211
1848	579	448	35	5	1,067
1849	507	399	17	—	923
1850	403	328	19	—	750



BEFORE we accompany the Tourist out of Dublin City, there is yet another topic upon which he will require information; we allude to the "ACT FOR THE SALE OF INCUMBERED ESTATES IN IRELAND." To form a proper estimate of the extraordinary effect of this act, we must look back for the prime causes of Ireland's miseries, to circumstances the evil of which "lives after them." The government of Ireland was always corrupt; sinecures and places almost without number were in the gift of the ministers, and were lavishly bestowed as the price of Parliamentary support. The franchise was enjoyed by every tenant-at-will who could swear that he had an interest in his land worth forty shillings a-year; and a mud-hut, with a small patch of potato garden, was sufficient for this. A seat in Parliament enabled a man to provide for himself and all his family with ease; and was, in fact, of far greater pecuniary value than a large estate: whilst the tenant's vote became, for the same reason, of far more consequence to his landlord than the rent which he *promised to pay*, but seldom paid. Everyone sub-divided his land to the last degree; and the Roman Catholic priest, then labouring, with his flock, under political disabilities, remembered, that "captive Israel multiplied in chains," and assisted too in encouraging an increase, in which he felt, sooner or later, he should find a new element of strength. In process of time, the people increased in some extensive districts far beyond the capabilities of the soil to support them. Some systematically spent several months of every year in the "mystery or trade" of begging; and others sought, annually, harvest work in England.

Whilst such was the social state of the country, three great changes were effected: Parliamentary Reform, Roman Catholic Emancipation, and the abolition of the forty shilling freeholders. A seat in Parliament lost its money value, and left the possessor of broad acres hopelessly embarrassed. At the same time, the great mass of the tenantry lost their votes, and merged into useless paupers; and the Roman Catholics, too much elated by success, made an injudicious use of their victory, and, instead of promoting peace and goodwill, stirred up a rivalry which would otherwise have slept. The landlord then found himself

hopelessly embarrassed ; his estate crowded with paupers ; and every effort on his part to better their condition, misconstrued and thwarted, for political objects. Thus he struggled on, standing as near the brink of insolvency as his tenants were to starvation. Then followed the "Potato Failure," and the famine. The people were thrown upon the poor-rates, which rose in many districts to more than cent. per cent. This of course (if it had been paid) would have left nothing for the mortgagee or landlord. The arrear of poor-rates kept accumulating, and the land was abandoned by every solvent tenant, and remained waste. The landlord was reduced almost to destitution ; and the mortgagee, receiving no interest, sought a "Receiver" and put the estate into Chancery !

Meanwhile, the state of the tenantry may be easily conceived. To say they were harassed with litigation, persecuted and tormented, without a protector or friend, would not be to paint their condition too darkly. Under these circumstances the Incumbered Estates Act was enacted. It differed from the procedure under the Court of Chancery in two particulars : 1st, On proof of incumbrances exceeding half the value of the estate, it was *at once sold*, and all questions as to the priorities of different creditors, &c. transferred *from the land to the funds* realized by their sale ; 2d, The lands sold passed at once to the purchaser *with a parliamentary title*.

The sweeping nature of the measure may be judged from the fact that already nearly 800 estates have been sold under its provisions ; and that petitions have been presented for the sale (including those sold) of upwards of 2,150 estates, producing a rental, in round numbers, of *one million and a half per annum* ! and extending, we believe, to nearly a seventh of the whole soil of Ireland. In a word, the whole system of landlord and tenant is changed. Great estates have been rudely torn asunder, and distributed among all who had the will and the wherewithal to purchase. Land is no longer a monopoly. Much has been purchased by English capitalists ; and more taken on lease. Titles to land are now clear, and every one can obtain a long lease who has the necessary capital and character.

Dublin City is divided, for purposes connected with the poor-laws, into two unions—the North and South Dublin Unions. These comprise all the city and liberties, and part of the suburbs, of Dublin. There is no special poor-law relating to the metropolis, but the same rules prevail that exist in the rural districts.



UBLIN County, which we are about to leave, on our visit to the County of Wicklow, is bounded on the north and north-west by the County of Meath; on the west and south-west by that of Kildare; on the south by that of Wicklow; and on the east by the Irish Sea. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, 240,204 statute acres; of which 229,292 are cultivated, the proportion of unprofitable mountain and bog being consequently very small.

It is divided into seven baronies—Balrothery, Castleknock, Coolock, Nethercross, Newcastle, Half-Rathdown, and Upper Cross. In 1821 the population, exclusive of that contained in the metropolis, was 150,011; and in 1831, it had increased to 183,042. In 1841, it amounted to 140,047, of which 113,778 was in the rural, and 26,269 in the civic district, exclusive of the city itself. In 1851, the population of the same district 146,631, showing an increase of 6,584.

The term "Barony"—a term unknown in England—seems to require some explanation, for the tourist will hear it often during his visit to Ireland. Ireland is divided into four provinces.

In Ireland the counties are subdivided into **BARONIES**, a division which, it would appear was introduced by the English, a barony, in its original meaning, being the honour and dignity which gives title to a baron, which anciently consisted of 13 knights' fees and a quarter, or 400 merks per annum.—(Jacob's Dict., by Rufhead and Morgan, tit. Barony.) But as the division into counties has long since ceased to have any connexion with the titles of counts or earls, so that into baronies has no longer any reference to the dignity which it originally supported. The division into baronies and half-baronies is at present of great practical utility for various purposes, as in regulating the number of constabulary under Stat. 6 Wm. IV. c. 13; the levying and application of presentments under the grand jury act, 6 and 7 Wm. IV. c. 116; for some purposes connected with elections, Stat. 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 88, &c. &c. It may be mentioned in reference to the term barony, that although manor-courts still exist in Ireland, and take cognisance of debts within their respective districts, courts baron, at least in the sense in which they are used in England, in connexion with the tenure of copyhold estates, have not been in use in Ireland.



S we are about to leave the County of Dublin to visit that of WICKLOW, and as the Tourist will now be called upon to consider the mode of conveyance he will select, we may here take the opportunity to introduce him to the carriages from which he will have to make his choice. Indeed, immediately on landing at Kingstown, there will be at least a dozen "car-boys" in attendance at the quay, endeavouring to persuade him how much more easily, pleasantly, and *rapidly* he may journey to the city *by car* than by rail; \* the car, meaning *the Irish carriage*.

The railways are all good—all well attended—admirably constructed—sufficiently fast—(the speed being generally thirty miles an hour)—the servants and porters invariably civil and obliging; while the terminus stations are "grand" buildings; and the several stations on the lines graceful and convenient structures. The railroads and railway carriages are indeed equal, whilst the second class carriages are decidedly superior, to those of England; concerning them, therefore, little need be said. But machines for travelling in Ireland are, some of them at least, peculiar to the country. Stage-coaches are now, as they are in England, rare; even in districts where there are no railroads, they have been in a great degree displaced by the public cars of Mr. Bianconi.† These "Bianconi Cars" in form resemble the common outside jaunting-car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well horsed, have cautious and experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of eight English miles an hour; the fares averaging about one penny-farthing per mile. They are open cars; but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very

\* During one of our latest excursions, a "boy" addressed us with this persuasive speech—"Arrah! yer honor, sure ye'd rather run up in my nate little car, than be dragged to Dublin at the tail of a tay-kettle!"

† Mr. Bianconi, a native of Milan ran his first car—from Clonmel to Cahir—on the 5th of July, 1815. The experiment was at the commencement very discouraging: he was frequently for whole weeks without a passenger. But his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune, while conferring incalculable benefit on the community; having preserved an irreproachable character, and gained the respect of all classes.

comfortable and convenient vehicles. It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country; its introduction, indeed, has been only



BIANCONI'S CAR.

second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts enabling the farmer to transact his own business at small expense and with little sacrifice of time.\*

Post-chaises are now but seldom used. They are to be had in all the larger towns; but, although very different from what they were when the caricature pictured one of them thatched with straw, from the bottom of which the traveller's legs protruded, they are still poor enough. The picture referred to was scarcely an exaggeration. An elderly gentleman informed us that he once

\* It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of opening roads through the less frequented districts of Ireland. The necessity which formerly existed for keeping a large armed force there has had, at least, this one good effect: "military roads" are to be found in all quarters. One of the wildest mountain-tracts of the county of Cork was, a few years ago, in such a state of insubordination as to be dangerous for travellers at all seasons, and a source of considerable annoyance to the government. The question was asked "What was to be done?" A shrewd adviser answered, "Make a road through it." The advice was taken, and the Bograh mountains are now peaceable and prosperous.

made a journey in one of them. It came on to rain ; the driver drew up suddenly and addressed his fare—"Ah then, sir, hadn't ye better get out and stand behind the carriage ; it'll be only a shower." They are generally by no means vehicles that can be recommended.

The CARS are of three kinds ; "the covered car," "the inside jaunting-car," and "the outside jaunting-car ;" the latter being the one most generally in use, and the only one employed in posting. The two former, indeed, can seldom be procured except in large towns. The covered car is a comparatively recent introduction, its sole recommendation being that it is weather-proof, for it effectually prevents a view of the country except through the two little peephole windows in front, or by tying back the oil-skin curtains behind.

Yet our longer journeys in Ireland have been made in this machine : it preserved us from many a wetting, and we endeavoured to remedy the evil of confinement by stopping at every promising spot, and either getting out or making the driver turn his vehicle round, so that, from the back, we might command the prospect we desired. This class of cars has of late multiplied greatly in all large towns ; they are, in Ireland, what the hackney-coaches and cabriolets are in England.

The inside jaunting-car is not often to be hired ; it is usually private property, and is, perhaps, the most comfortable, as well as elegant, of the vehicles of the country.

The outside jaunting-car is that to which especial reference is made when speaking of the "Irish" car. It is exceedingly light, presses very little upon the horse, and is safe as well as convenient ; so easy is it to get on and off, that both are frequently done while the machine is in motion. The hack-car



COVERED JAUNTING-CAR.

is driven with a single horse. The driver occupies a small seat in front, and the travellers sit back to back,\* the space between them being occupied



INSIDE JAUNTING-CAR.

the cushions during rain. This foot-board projects considerably beyond the wheels, and would seem to be dangerous; but in cases of collision with other

vehicles, a matter of no very rare occurrence, the feet are raised, and injury is sustained only by the machine. The private cars of this description are, of course, neatly and carefully made, and have a character of much elegance; but those which are hired are, in general, badly built, dirty, and uncomfortable. This is the ordinary jaunting-car of Ireland;† but the reader will be grievously taken in if he expect so neat and comfort-



OUTSIDE JAUNTING-CAR.

\* This arrangement has been characterised as unsocial; but conversation is easily carried on by leaning across "the well." Its disadvantage is that the eye can take in but the half of a landscape: a caustic friend likened it to the Irish character, which limits the vision to a one-sided view of everything.

† In nearly all parts of the country (except in Connaught) the miles are now English miles: the "Irish mile" was longer than the English: eleven Irish miles being equal to fourteen English

able a machine as that which the artist has pictured: the common cars are for the most part miserable vehicles, but little improved within the last twenty years, seldom cleaned, always rusty, and generally damp. Moreover, the horses are too frequently "poor beasts."

In country towns there are no public stands for cars of any kind: they can be hired at the principal Inn, or, as it is generally called, the "first Hotel." Sometimes individuals manage to "start a car," or "set up a jingle," and in such cases drive it themselves; those persons are usually well-informed in legends and localities, and always well pleased to obtain a listener.

The car, or rather cart, used by the peasantry, requires some notice. Flat boards are placed across it, and upon these straw is laid, and often a feather-



OLD CAR OF THE PEASANT.

bed. The one described in the engraving has the old-fashioned wheels cut out of a solid piece of wood. These vehicles are now, however, nearly obsolete; their unfitness having been understood, they have given way before modern improvements. In Ireland there are few turnpikes; the repairs of the roads

The charge for posting is almost invariably 6d. a-mile for one person: and 8d. a-mile for two or more persons: the post-boys expect 2d. a-mile: and 3d. a-mile when two horses are driven—when the charge for posting (in a post-chaise with two horses) is 1s. a-mile.

usually falling upon the county, money for the purpose being annually voted by the grand juries. The roads are for the most part good; and of late years, a better system of surveying, so largely introduced into the country, has led to the formation of “new lines” to nearly every place of importance. The old



OLD IRISH ROAD.

plan, therefore, of carrying a road “as the bird flies,” up and down the steepest hills, through morasses, and along the brink of frightful precipices, has been entirely abandoned; and, at present, the carriage will generally require springs no stronger than those which are used in England. The lover of the pictur-

esque, indeed, will not unfrequently prefer the rugged pathway of former times, and think himself amply repaid for greater toil and fatigue by the prospect opened to him from the mountain tops, or the refreshment he derives from following the course of the river that rushes through the valley. He will, however, sometimes have to leave the car, and walk through a morass, over a broken bridge, or along a dangerous ravine, which time has deprived of the wall that once guarded it. The artist supplied us with a sketch, that may convey some idea of the "perils that do environ" the traveller who seeks adventure along the neglected or deserted tracks.

Persons who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They are for the most part a thoughtless and reckless set of men, living upon chances, always "taking the world aisy"—that is to say, having no care for the morrow, and seldom being owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposites in all respects of the English postillions: the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarise their "fares" to the sound of their voices. In nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when "the stage" is ended; and the driver having consigned his charge to his successor, departs, often in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman, or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, aught of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road according to the instructions of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain, during your progress, where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. Indeed it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere in the least with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. Formerly, he rarely took his seat without being half-intoxicated; now-a-days an occurrence of the kind is very rare. It cannot be denied, however, that much of his natural drollery has vanished with the whiskey. The chances now are that

the Irish driver will be as commonplace a personage as the English postilion, conveying you safely to your journey's end without causing alarm or exciting laughter. Still you may be lucky in meeting a pleasant fellow, who combines the humour of the old school with the prudence of the new; who can be sober without being stupid; who can entertain you with amusing anecdotes along a dull road; describe interesting objects upon a road that supplies them, and communicate information upon all points of importance, without endangering the bones of the passenger.\*



ON after leaving Dublin, the Tourist will drop down upon one of the many "Poor Houses," that are now scattered through every part of Ireland: he will require some information on this subject: we must give it briefly.

The destitute condition of the very poor in Ireland had been, for centuries, a reproach to the Legislature; but although the State made no provision for the aged and incapable of labour, the tax for their maintenance has been always a grievous tax—pressing not the less heavily because it was a voluntary one—for it fell upon the generous and released the mercenary, and was levied, to a considerable extent, upon the classes only a degree removed from the destitution they relieved. Distress was met in three or four ways: collections were made for the poor in all churches and chapels of the country; immediately after the sermon and before the congregation was dismissed, the box was handed to every sitter; and occasionally charity sermons

\* Did space permit, we might relate many characteristic anecdotes of the genus that would amuse our readers. We heard a story of a fellow who on grumbling at the shilling gratuity at his journey's end, said in a sly under tone, "Faith it's not putting me off with this ye'd be, if ye knew but all." The traveller's curiosity was excited, "What do you mean?" "Oh faix! that 'ud be telling." Another shilling was tendered. "And now," asked the gentleman, "what do you mean by saying if you knew but all?" "That I driv yer honour the last three miles widout a linch-pin!" We had ourselves once a touching application for the string of our cloak "to tie up a small bit of the harness that was broke into smithereens from the weight of the hill." "Will I pay the pike or drive at it, plese yer honour?" was the exclamation of a driver to his passenger, as he suddenly drew up a few yards from the turnpike-gate. "Drive to —" exclaimed an angry passenger: "Troth, I'll drive ye there if ye wish it—but I'll back yer honour in," was the ready answer.

were delivered, which usually produced large sums. It will be obvious, that by this means the uncharitable were never reached. Another mode of raising money was by subscriptions, to supply blankets in hard seasons, and food during periodical visitations of famine; the contributions of the selfish to this fund were also very limited. The several charitable institutions, including the "mendicity associations," were supported, exclusively, by the charitable; in fact, payments for the maintenance of the destitute being in no degree compulsory, they were made only by those who sympathised with human suffering, and had hearts that could be touched.

Upon the humblest classes the tax, though voluntary, fell with even greater weight. The door of the poor man's cabin was never closed against a man or woman still poorer; he gave a little from his little to every one who asked it; the itinerant beggar was never without a wallet; and we have known it to be often full, when the cottagers who contributed to fill it stood themselves in greater need of its contents. Much of this evil—for an evil it was and is—arose from the natural generosity of the Irish character; a sort of pleasure derived from *giving*; but much of it may also be attributed to a superstitious notion, that to refuse charity is a sin, that charity literally "covers a multitude of sins," and that it goes to purchase an abridgement of punishment hereafter, for the giver and those whom the giver holds dear. No worse character could be given to any man than that he was "a hard man to the poor."

Under these circumstances, mendicancy became often a trade—resorted to sometimes, at first, from necessity, and continued because of the release from labour it afforded. The beggars have been, time out of mind, the reproach of Ireland: wherever and whenever a car or carriage stopped, it was sure to be surrounded by some such group as the following—which the artist pictured long ago; and which we retain only as a fragment of old Irish history, for such a scene will never more meet the eye of the Tourist: the beggars indeed belong to a gone-by age; although in many districts the traveller will still have irresistible demands upon his sympathy and his charity.

Their wit and humour were as proverbial as their rags and wretchedness; and both too frequently excited a laugh, at the cost of serious reflection upon their misery and the means by which it might be lessened. Every town was full of objects who paraded their afflictions with ostentation, or exhibited their half-naked children, as so many claims to alms as a right—age, decrepitude, imbe-

cility, and disease.\* Sometimes, however, they were picturesque even to



BEGGARS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

grace—witness the following, of which an artist made a sketch for us, as she stood silent and “down-looking” by the side of our car. Such living

\* The language in which they framed their petitions was always pointed, forcible, and, generally, highly poetic:—“Good luck to yer ladyship’s happy face this morning—sure ye’ll lave the light heart in my bussum before ye go!”—“Oh, then, look at the poor that can’t look at you, my lady; the dark man that can’t see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice;”—“Darlin’ gingleton, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something;”—“Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small childer, that’s waiting for yer honour’s bounty, ‘ll be wid ye on the road;”—“Oh, help the poor craythur that’s got no childer to show yer honour—they’re down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea;”—“Oh, then, won’t your ladyship buy a dying woman’s prayers—chape!”—“They’re keeping me back from the penny you’re going to give me, lady dear, because I’m wake in myself and the heart’s broke wid the hunger.” Such are a few of the sentences we gathered from such groups; we might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious appeals.

A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a Poor Law Commissioner, addressed him with, “Ah, then, it’s little business you’d have only for the likes of us;” another, vainly soliciting charity from a gentleman with red hair, thrust forward her child, with, “And won’t ye give a ha’penny to the little boy!—sure he’s foxy like yer honour.” “You’ve lost all your teeth,” was said to one of them: “Time for me to lose ‘em, when I’ve got nothing for ‘em to do,” was the reply.

pictures are indeed often encountered by the way-side, forming natural models for the artist: even the coarse and frequently ragged cloak falling in graceful folds over the shoulders; the bare feet adding to the natural character of beauty.

The Poor-law has in a great measure eradicated this national reproach. We do not mean to say that it has removed, or ever will remove, entirely, the necessity for private and voluntary charity; or that it has cleared, or ever will clear, the streets and roads of beggars; but most certainly it has already greatly lessened the former, and diminished the latter evil. It has induced the charitable to institute more minute inquiries before giving relief; it has justified greater care in the distribution of charity; and it has removed out of sight the disgusting objects—the idiotic, the diseased, and the maimed—who have been in a manner forced into the shelter of the work-house.

The first act for the relief of the poor was passed in the year 1838. “An act for the more effectual relief of the Destitute

Poor in Ireland,” received the royal assent on the 31st July, 1838; and the first workhouse was opened in the year 1840. The annual expenditure in the relief of paupers slowly increased from 37,000*l.* in 1840 to upwards of a million, whilst in the year 1849 it exceeded two millions! The following table, compiled by Mr. Thom, in his admirable almanac, will place the statistics of the poor-laws with sufficient clearness before the reader.

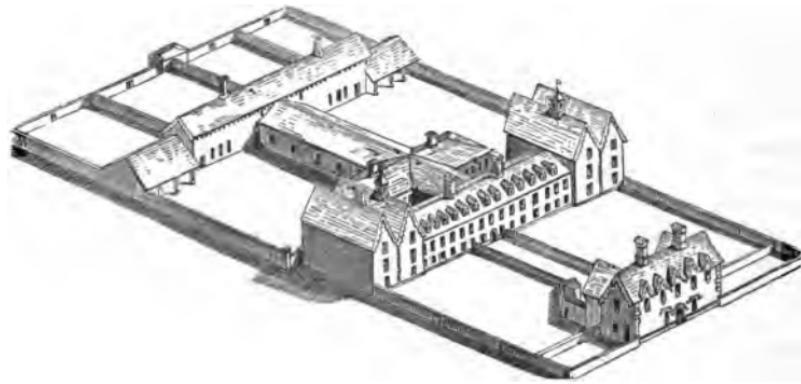


BEGGAR-GIRL.

*A Table showing a summary view of the expenditure of the Poor Law system for the four years ending 29 of September 1851.*

Year ending Sept. 29.	EXPENDITURE DURING THE YEAR.				NUMBER RELIEVED.	
	In maintenance.	Out Relief.	Salaries and all other expenses.	Total.	In-door.	Out door.
1848	£ 603,136	£ 725,578	£ 504,920	£ 1,835,634	Numbers. 610,463	Numbers. 1,433,042
1849	£ 797,294	£ 679,604	£ 700,753	£ 2,177,651	932,284	1,210,482
1850	£ 710,945	£ 120,789	£ 598,374	£ 1,430,108	805,702	368,565
1851	£ 692,914	£ 11,399	£ 437,334	£ 1,141,647	707,443	47,914

The number of persons receiving out-door relief during the year 1849 was 1,210,482; in 1850 the number was only 368,565, showing a decrease of 841,917.



THE WORKHOUSE.

In 1851 the total number relieved fell to 47,914, a reduction of 1,162,568 when compared with 1849, and of 320,651 when compared to the year 1850. These facts are most gratifying, and testify, as in fact everything now does in Ireland, not only the recovery of the country from the horrors of starvation, but the rapid improvement in every class and interest.

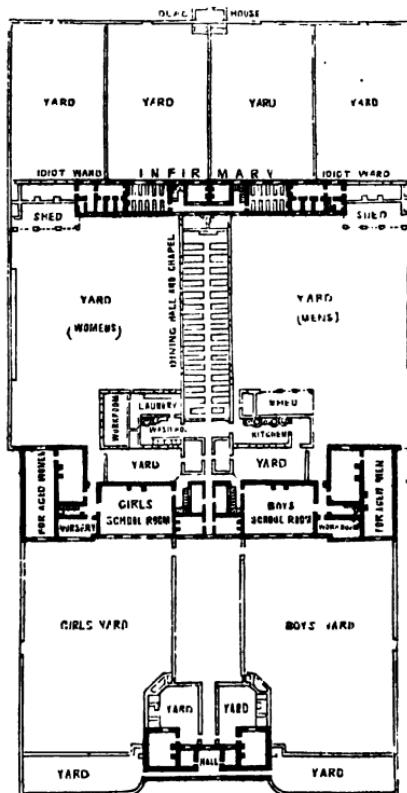
Of the character of the buildings generally, this "bird's-eye view" will,

convey a sufficiently accurate idea. There are, however, several houses with elevations differing from the one here given—intended to diversify the appearance of these structures in different localities.

It may be interesting to accompany this plan of the building with one of the ground-floor.

During our tours in Ireland, we had many opportunities of inspecting the workhouses in the northern, western, and, partially, the eastern districts of the island. We entered the greater number of them, suddenly and unaccompanied, and not upon "show-days," when preparations might have been made, so that disagreeable features were concealed, or rendered less than usually repulsive. We found them invariably clean, well-ordered, and with evidence of good and steady discipline; the masters and matrons, as far as we could judge, intelligent, kindly, and considerate; the various regulations appeared to have been framed with judgment, and a due regard to the comforts of the inmates; and the poor people domiciled therein seemed, for the most part, not only satisfied and contented, but grateful, and sensible that they had been, in reality, "relieved."

Of able-bodied paupers, such as we see far too often in the workhouses of England, we saw few or none—literally none of the male sex; and where we noticed women capable of labour, we found that their chil-



dren were generally inmates of another ward. Cleanliness is not only inculcated as a duty, but rendered imperative; and out of this must arise immense benefit, if not to the present, certainly to the after, generation. Ventilation is made to contribute to health, and to give the valuable influence of example. Decent beds, in place of miserable heaps of wet and filthy straw, not only contribute to existing comforts, but they become necessities—necessaries that will be procured hereafter by those who have had experience of their advantages. Wholesome food—poor as it would be considered by the English pauper—and in sufficient quantities, instead of food insufficient in amount, and of bad quality; shelter from the weather; warm and comfortable apartments, both by day and night; good and ample clothing; habits of cleanliness, decency, and order;—such are, in brief, the advantages which the workhouse presents; if they are advantages to be described and treated as the **RIGHTS** of the English poor, they are, in truth, “novelties” with which the Irish poor have been heretofore utterly unacquainted. The love of liberty—or, to speak more correctly, the hatred of restraint—that has ever characterised the Irish peasant, will always prevent the workhouse from being over-full—except in cases such as those which have unhappily marked the few years past as “black years,” even in a country always depressed and unfortunate. In Ireland, therefore, we consider these public establishments not only as pregnant with immediate good to the suffering, but as rich in promise of future improvement to the whole population of the country;—not only as taking away a national reproach, as providing an asylum for the destitute, as removing wretchedness from the high-ways and bye-ways,—but as laying the foundation of a sound and wholesome state of society, in lieu of one that has been for centuries an anomaly in civilization.

No doubt much of the decrease in the pauper poor of Ireland is the result of **EMIGRATION**, as well as of famine and disease; for it is a leading characteristic of the Irish that they never forget in prosperity the friends they have loved in adversity; and it is very rarely indeed that a letter of remembrance comes from America, or a far-off colony, to a relation “at Home,” without an accompaniment of money to pay a “passage out.”

The humbler Irish now-a-days, when they utter the old familiar prayer that they may “lay their bones among their own people,” are forced to bear in mind that their last resting-place must be in another land.



ERHAPS the Tourist will here allow us space to make some note concerning the Potato,—for centuries, and to a large extent even now, the food of the Peasantry of Ireland.

There is little doubt, that the first potatoes grown in the British Empire were planted at Youghal—probably in 1586—by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was closely connected with ‘hat town; of which he was Mayor in 1588.\* It is stated by Dr. Smith (*History of Cork*), upon the authority of a tradition not unlikely to be well founded, that “the person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the staik was the part to be used, gathered them; but not liking their taste, neglected their roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and, to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased. From these few,” adds the Doctor, “this country was furnished with seed.” For a long period, however, the potato was cultivated in gardens as a rarity, and did not become general food. Ben Jonson, in his play of “Every Man out of his Humour,” refers to them as a luxury: “larks, sparrows, and potato pies”—and during the reign of James I. they were sold at 2s. a pound. Falstaff, in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” is made to say, “Let the sky rain potatoes, and hail kissing comfits;”—the “kissing comfits” being made principally of potatoes; and in *Troilus and Cressida* the poet speaks of “Luxury with her potato finger.” In many other of the older dramatists allusions to the potato may be found.

It is uncertain when the potato became an article of general food in Ireland; and it is more than probable that, as in England, they had long been considered “conserves, toothsome and daintie,” before they were in common use.

It is unnecessary to state that, for above a century and a half, the potato

\* Sir Joseph Banks, who took considerable pains to investigate the subject, considers that the potato was introduced into the British Islands (but not first in Ireland) in July 1586; by the return expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh, for which the patent passed the Great Seal in 1584. Heriot, a scientific man, who accompanied the expedition, describes, under the head of “roots” those, called in Virginia “Openawk,” which he says are “round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger; they grow in damp soil, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good food, either boiled or roasted.” The Baron Cuvier denies that the potato was derived from Virginia.

has been almost the only food of the peasantry of Ireland. They raise corn, indeed—wheat, barley, and oats, in abundance—but it is for export; and although the assertion may startle many, we have no hesitation in saying there are hundreds in the less civilized districts of the country who have never eaten bread. Whether the Irish have to bless or ban the name of Sir Walter Raleigh is a matter still in dispute—some execrating “the lazy root,” “the accursed root,” as, if not the originator, the sustainer of Irish poverty and wretchedness; others contending that the introduction of the potato was an ample set-off against the wars and confiscations of Elizabeth, her councillors, and her armies. It is universally admitted, that a finer or harder race of peasantry cannot be found in the world; and although it is considered that their strength fails them at a comparatively early age, it is impossible to deny the nutritive qualities of a food upon which so many millions have thriven and increased. But there can be as little doubt that the ease with which the means of existence are procured has been the cause of evil. A very limited portion of land, a few days of labour, and a small amount of manure, will create a stock upon which a family may exist for twelve months: too generally, indeed, the periods between exhausting the old stock and digging the new, are seasons of great want, if not of absolute famine; but if the season is propitious, the peasant digs, day after day, the produce of his plot of ground, and before the winter sets in, places the residue in a pit to which he has access when his wants demand a supply. Nearly every soil will produce potatoes; they may be seen growing almost from a barren rock, on the side of a mountain, and in the bog, where the foot would sink many inches in the soil. Every cottage has its garden—its acre or a perch of land attached; and as the culture requires but a very small portion of the peasant’s time and still less of his attention, his labour is to be disposed of, or his time may be squandered in idleness. He can live, at all events—if his crop do not fail: and he can pay his rent, if his pig—fed, like himself, out of his garden—do not die. To decency of clothing and to any of the luxuries that make life something more than mere animal existence, he is too often a stranger. Contentment may be the “parent of delight,” but it is not the nurse of civilization; and he who has no wants beyond those of the appetites he shares in common with the “brutes that perish” is not likely to advance his social and moral condition. On the whole, it is, perhaps, to be lamented that the use of “Ireland’s root” has been

so universal in the country, and that the people have been so well contented with it that they have made no exertion to mix the potato with varied food.

The potatoes are boiled in an iron pot—such as that represented in the print; they are strained in “the basket”—pictured also; from which they are thrown upon the table, seldom without a cloth, and around it the family sit on stools and bosses (the boss is a low seat made of straw); the usual drink is buttermilk, when it can be had: which drink goes round in a small “piggin”—a sort of miniature of the English pail. This, the three-legged stool, and the “borrane,” are delineated in the annexed engraving. The borrane is formed of a scraped sheepskin, drawn round a hoop; and is used instead of a sieve for winnowing corn, filling sacks with grain, holding wool, when carded and ready for the spinning-wheel, or the feathers—plucked three times in the year from an unfortunate gander and his wives—and sometimes, as a lordly dish—though of inexpensive workmanship—to hold the potatoes, which constitute the family fare.

The history of the potato, however, almost refers to Ireland in the past; “the Potato failure,” which commenced in 1847, has rather increased than diminished annually ever since: and although acres upon acres are still planted in hope of crops, confidence in the root has lost ground yearly, and dependence upon it as an article of food is rapidly vanishing. Really good potatoes are now seldom met with in any part of Ireland; the “red apples,” “Connaught lumpers,” “ladies’ whites,” and a score of other “named” sorts, are rarely seen; and the sight of a basket-full “splitting their sides with laughter” is now-a-days out of the question anywhere. Ireland is no longer “the Land of Potatoes;” the substitute most frequently in use, is the flour from Indian corn—“the yalla



maale," as the peasantry term it by way of reproach: for their prejudice against it is not yet overcome—although, in many cases, they freely admit its advantages over their old favourite. It should be remembered, however, that in case of their dining upon either, they are usually forced to dine upon it without "accessories." The potato alone was pleasant and palatable "ating :" not so the "yalla maale ;" although the one would be infinitely better than the other, if it had the accompaniments of meat and drink indispensable to the English peasant.

The India meal is generally made into stirabout. It is seldom baked into a coarse cake, though the embers of the turf supply facilities for such baking. The poorer classes have no notion of improving their stirabout by the addition of any herb, or relish. Potatoes and cabbage, and recently a few turnips, are the only vegetables they will eat. Onions, cresses, watercresses, and sorrels—the last of which grow wild—are never used, though they are a great improvement upon the insipidity of yellow stirabout. Day after day the cottier and his family continue to eat the same ungrateful meal, humbly trusting that Providence will restore the potato *next year*; but making scarce an effort to render the present more endurable.

Indeed, the condition of the Irish peasant "at home" cannot fail often to sadden the enjoyment of the Tourist: it will appal him in many of his happiest hours, and infallibly lessen the pleasure he derives from contemplating the abundance of God's gifts to the country. The marvel is how so much contentment and so much virtue have been always found, notwithstanding, in the Irish cabin: in no homes of the wide world have the domestic ties been drawn closer than they are in these miserable hovels: out of them have issued a brave and kindly race, of whom it is not too much to say, in the words of one of the oldest of their historians, "Their virtues are their own, their vices have been thrust upon them."

## THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

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DEQUATELY to picture half the beauties of beautiful Wicklow would require a large and full volume. We must be content so to stimulate the appetite of the Tourist, that he may long for the rich banquet which Nature has abundantly provided for him. Wicklow is the garden of Ireland ; its prominent feature is, indeed, sublimity—wild grandeur, healthful and refreshing ; but among its high and bleak mountains there are numerous rich and fertile valleys, luxuriantly wooded, and with the most romantic rivers running through them—forming, in their course, an endless variety of cataracts. Its natural graces are enhanced in value, because they are invariably encountered after the eye and mind have been wearied from gazing upon rude and uncultivated districts, covered with peat, upon the scanty herbage of which the small sheep can scarcely find pasture. It is to this peculiar feature—its richly adorned borders, and the rugged character of its interior—that Dean Swift referred, when he likened the county to “a frieze mantle fringed with gold-lace.” The chief attractions of Wicklow are its glens—“clefts,” as it were, in the mountains, through which the hill-torrents have burst ; every one of them falling, repeatedly, from immense heights ; often, for considerable space, without encountering a single break. Down the sides of each, the perpetual dripping of moisture has nourished the growth of trees and underwood. Usually, the work of Nature has been improved by the skill of Art, and it is impossible to imagine a scene more sublime and beautiful than one of these ravines, of which there are so many. Some of them, as the

Vale of Avoca, become valleys of miles in extent; others, as the Devil's Glen, and Glen of the Downs, are fine "passages;" and in others again, as the Scalp, on a small scale, and Glenmalure, the "depths" are barren, and covered only by the debris that have fallen from above, or been shaken from the sides—huge rocks without verdure, but of singular varieties in size and form. Every now and then, we meet with places of very gentle beauty; small rivulets that have been sent out, as young and innocent things, by the brawling and rushing river, as it forces apart all impediments that would bar its voyage to the sea:—brooks that mimic their rough parents, in the rippling music they make among the comparatively tiny stones:—"brooks" such as have been pictured by the most eloquent of our living poets—

" — whose society the poet seeks,  
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  
And whom the curious painter doth pursue  
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,  
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks."

These natural graces have ample scope and time to fix themselves in memory; for, as we have intimated, they are situated in the midst of arid plains, or utterly barren mountains—land that yields but little, and that reluctantly, to the industry and enterprise of the husbandman. Descending from any one of the hills, the moment the slope commences, the prospect becomes cheering beyond conception; all that wood, rock, and water—infinitely varied—can do to render a scene grand and beautiful, has been wrought in the valley over which the eye wanders; trees of every form and hue, from the lightest and the brightest green, to the most sombre brown, or—made so by distance—the deepest purple; rivers, of every possible character, from the small thread of white that trickles down the hill-side, to the broad and deep current that rushes along, furiously, a mass of foam and spray, scattering, now and then, fertilising contributions, in pleasant streamlets, among the adjacent fields; or gathering into huge lakes, in the midst of mountains that deny exit.

The vicinity of the county of Wicklow\* to the Irish metropolis is of

\* The county of Wicklow possesses little historic interest; for centuries it formed a portion of the county of Wexford, from which it was separated, and made shire ground, so late as the reign of Elizabeth. Thinly inhabited—vast portions being barren, or covered with wood—it was left to the undisputed possession of a few wild Irish septs; or rather, it was found impossible to "extirpate" them, because of the impenetrable forests and glens in which they lurked. To their

prodigious advantage to those who, "in populous city pent," require occasional intercourse with Nature, either as a relaxation or an enjoyment. And, perhaps, there are few crowded capitals in the world so auspiciously situated—so immediately within reach of such a concourse of natural beauties. Splendid mansions and cottages ornées have, consequently, been numerously built in happily chosen sites; they are, for the most part, in the midst of foliage, and rarely, or never, mar the effect of the adjacent scenery; on the contrary, they very frequently advantage it, crowning the heights of closely clad steeps, standing upon the borders of broad lakes, or occupying promontories that jut out into, and turn the currents of, the rivers.

One of the principal roads through the mountainous districts of Wicklow, is termed "THE MILITARY ROAD." It was formed soon after the rebellion of 1798, the ostensible object being to facilitate the march of troops into the disturbed parts of the county; but the real purpose was to open communications through it, and so to promote civilisation and forward practical improvements. There are few benefactors so truly useful as the road-makers. Before this road was made, the hills and valleys of the interior were almost as unapproachable to the stranger as islands without boats. Four barracks were subsequently built, at considerable distances apart, on the new line; the sites chosen were Glencree, Laragh, Glenmalure, and Aughavanagh. They have been sold by the Government, and been converted occasionally into inns, farm-houses, or sporting lodges. They are usually beheld from very far distances—the design of the builders being, naturally, to combine as much command of the adjacent country as was possible, with a facility of marching in cases of sudden calls. They stand, therefore, in the midst of broad plains, but plains which are at considerable elevations above the valleys.

By the Enniskerry road—if we proceed by that—the county is entered at "THE SCALP," a chasm in the mountain which separates it from the county of Dublin. The mountain appears to have been divided by some sudden shock of nature. The sides are not "precipitous," although the ascent is difficult, in rule the lovely county was left until the close of that Queen's reign, when their ravages and daring assaults upon the Capital drew upon them the vengeance of the state. The "septs" were principally those of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles.

It is certain—although the histories of the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles are supplied exclusively by their enemies—that they were a brave and energetic race, struggling for their own and their country's liberty, among their native mountains, and "very difficult to deal withal." The ruins of some of their castles still exist.

consequence of the huge masses of granite, that prevent the semblance of a path, and not unfrequently so jut out as to suggest the idea of exceeding danger—seeming as if they may be driven into the vale by a sudden gust of wind. Through these overhanging cliffs the road runs; enormous granite blocks, of many tons in weight, having been “rolled back” out of the path of the traveller. The sides are perfectly naked; and so similar are both,



THE SCALP.

in structure and appearance, as to lead the spectator to imagine that the disruption had but recently occurred, and that another earthquake might re-unite them, without leaving a fissure between.\*

\* The Scalp is ten and a half miles from Dublin, and nearly two from Enniskerry. The reader will bear in mind that we are speaking of Irish miles; and that eleven Irish miles are equivalent to fourteen English. A correct notion of this difference is, indeed, absolutely necessary; for persons, generally, are not aware that when reference is made to “Rents,” by the acre, and these rents are placed in comparison with the rents paid in England, regard should be had to the fact

The road into Enniskerry gradually slopes, until the pretty little town, entered by a bridge over the river Kerry, is seen in a deep valley beneath—especially cheering to the eye after the rugged Scalp and the barren district through which the traveller has passed.



BEFORE we proceed onwards, we must direct the Tourist to make a detour to the west; for in the hills of the barony of Rathdown, are many objects of surpassing interest—among others the source of the Liffey, and the dark LOUGH BRAY. Lough Bray is situated in the centre of a peculiarly lonely district; the lake—or more correctly, the lakes, for there are two, the upper and lower, the lower being the larger and more remarkable, and the one to which especial reference is made—is almost circular, near the summit of a mountain; from one side of which protrudes a huge crag, dark and bare, called “the Eagle’s Nest.” It is, indeed, “walled in” on three sides by lofty and precipitous hills, and is open on the fourth—at the lowest point of which its waters are poured through a narrow opening into the valley

that the Irish acre contains so much more than the English acre. There are in Ireland *three* different sized acres, by which land is measured. The English, or statute acre; the Scotch, or Cunningham acre; and the Irish, or Plantation acre. The area of each acre depends upon the length of its respective lineal perch.

The length of the English lineal perch is $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards . . . . .	$5\frac{1}{2}$
The length of the Scotch lineal perch is $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards . . . . .	$6\frac{1}{2}$
The length of the Irish lineal perch is 7 yards . . . . .	7

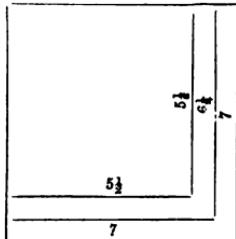
The proportion of the different acres to each other is as the squares of their respective lineal perches.

The square of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  is equal to 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ , or  $1\frac{1}{4}$ .

The square of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  is equal to 39 $\frac{1}{16}$ , or  $1\frac{15}{16}$ .

The square of 7 is equal to 49, or  $1\frac{15}{16}$ .

Consequently the proportion of the *English*, the *Scotch*, and the *Irish* acres to each other are respectively as the numbers 484, 625, and 784. If we leave out the Scotch acre altogether, the numbers representing the proportion of the *English* to the *Irish* acre are reducible, and will be found as 121, to 196. We notice the Scotch acre, chiefly because it is the usual measure employed in some northern Irish counties.



of Glencree, forming the Glencree river, which joining with the Glenislorane in Powerscourt demesne, passes through the Dargle, and finally flows into the sea, under the name of the Bray river. The waters of Lough Bray are coloured very deeply by the peat which covers the surrounding hills, through which the water permeates; and the deep and gloomy tint is increased by the shadow into which the lake is thrown by the overhanging mountain to the south and west. There is one object connected with Lough Bray that looks like the work of enchantment; the Swiss cottage and grounds belonging to Sir P. Crampton, Bart. (the surgeon-general), appears suddenly in the wild bog, and seems as if "rising at the stroke of a magician's wand." The wall that surrounds these grounds is not, in some places, as high as the bank of peat within a few feet of it, and the contrast between the neglect, desolation, and barrenness that reign without, and the order, cultivation, and beauty within, is very striking,

exhibiting the mastery which science and civilization hold over nature even in her sternest and most rugged domains. The cottage and grounds are here, in this lofty and un-reclaimed region, "like Tadmor in the wilderness, or an oasis in the desert."\* The view, looking north, from the road, a little



THE COTTAGE AT LOUGH BRAY.

\* "It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, at the expense of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, who, while Viceroy of Ireland, had spent some happy days with Sir Philip in this romantic spot, in a cottage of humbler pretensions, which had occupied its site, and was accidentally burned. The gift was one equally worthy of the illustrious donor, and the accomplished and estimable receiver; and it is not too much to say that 'all Ireland' will join in the wish that he may long live to enjoy it."

below the lake, is most glorious; to the right the mountains of Douce and War standing out in bold relief; to the left the Kippure mountain; before us the valley of Glencree and the demesne of Powerscourt; and further on an apparently illimitable succession of hill and valley, wood and grove, towns and villages, as far as the eye can reach.

There are few richer treats in Ireland for the hardy pedestrian who will walk this district: for as we have elsewhere stated, it is approachable by carriages only from Dublin. But let the Tourist make this excursion if he can: he will be amply recompensed for his labour, especially if he be a brother of the angle, and will pause now and then to throw a fly over some tempting river or across some mountain stream.

Several miles further to the west—and to be more easily visited by the direct Blessington road from Dublin—is the solemn and dreary solitude, out of which rushes the waterfall of PHOUL-A-PHOOKA, terminating in a whirlpool, of depth, it is said, unfathomed, and where the famous SPIRIT-HORSE holds its nightly revels: luring unhappy wayfarers into the frightful vortex formed by the waters of the cataract. Its summit is crossed by an exceedingly picturesque bridge—of a single arch—the span of which is sixty-five feet, thrown from rock to rock.\* Although not in the direct “Tourist’s Route,” many tourists will be willing to verge so far from the appointed path to visit this remarkable scenery. The “Phooca” is among the most fertile of the Irish fairy superstitions.

\* Phoul-a-Phooka is the name given to a succession of cataracts, one hundred and fifty feet in height and forty in breadth, over which the waters of the Liffey are precipitated. This river rises, to the south-east, in the Kippure mountains, and here, at one bound, as it were, springs from the hills to the valley. The spectacle from the bridge is sublime to a degree. Looking over one side we see only the river hurrying on to take its fearful leap; but on the opposite, we gaze down one hundred and fifty feet, upon the foaming waters that have, in the interim, passed under us. The falls are seen to great advantage by passing the bridge and entering the grounds on Mr. Hornidge’s side of the river, which are planted and laid out in good taste. The spectator may obtain many fine views from the lowest to the highest point of the fall; which, however they may vary in particular features, all agree in grandeur and beauty. The middle fall is the greatest—and the term Phoul-a-Phooka is more immediately applied to the round basin in which the water is thrown, and which is worn smooth by the never-ceasing friction of the eddy—said to bear, on a small scale, a close resemblance to the famous Maelstrom whirlpool. The ground on the opposite side of the river, which belongs to Lord Miltown, is as barren and desolate as that on Mr. Hornidge’s side is the reverse. There are covered seats, cool walks, grottoes, and a ball-room, which in “the season” is much frequented by “sod parties,” when a dance is no unfrequent termination to a pic-nic.



ERHAPS the reader will permit us here to supply him with some notice of one of the most peculiarly Irish of the race of "the good people." The belief that ignorance received, education rejects: and although comparatively few will now be found to walk even an unaccustomed path with terror, to shudder as they pass the "haunted green," or have any faith in the pranks of the mischievous imp who—

"Makes us to stray  
Long winter nights out of the way,  
And when we stick in mire and clay  
He doth with laughter leave us!"

—that few indeed do reverence now-a-days to the fairy ring in the fields, or leave a pat of the freshly churned butter, or "the cream bowl duly set," for Robin Goodfellow, or have any terror of toe-pinchings of slovenly housemaids,—though Faith is gone as regards those

"Demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and they whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew!"

—that, in brief, though education and "matter-of-fact" have triumphed over the realms of Faëry and their tiny inhabitants—there was a time when faith in supernatural influences seemed a part of our universal nature—and from the wisdom of burning or drowning witches down to the policy of throwing spilled salt over the left shoulder, all that could conciliate or propitiate the "spirits every where about us," were duties second only to those we owed to the Creator of all.

All nations and people have, or have had, their poetical superstitions; but those of the Irish are perhaps the most poetical, and certainly the most clearly defined of them all: *were*, we should rather say, for various causes have operated to class them among things gone by. Famine and emigration have done their work in Ireland: the spirit that gave birth to poetry is either dead, or has gone to chant a mournful dirge by the banks of the Mississippi, or in some less genial land. Ireland to-day presents an appalling picture to

those who would be merry and not sad: all its old customs are in abeyance—there is no marrying or giving in marriage: the dead are buried without the wake; and the keener is silent in death without a death-song: the patterns, long ago so gay with dances and joyous laughter, are rarely or never encountered in cabin or by the way-side: alas! even the mealy potato and the kindly welcome, are now-a-days but traditions of times already OLD!

We must therefore look for the poetical superstitions of the Irish in the books or in the memories of those who gathered stories of them long ago! For the fairies have deserted the raths in which they revelled, and it is rarely now that—

"———Fairy elves  
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,  
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course;"

—very rarely now that they are seen or even talked of in “the Green Island!”

The “Fairies” of Ireland are daily losing their repute; Education and Father Mathew having worked havoc among them—their existence will, ere long, become a mere history of things and times gone by. During recent visits to Ireland, we have been enabled to add very little indeed to our store of knowledge on this subject; the peasantry have grown “mighty shy” of their communications; they have become, for the most part, even sceptical concerning them; and deliver their anecdotes with an air of doubt, at the least, which indicates an abandonment of their cause approaching to contempt of their power. We venture to assert that a modern traveller even in Donegal or Connaught will not hear from veritable authorities a dozen stories of the “good people.” A score of years ago he would have heard as many from a dozen persons, meet them when or where he would. In Ireland, superstitions of a grosser, or more unnatural character, have almost vanished. Prejudices will soon follow them. The Rational is making rapid way. Knowledge is extending itself into places hitherto inaccessible. Common sense is gradually forcing out the imaginative; and, ere long, the Irish peasant will retain little or nothing of a distinctive character.\*

\* Of late years, many Irish writers have made English readers familiar with the fairy mythology of Ireland. Public attention was first directed to the subject—in a popular form, that is to

In the main, Irish Fairies—properly so called—unlike the Phooka, the Clericaune, and the Banshee, spirits more essentially of Irish birth—resemble those of England and other countries, appertaining to “the green sod” only, like the natives over whom they watch, by being more thoroughly poetical than they are elsewhere.

To enter into this subject at length would require more space than we can give to it in this volume. We must therefore content our readers with some details concerning the Phooka—whose chosen realm the Tourist is now visiting: premising merely that even now-a-days, it is no uncommon thing to see a horse-shoe nailed to a cottage door as a protection against evil influences: the cross smeared with a kind of tar is so commonly adopted for the same purpose, that we have seen every door of a whole village so marked. In churning butter, it is still the usual custom to leave a bit for the fairies: a peasant who sees the wind raising dust into an eddy, knows well that the “good people” are going by in procession, and invariably raises his hat from his head, and murmurs, “God speed ye, gentlemen.” Their favourite meeting-places are Raths.

The Rath is an artificial mound; often it covers subterranean chambers. Raths are popularly attributed to the Danes: that they are structures of very remote antiquity is apparent from the circumstance of their being found in places where the Danes never settled; as also from the cromleachs and stone circles sometimes found on their summits, plainly identifying them with the age of heathenism. Their date is indeed lost in the clouds and mists of remote ages. There is no object which the peasantry regard with so much superstitious dread as the rath, from the belief that it is the especial property of the fairies. It is almost impossible to find a labourer who can be tempted by any reward to put his spade into one of them. They have consequently remained undisturbed for centuries; often a large space is, therefore, suffered

say—by Mr. Thomas Crofton Croker, whose volume of “The Fairy Legends of Ireland,” has obtained a wide circulation. The authors of the principal tales in these volumes are the late Dr. Magin, Sir R. Pigot, now Chief Justice of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, Mr. Joseph Humphreys, Mr. Keightly, Mr. C. R. Dodd, Mr. S. C. Hall, and others, whose names we cannot call to mind. Some of them were, however, written by Mr. Croker. The famous legend of “Daniel O’Rourke” had been current in Ireland “time out of mind.” It first appeared in print in a periodical called “The Bee,” published about fifty years ago; and in the year 1820 it was versified in the ottava rima, by Mr. S. Gosnell, of Cork, and published in Blackwood’s Magazine. The story as it appears in Croker’s Fairy Legends is, we believe, the production of Dr. Magin.

to continue an unprofitable waste in the centre of a fertile meadow. Stories in abundance are told of punishments that have followed attempts to open or level these raths, and of scenes and objects witnessed by persons who have unconsciously slept beside them, or passed them at night.

It is very true, indeed,—

“ Such fancies are the coinage of the brain,  
Which, oft rebellious to more sober thought,  
Will these strange phantoms shape : the idle prate  
Of fools and nurses, who in infant minds  
Plant such misshapen stuff, the scorn and scoff  
Of settled reason and of common sense.”

Yet we doubt if society will not sacrifice something in exchanging so entirely the imaginative for the matter of fact ; and this utilitarian age may have little to boast beyond that of our forefathers, to whom the “ good people ” were veritable existences.

Of the malignant class of beings composing the Irish fairy mythology—and it is creditable to the national character that they are the least numerous—the Phooka excels, and is preeminent in malice and mischief. In form he is a very Proteus,—generally a horse, but often an eagle. He sometimes assumes the figure of a bull ; or becomes an *ignis fatuus*. Among the great diversity of forms at times assumed by him, he exhibits a mixture or compound of the calf and goat. Probably it is in some measure owing to the assumption of the latter figure that he owes his name ; *puc* being the Irish for goat.

The Pouke or Phooka means literally the evil one ; “ playing the *puck*,” a common Anglo-Irish phrase, is equivalent to “ playing the devil.”

There are many other localities, favourite haunts of the Phooka, and to which he has given his name, as *Drohid-a-Phooka*, *Castle Phook*, and *Carrig-a-Phooka*. The island of *Melaan*, also, at the mouth of the *Kenmare* river, is a chosen site whereon this malignant spirit indulges his freaks. It is uninhabited, and is dreaded by the peasantry and fishermen, not less because of its gloomy, rugged, and stern aspect, than for the tales of terror connected with it. The tempest wails fearfully around its spectre-haunted crags, and dark objects (invisible to the sceptic) are often seen floating over it in the gloom of night. Shrill noises are heard, and cries, and halloos, and wild and moaning sounds ; and the fishermen benighted or forced upon its rocks may often behold, in the groups

which flit around, the cold faces of those long dead—the silent tenants, for many years, of field and wave.

“ Whom we know by the light they give  
From their cold gleaming eyes, though they look like men who live.”

The consequence is, that proximity to the island is religiously avoided by the boats of the country after sunset, and a bold crew are they who, at nightfall, approach its haunted shores.



THE PHOOKA.

The great object of the Phooka seems to be to obtain a rider; and then he is all in his most malignant glory. Headlong he dashes through brier and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, moor, or river, indiscriminately; up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries, and danger and suffering, of the luckless wight who bestrides him.

Of the pranks of the Phooka, as will be imagined, many amusing stories are told by the peasantry; all generally, however, having nearly the same termination:—“ And, plase yer honour, I found myself in the morning lying in a wet

ditch; and it couldn't be the drop I tuk; for, barring a few glasses at a neighbour's, I didn't drink a drop at all at all, all day." But the "drink" now so rarely suggests the Phooka, that he has become almost a thing of the past.

We never heard but of one boy who was "too much" for the Phooka.

The Phooka had, it appears, played him a trick: having, once upon a time, when he was "overtaken in whiskey," galloped with him up hill and down dale, through bush, brake, and brier; "until at last the life was struck out of him; and in the morning he woke and found himself kilt, in the very spot where he had met the vicious baste over night."

"Well, Sir," quoth our informant, "you see Jerry kept himself sober till the next gale (rent) day, when his honour, the landlord, wouldn't hear of him going home widout a rasonable sup; and when Jerry came near the ould Castle at nightfall, he purtended to be mighty wake, and not able to stand at all at all, and, just as he exppected, up trots the Phooka, and, 'Mount, Jerry Deasy,' says he, 'and I'll car ye home.' 'Will ye go asy?' says Jerry. 'As mild as new milk,' says the disaving vagabone. Wid that, Jerry gave a spring, and got astride him. Well, my dear, off the blackguard set agin, a gallop that ud bate a flash o' lightning on the Curragh o' Kildare. But Jerry was too 'cute for him this time, and as fast as the Phooka druv, Jerry druv a pair of bran-new spurs into his sides, and shtruck away, wid his kippeen, at the head of him until the Phooka was as quiet as a lamb, and car'd him to his own door. Now wasn't it a grate thing for a boy to do—to make a tame nagur of a Phooka? I'll go bail the scoundrel never came in Jerry Deasy's way from that day to this."

Our space will not permit us to consider more fully the subject of Irish fairies. Some particulars concerning "THE BANSHEE," however, will be found in our Tour to the North. At Killarney we have introduced the Tourist to other divisions of the race; and in treating of Connamara we have given some notices of those that more especially appertain to the ocean and the sea-shore. The fearful character of the "HEADLESS HORSEMAN;" the charming creation of the "THIerna na Oge" (the land of perpetual youth), and the wily schemes of the CLEURICAUNE, no longer allure or terrify the peasant as they used to do: but stories concerning them cannot fail to interest the Tourist,—and he may find in his journeyings a good *raconteur* of the old school.



EING then at Enniskerry, the Tourist will ascend a steep hill, on which the village is built, to visit both THE DARGLE and POWERSCOURT—the former to the left, the latter to the right, of the main road to Roundwood.\* The demesne of Powerscourt contains 1,400 acres; the natural advantages of the locality have been heightened and improved by taste; there are few mansions in Great Britain so auspiciously situated; hill and dale, and wood and water, are so skilfully blended or divided; and the whole is so completely inclosed by mountains, apparently "inaccessible to mortal feet," as to realise the picture of the "happy valley." The "waterfall"—distant between two and three miles from the house—is, perhaps, the most magnificent fall in the county of Wicklow; it is nearly perpendicular, its entire height being, it is said, about 300 feet; but it is only in winter, or in very wet seasons, that the water is precipitated the entire distance at a single bound, and then it seems an immense arch of foam. After heavy rains, it descends in one broad sheet unchecked and unbroken by a single rock; but in dry weather it more resembles a thin covering of white gauze, through which the interstices of the hill and its several breaks and crevices are distinctly visible. When fully charged, however, the rapidity and fury of the descent is almost incredible, accompanied by an absolute roar, amid which the sound of a trumpet would be scarcely audible at the distance of a yard. The cataract is formed by the Dargle (or Glenislorane) river, an obscure mountain stream until it reaches the precipice, part of the Douce mountain, from which it falls, making its way through the glen of the Dargle, and meeting the sea at Bray; having been united near "the Deer Park" gate with the river Glencree.

"THE DARGLE" commences, as we have intimated, on the side opposite the gate to Powerscourt; but more correctly speaking, the glen terminates here;

\* There is a road to Roundwood through the whole of the demesne; and as the public road is cheerless and uninteresting, the Tourist should pursue that—if he can. But it will be necessary for him to procure a written permission from the agent—otherwise he will find the gate at the extreme end closed against him. The family of Pedestrains, however, will have no difficulty in obtaining exit; and should undoubtedly take this course to Roundwood—first visiting the Dargle.

the authorized entrance being through a gate-way at the opposite end—near the Bray road. Before treading the lonely path that leads through it, the Tourist will do well to visit a small hillock just over Tinahinch (the seat of James Grattan, Esq.\*); and then to climb a steep hill that rises immediately above it, on the south. As the Dargle is, usually, the beauty of Wicklow first introduced to its visitors, and as, in consequence of its short distance from Dublin, many travellers examine no other portions of the county, the glen has attained to greater celebrity than others—more solemn, magnificent, and picturesque; yet, it may be a question whether, in variety, it is any where surpassed. The ravine is of great depth; the hills on either side clothed by gigantic trees and underwood, out of which, occasionally, protrude bare and rugged rocks; the slopes are not precipitous, but may be easily ascended to the summits, or descended to the river, natural seats being formed, here and there, by the moss-covered banks, upborne by huge trunks of mighty oaks. At times,

\* Tinahinch lies in a hollow, on the margin of the river; it is classic ground; for here one of Ireland's true patriots—a man who loved his country—composed, and, it is said, continually recited, the eloquent speeches that have made his name immortal. The name of another great statesman is intimately associated with the County of Wicklow—the famous and unfortunate Lord Strafford. The great wood of Shilelagh, which covered the southern portion of the county, was much cut down by that nobleman, who wrested it from the original proprietors, the O'Byrnes—because, “they were unable to produce any *written* titles to their lands”—when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Some of the oak he gave to roof St. Patrick's Cathedral. Westminster Hall was, it is said, roofed from the same source. Fynes Moryson alludes to “a commonly received opinion that the Irish wood transported for building is free of spiders and their webs.” Near Tinehely are the ruins of a castle—the “cosha,” so often alluded to by Lord Strafford in his letters; which the peasantry call “Black Thom's building.” The extensive forests of Shilelagh have dwindled to a few small plantations of oak. Mr. Hayes of Avondale, who published, in 1794, “A Practical Treatise on Planting,” states: “It is generally understood that a sale was made of some of the finest timber of Shilelagh, which remained in Charles the Second's time, into Holland, for the use of the Stadhouse, and other buildings constructed on piles driven close together, to the number of several thousand.” After 1693, however, the woods must have been considerably destroyed, for in that year iron forges and furnaces were introduced into Wicklow, by a company who had the right to cut whatever suited their purpose during the term of their contract, which lasted twenty years. From a paper in the hand-writing of Thomas, Marquis of Rockingham, it appears that, in 1731, there were standing in that part of Shilelagh called the Deer Park 2,150 oak-trees: of these, in 1737, there remained 1,540. In 1780, 38 only of the old reserves were in existence. Their size may be estimated from this fact; the last which Mr. Hayes remembers, when felled, “produced, at three shillings per foot, £27 1s. 8d.” In his time there remained one entire tree—“about ten feet round at five feet from the ground, straight as a pine for sixty feet; and about six feet round at that height.” He speaks, also, of a short trunk, which measured twenty-one feet round. The Earl Fitzwilliam, the descendant of the Earl of Strafford, now owns the district of Shilelagh, and has, besides, an immense property in the county of Wicklow.



IN THE DARGLE.

although heard, is often unseen ;

“ The fretful melody  
Of water, gurgling through the rugged weir,  
Brought on the breeze.”

But a step or two in advance, and its full glory meets the eye—breaking over masses of granite, topped by its spray, raging and roaring onwards in a succession of falls, sometimes so narrow that a child might leap across, and anon widening out into a miniature lake.

Nearly in the centre of the glen is a large crag, covered with herbage “the brightest of green,” called “the Lover’s Leap;” it hangs over the torrent, and from this spot the best view of the valley is to be obtained.\*

\* About this “Lover’s Leap” there are many legends; all of them, of course, beginning and ending alike. One of them records that a young man, deeply enamoured of a fair girl, who lived near the entrance to the Dargle, spent his happiest hours in her society there, following her as her shadow. Her most trivial wish was his law—for he believed himself beloved as fondly as he loved. One day she requested him to bring her some particular trifle from Dublin; begging, at the same time, he would not inconvenience himself by returning that night, but wait until the next day. Anxious to prove his devotion, the youth made no delay, but was back the same evening, just as the twilight was deepening into night. “ Flying on the wings of love,”

however, the sides are exceedingly steep, and in some instances perfectly barren; very often they are completely overhung by the branches of aged trees, impending directly over the current, and forming a natural bridge to connect the two sides. The thick foliage produces continual screens, so that the river,

Yet the glen of the Dargle, to be estimated justly, should be seen from one, or both, of the adjacent hills we have referred to. The first, which forms part of the demesne of Tinahinch, rises but a little above it, and is almost on a level with the topmost branches of the trees—near enough to the river for its subdued murmurs to fall with gentle harmony upon the ear. The view, although limited in extent, is of exceeding beauty. Before approaching the hill-brink, the windings of the glen may be traced by the foliage that seems to inclose and shelter the rapid current; drawing nearer, the several breaks become visible, with the waters rushing and foaming along. From the higher hill the prospect is infinitely more extensive; immediately beneath us was the dark ravine—a line of trees, let in, as it were, between the mountains; and these surrounded us on all sides but one—left open to the sea, where, beyond Bray-head, the island of Dalkey gladdened the bosom of old ocean. To our left was Powerscourt House: the waterfall was hidden from us by an intervening hill; but the emerald sward and the brilliant foliage sparkled in the clear sun of a dry and most refreshing morning; nearer, and almost buried in

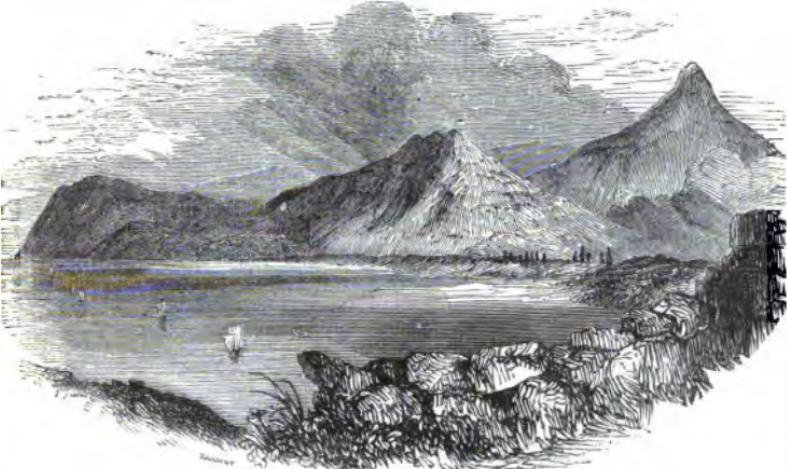
he sought the haunt of his mistress, and found her, sitting by the side of another—his rival. Instead of reproaching her for her rapid and cruel infidelity, he flung the bauble she had desired at her feet, and sprang, without a word, off the rock.—Another legend is more touching; for this is an every-day story. A lady, quite as fickle as the other, formed a second attachment before, it would seem, the first was altogether obliterated. She was unconscious, however, of the misery her falsehood had effected, until, while singing a favourite song to her new lover, between each verse, as she paused, she heard the tolling of the church bell. This smote so upon her heart, that she could not continue, and at last inquired who was dead; the reply brought back the memory of her first love with far more than its earliest fervour. That night she spent, heedless of the cold and rain, upon the grave of him who had died for her sake. It was in vain that her relatives entreated her to remain with them, and try to forget the past; she would return to them in the morning, but invariably resume her lone seat before night-fall; she, who had been so false to living, was faithful to the dead; and all the wiles of the youth she had so gaily sung to, failed to win her from her resolve to die for him who had died for her. At length her mind wandered: with an air of unearthly triumph, she assured her sister that her true love had risen from the grave, and that she had walked with him along the headlands of the glen; that he had promised to meet her again, and lead her to a spot where they should be united to part no more. This alarmed her family, and they placed her under mild restraint; but, with the cunning of insanity, she eluded their vigilance, and escaped. A few minutes after her flight was discovered, her brother followed, as usual, to the churchyard, at which he arrived just in time to catch the last flutter of her scarf, as she flew rather than ran towards the Dargle; he pursued, saw her pause for a moment upon the fatal brink, and then dart into the boiling abyss. The phantom created by her imagination doubtless led her to her death; but some will tell you that every Midsummer-eve her spirit soars along the headland, above the river, sometimes in the similitude of a dove, floating like a silver star through the night; at other times in the shape of a white fawn, dashing fearlessly forward, and disappearing with the speed of an arrow in the leafy wood.

a corner of the romantic dell, was Tinahinch—the smoke from the chimneys of which was curling “gracefully” up the rocks and through the underwood—the birch and furze, that adorned their sides—producing a singular effect; for it seemed as if a vapour was issuing from the clefts. The quiet glory of the picture was heightened by the cheerful song of a thrush, from an adjoining brake; it followed us long after we commenced our return to the valley, as if repeating our expressions of exceeding delight, and seeking to give the delicious scene a stronger impress on our memory.\* The prospect reached to the mountains above Dublin; and, in an opposite direction, “the Paps,” and the “Sugar-loaf,” looked down upon us, as if they were the guardians of the glen. Some idea of their character may be formed by the assistance of the Artist. The latter, with its peaked top, seemed to invite a visit; and we paid it. But in our mode of ascending the “SUGAR-LOAF” we committed a serious error; against the danger of which we warn our readers. While overlooking the Dargle from the mole heap—for in comparison to the giant mountain it is little more—and ignorant that we must ascend 2,000 feet above the valley, with the summit in our sight, and without a guide to direct us, we imagined the straightest line to be the shortest at least, if not the easiest, and so took the most rugged and most difficult path, achieving our purpose at length, but by a large sacrifice of time and labour. We commenced our progress on the northern side, before which there is a small hill, like an out-work; after we had surmounted this, the goal of our ambition was not a whit nearer to us; for between the lesser and the greater Sugar-loaf, there intervenes a deep

\* It is rather difficult to avoid perpetrating poetry among the hills and glens of Wicklow. During our ascent up one of the mountains we wrote the following lines—the introduction of which we trust our readers will not complain of, in a note. The words have been honoured by an association with music worthy of better, by Mrs. Ames, of Liverpool.

O, the mountain maid is the maid for me,  
Her step is light and her heart is free;  
Light and free as the breeze that passes;  
O, a rosy cheek and a rounded form,  
And a pulse that's neither too cold nor warm,  
Is the dowry they bring—these mountain lasses!  
  
They have no jewels, they have no gold,  
But health and truth, and a spirit bold—  
Bold and true as their rocky masses;  
As nature is kind, and pure, and free—  
So, children of nature, so are ye—  
Ye happy and merry mountain lasses!

valley, from which the sides of the latter rise "like walls;" down the one and up the other, we had to climb "with toilsome steps and slow," until we arrived at the base of the conical hill that gives a name to the mountain.\* The



THE SUGAR-LOAF.

ascent of the Sugar-loaf is, however, comparatively easy if we keep the road to Roundwood, which entering Glencormac, by the ruins of Kilmacanogue church, winds round the west side, and leads the pedestrian to within a few hundred paces of the summit. The sides of this cone are covered with heath, which grows from a surface of peat of variable depth, huge masses of rock being scattered at intervals among it. Our way was lost; and we were forced to follow, as guides, the gulleys or water-courses; after a weary tramp, ankle-deep in bog, one of them conducted us to the summit. The top of the mountain, which, from a distance, appears so small and peaked, is a level space of several yards, sheltered on the west by a number of very large stones, the

\* The artist made his drawing "from the hill, after passing through Dalkey, on the way to Bray. It is a foot-way, which leads above the Bay of Dalkey Island; and the foreground is the Sea. The foot-way leads round the mountains above 'the quarries,' and joins the main road—after a delicious walk of about three miles, from which picturesque views are very numerous."

remains probably of a Druidic temple. And here we had evidence of the number of currents and their different degrees of velocity at different heights. In the plain, we had scarcely felt a breeze; but when near the summit, the wind grew boisterous even to annoyance; and when we had reached the top it assumed almost the character of a hurricane. The day was clear; and the prospect was indeed magnificent—the views being numerous, beautiful, and varied. To the north, beneath us, lay the Little Sugar-loaf, Charleville, Enniskerry, the Scalp; further on, Cabinteely, Killiney, Dalkey Hills, Kingstown Harbour, Dublin Bay, Clontarf, Dollymount, Howth, and Lambay, and—but very indistinctly, although when the atmosphere is more than usually clear they can be seen perfectly—the outlines of the Carlingford and Mourne mountains. To the north-west, Powerscourt House, Glencree Vale, and barrack—on to the mountain that hangs over Lough Bray. To the south, as far as the eye can reach, hills upon hills, one rising above and beyond another like a succession of ocean-waves. To the south-west, Powerscourt waterfall, diminished by the distance, and looking like a broad silver band upon the dark mountain side; the vale into which its waters rush, the superb back-ground being formed by the lofty and barren “Douce,” rising nearly 2,400 feet above the level of the sea. To the south-east, the beautiful Glen of the Downs; behind and beyond it, Delgany, and still further on, Wicklow-head. To the east the Irish Sea; to the north-east, Kilruddery, Bray, Bray-head, and Killiney Bay. Our brief catalogue of objects placed within our ken, as we stood

“Upon the summit of that mountain hoar,”

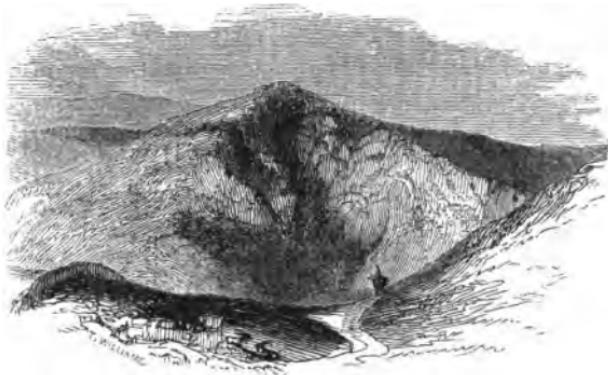
will, we imagine, sufficiently tempt the bold and hardy pedestrian to encounter the labour of the ascent. It is needless to comment upon the wonderful magnificence of the scenery that will be on all sides presented to him.\*

\* In the bogs in this district have been found the horns of the Moose Deer, a gigantic animal, once abundant, but long since extinct, in Ireland. The complete skeleton of one, in the Royal Dublin Society, is of prodigious size; the horns measure from one tip to the other 11 feet 10 inches: but horns have been found much larger—one no less than 16 feet from tip to tip; and a single horn has been discovered measuring upwards of 12 feet. Their history is involved in obscurity; but there are circumstances which indicate that they were co-existent with man.



E, again, return to the village of Enniskerry—where the Tourist, if he follow our steps, will find refreshment necessary—for the purpose of taking the road to Roundwood; verging to the right, in order to visit Luggelaw.\* A dreary and uninteresting road it is, running nearly all the way through an arid and unproductive common; a few miserable hovels now and then skirting the way-side, with wretched patches of shrivelled potatoes, planted in bits of land the forcing of which into comparative cultivation can scarcely recompense the very extreme of poverty.

When within about two miles of Roundwood, a turn to the right leads for about three miles up the mountain—or, more correctly, up a long hill; for on either side the winding road is looked down upon by the mountains that



ENTRANCE TO LUGGELAW.

\* The only object worth pointing out to the traveller (on this road) is a rock, called "Walker's Rock," about two miles from Enniskerry—on the old road—from which there is another beautiful and extensive view; less grand but perhaps more interesting than that we have been describing; for the leading objects of attraction are closer, and more distinctly seen. The tourist should on no account pass this rock without ascending it. It overlooks the whole of the valley in which lie Powerscourt and the Dargle; and the waterfall is here seen to great advantage. The Sugar-loaf from this point resembles the peaked cap of the Covenanters.

rise above it—the Douce on the north and Ballenrush on the south. It leads to the great “lion” of the county—LUGGELAW. It was early morning when we commenced the ascent; the clouds were dense and heavy above and around us, and our view was limited to the huge masses of granite that skirted our path, scattered among the slopes to our right, and abundantly strewed among those to our left, that led into the valley, through which we heard the river rushing.\* Suddenly we paused, for the mists were vanishing: and, almost with the rapidity of thought, a most glorious and magnificent scene burst upon our sight; we beheld the whole of the beautiful vale: LOUGH TAY immediately below us, and, stretching to the south, the wild grandeur of LOUGH DAN, the two lakes being connected by a long stream of white—the broad river Anamoe in the valley of Clohogue, that runs between them—diminished, by the distance, almost to a thread. The annexed print will convey some—though but a



VALLEY OF CLOHOGUE.

limited—idea of its character. Luggelaw, or Lough Tay, is a small dark lake, in the midst of perpendicular mountains—on one side utterly naked, on the other richly clad from the base to the summit with trees—fir and mountain-ash, thorn, oak, and elm—nourished to gigantic growths. Out of this gracefully covered hill proceed the thousand miniature cascades which

\* The descent into the valley is so steep as to render it absolutely necessary for the tourist to leave his carriage, and pace on foot the distance—a mile, perhaps—from the summit of the mountain to its base; he will proceed slowly, however, for at every step his attention will be arrested by some new object of interest. At the entrance to the demesne of Mr. Latouche a shed has been erected to shelter the horses; and the guide is usually in attendance here.

form the Lough; they come bubbling or trickling among rocks and huge roots, now and then concealed both from sight and hearing; but anon forcing their way through tangled underwood, and forming, when their journey is nearly over, most deliciously clear and cool fountains. Nature has here received little check or training, but is left mainly to her "own sweet will." At one end of the lake is the pretty cottage-mansion of Mr. Latouche, and the "beach" that adjoins it consists of pure white sand.\*



LUGGELAW, OR LOUGH TAY.

Hence we return to the main road, and journey to the small town of Roundwood; but the pedestrian will seek it by a pleasanter route; walking four miles,

\* Let no one visit Luggelaw without striving to make the acquaintance of "Charley Carr," the guide whose cottage is at the entrance to the domain. Charley is, of course, jealous for the honour and glory of Luggelaw; and very envious of the superior attractions of Glendalough—which he abuses with right good will, affirming that it is unnatural not to love Nature better than old stones and mortar; and at times he cannot conceal his anger with the holy saint—Saint Kevin—for not having carried out his original intention to build his churches around Lough Tay; tradition says, indeed, and Charley Carr supports the opinion, that the saint had actually laid the foundation of his Round Tower here—when Kathleen discovered his retreat, followed him, and her fair face was a "notice to quit."

crossing Lough Dan in a boat, always at hand for the purpose, and passing through one of the wildest of wild districts.\* If he be "a brother of the angle," he will have an additional inducement to this course; for the ferryman throws a fly, and carries his tackle with him; and Charley Carr is unrivalled as an auxiliary on such occasions, being

"As skilful in that art as any."

The village of TOGHER, or ROUNDWOOD, is small and unimportant; it is, however, situated in the midst of mountains, and the neighbouring scenery is remarkably grand. As it lies in the road to Glendalough, by this route, and is usually the resting-place of tourists to the Seven Churches, it is much frequented; more especially as the river Vartrey, which runs by it, is famous for an abundance of fine trout.†

From Roundwood, passing the church of Derrylossery, we reach the village of Anamoe, where a bridge crosses a river of the same name, which flows from Lough Dan. The village consists of a few thatched houses; but its situation is highly picturesque; and in its immediate vicinity there still exists a ruined water-mill, memorable for an incident in the life of Laurence Sterne.‡

\* Among these mountains, during the year 1798, the rebel general, Holt, collected and retained a force well armed, and with some discipline, which proved exceedingly troublesome to the troops quartered in the neighbourhood, and very injurious to the resident gentry. He was a respectable farmer and a Protestant, who resided in the immediate vicinity of Roundwood. He contrived to keep his guerrillas together for several months after "the troubles" had terminated elsewhere, the peculiar nature of the country being favourable to his plans, the people being universally friendly to him, and every hill and valley furnishing some place of secrecy and security—at least for a time. A price was set upon his head; his every motion was tracked by spies; yet he managed to escape, surrendering in the end to Lord Powerscourt, and bargaining with the government for a sentence of transportation for life. His history is singular and striking; he was a man of courage and enterprise, and of sagacity and prudence very rare in those days. He executed some very brilliant movements; and on several occasions destroyed parties of the King's troops. In the year 1813, having received a free pardon from the governor of New South Wales, he returned to his native country, for some time kept a public-house in Dublin, and died in May 1826, aged 70 years.

† The village is twenty-three miles from Dublin. There are two good inns at Roundwood—both of them being convenient and comfortable.

‡ In a brief autobiography prefixed to his Letters, he thus alludes to the circumstance—"We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year (1720); from thence we decamped, to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who, being a relative of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo. It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt. The story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland; where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."



ASSING the deserted, and half-ruined, barrack of Laragh—built in the midst of an arid common with which its broken walls and desolate aspect are in keeping—we cross a small but picturesque bridge, and enter a narrow road that leads, between hills, to the “dark valley,” in which are the long-famed and far-famed ruins of the “SEVEN CHURCHES OF GLENDALOUGH;” to quote an expression of Sir Walter Scott, “the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities.”\* THE ROUND TOWER first takes the eye; and, as we advance, one after another, the several points of interest come in sight. It is impossible to imagine aught in Nature more awfully grand than the lake,—

“ Whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o'er.”—

in the midst of mountains that surround it on all sides, except the east—in some parts bare of verdure to the summit, or covered with huge stones, among which revel the descending rivulets; in others clothed with brown heath or the sable peat; in others, a series of jutting crags between the interstices of which the grass grows luxuriantly, where the sheep and goat feed fearlessly secure, but where human foot has never trod; in others, perpendicular precipices from the base almost to the top, where the eagle makes his eyrie far away from the haunts of man; and in others, chequered into cultivated patches, forced, by persevering industry, from the unwilling, and still unyielding, soil.

“ Wildest of all the savage glens that lie  
In far sierras, hiding their deep springs,  
And traversed but by storms, or sounding eagle's wings.”

Except along the borders of the Lower Lake, and on the heights that divide

\* Glendalough is situated in the barony of Ballynacor, twenty-three miles (by the direct road) from Dublin, and five from Roundwood; where a car is generally hired by tourists, who usually return to Roundwood to pass the night; for a visit to the holy lake and ruined city, although they may be examined in a couple of hours, ought to occupy a day. For those who are not over particular about creature-comforts, however, there is a tolerable inn at Glendalough, with very decent rooms and beds, and accommodation for horses. We recommend, therefore, the passing a night at the inn at Glendalough—especially as the scene is infinitely more impressive in the twilight than at morning or mid-day. But those who pay it an evening visit should beware of the guides, who completely mar the solemn harmony of the surrounding objects: remunerating the crowd of men, women, and children, to keep carefully out of sight and hearing, rather than for their “company;” and retaining their services for the next day, when the repose of thought may be less desirable.

the mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn, not a tree is to be seen, and scarcely a shrub large enough to shelter a lamb; nothing indeed to humanize its utter loneliness; it is hard to fancy that a few centuries ago the now barren district was a huge forest—a den for wolves and a nest for outlaws—or that, almost in our own day, the lesser hills were covered with foliage.\*

" But here, above, around, below,  
On mountain or in glen,  
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,  
Nor aught of vegetative power,  
The weary eye may ken;  
For all is rocks at random thrown,  
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."



RUINS OF "THE MONASTERY."

But the absence of trees is felt as an evil far less at Glendalough than elsewhere; to naked grandeur it is mainly indebted for fame; the shadows

\* Mr. Hayes, in his "Treatise on Planting," (1794,) draws a melancholy picture of the folly and cupidity of those who have bared this romantic district. "I am sorry to state that I have been eye-witness to the fall of nearly two hundred acres of beautiful and well-growing oak, in a romantic valley, on the See lands of Glendalough, three times within the space of twenty-four years. The produce of each sale, to the several archbishops, never exceeded 100*l.*; and as I am informed, it amounted once only to 50*l.*, or five shillings per acre, for a coppice, which, had it been preserved for the same number of years, though not containing a single reserve of a former growth, would have produced 30*l.* per acre, or 6,000*l.* in place of 50*l.*"

that fall upon the Lake, from the bare mountains which so completely environ it, giving a character of peculiar gloom—in solemn and impressive harmony with the ruins of remote ages;—churches unroofed and crumbling; oratories levelled to the height of humble graves; sculptured crosses shattered into fragments; broken pillars, corbels, and mouldings, of rare workmanship; gorgeous tombs of prelates and princes confused with the coarse headstones of the peasants; and the mysterious ROUND TOWER—comparatively untouched by the Destroyer—standing high above them all! In contemplating these worn-down, and subdued, relics of ancient power,

“A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,  
Fell suddenly upon our spirit—cast  
From the dread bosom of the unknown past.”

We are first introduced to the ruins, within about a mile of “the city,” on the road from Laragh bridge, but on the opposite side of the river; the remains are those of a church, which the peasantry call the “MONASTERY,” but to which Ledwich refers as “THE PRIORY OF ST. SAVIOUR,” and which is so marked in the Ordnance map. It seems to have escaped the notice of travellers, although, beyond doubt, the most elaborately finished of the structures; two of its round pillars still endure in a good state, one of them being nearly perfect, and containing several sculptured ornaments;—that which originated the legend of the “dog and serpent” being very prominent. The ruin is overgrown with brambles, and a flourishing mountain-ash has forced its way through a crevice of the wall. The remains of another church—“THE TRINITY”—are also to be inspected before entering “the city.”

The “CITY OF GLENDALOUDH,” a name which signifies “the glen of the two lakes,” owes its origin to St. Kevin, by whom the abbey was founded early in the sixth century, and where he is believed to have died on the 3d of June, A.D. 619, on the anniversary of which the “pattern” (patron) is still held.

Here, in this solitude, the saint laid the foundation of his monastic establishment; it grew rapidly—became a crowded city, a school for learning, a college for religion, a receptacle for holy men, a sanctuary for the oppressed, an asylum for the poor, a hospital for the sick\*—and here he lived to superintend

\* The virtues and sanctity of the holy man drew, according to the author of the “Monasticon Hibernicum,” multitudes from towns and cities, from ease and affluence, from the cares and avocations of civil life, and from the comforts and joys of society, to be spectators of his pious

it for nearly a century, having according to Ussher "completed the uncommon and venerable age of one hundred and twenty years," before he was, in the language of the Ritual, "born to the blessings of another state." The city is now desolate—the voice of prayer, except when some wearied peasant is laid beneath the turf, is never heard within its precincts—year after year the ruins fall nearer to the earth, the relics of its grandeur are trodden under foot, and another generation may search even for their foundations in vain. It is impossible to look upon the scene without "waking some thoughts divine," receiving a lesson upon the mutability of the works of man, and feeling as if a fearful prophecy had been fulfilled ;—

"The taper shall be quench'd, the belfries mute,  
And, mid their choirs unroof'd by selfish rage,  
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;  
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;  
And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age."

The ruins are stated by "the authorities" to consist of the Priory, the Cathedral, St. Kevin's kitchen, "Teanpull-na-skellig," Our Lady's church, the Rheiheart church, and the Ivy church, making the mystical number of seven; the other sacred edifices "appearing to be later constructions."\*

acts, and sharers in his merits; and, with him, to encounter every severity of climate and condition. "This influence extended even to Britain, and induced St. Mochuorog to convey himself hither, who fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprung up, and a seminary was founded, from whence were sent forth many saints and exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the Western world that universal light of letters and religion, which, in the earlier ages, shone so resplendent throughout this remote and at that time tranquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it." The See of Glendalough was united with that of Dublin in the reign of King John; but the mandate of the sovereign was disputed by the O'Toole, in whose territory it stood; and although the territories were estranged, they continued to fill the See for a long period afterwards—the last of the nominal prelates, Friar Dennis White, surrendering the possession in 1497. Long before that period, however, the city had vastly declined in importance; having become—we quote from Ware—"waste and desolate, a den and nest for thieves and robbers; so that more murders are committed in that valley than in any other place in Ireland, occasioned by the vast desert solitude thereof." "From what can now be discovered of the ancient city," writes Dr. Ledwich, "by its walls above, and foundations below the surface of the earth, it probably extended from the Rheiheart church to the Ivy church, on both sides of the river. The only street appearing, is the road leading from the market place into the county of Kildare; it is in good preservation, being paved with stones placed edgewise, and ten feet in breadth." These stones have now all vanished—at least we looked for them in vain; except adjacent to the entrance.

\* Upon this subject we quote Dr. Ledwich. "The number seven was mystical and sacred,

We had scarcely arrived within sight of the "holy ground,"—our minds sobered by observing its solemn grandeur, and prompted almost "to take the shoes from off our feet"—when our car was surrounded by a most vociferous group, of all ages and sizes, each eagerly laying claim to "the honour and glory" of being our GUIDE.\* A brief scrutiny and a short examination ended in our retaining the services of GEORGE WYNDER,† a wild and picturesque-looking fellow, with loose drapery and a long beard, and whom we at once ascer-

and early consecrated to religion. It began with the creation of the world, and all the Jewish rites were accommodated to it. It is found among the Brachmans and Egyptians. The Greek fathers extol its power and efficacy, and the Latin, as usual, apply it to superstitious purposes. The church formed various septenaries. The following is extracted from Archbishop Peckham's Constitutions, made at Lambeth, A.D. 1281:—"The Most High hath created a medicine for the body of man, reposed in seven vessels, that is, the seven sacraments of the church. There are seven articles of faith belonging to the mystery of the Trinity; seven articles belonging to Christ's humanity. There are seven commandments respecting man; seven capital sins; and seven principal virtues." The Irish entertained a similar veneration for this number; witness the seven churches at Glendaloch, Clonmacnois, Inniscathy, Inch Derrin, Inniskealtra, and the seven altars at Clonfert and Holy Cross." This superstitious veneration for the number still maintains its influence over the minds of the peasantry. The affection certain nations have to particular numbers is remarkable. In England, three is the favourite; in India, four; in China, three times three: but seven appears to be the most universal, and has a wonderful propriety, when regarded in a sacred or superstitious point of view, for it neither begets nor is begotten by any number within the ten. It has therefore been compared to the Ruler and Governor of all things, who neither moves nor is moved. In the Roman Catholic ritual, we have the seven sacraments, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the seven capital sins, the seven corporal works of mercy, the seven spiritual works of mercy, &c.

\* At Glendalough guides of all degrees start from beneath the bushes, and from amid the crags—we had almost written, from out the lake—and "they will do anything in the wide world to serve and oblige yer honours," except leave you to yourselves.—"Is it let the likes of you alone, please yer honour?" said a razor-faced youth. "Be the duds! we've better manners than that anyhow, to lave the quality alone by themselves in such a lonesome place; and sure the lady won't forget the dawshy dancing sixpence among us, just as a compliment for our company!" If you get angry with them, their civility increases, and the end of it is, that you submit with the air of a martyr, while Kathleen and the selected guide, seeing that you are really in earnest and wish to be alone, keep the mob at a distance, who then follow in the wake. Our only astonishment, on such occasions, is that such crowds are so well-behaved. Luxury and wealth are continually before them, while neither their work nor their solicitations can procure them the commonest necessaries of life. And yet how honest they are! They carry your cloaks, umbrellas, books, and you never lose anything: they are not unkind to each other either, and will frequently bless the trifles you bestow on others.—"Well, God bless you, we want it bad enough ourselves, but she wanted it as bad; God help the widow and the fatherless!"

† The mantle of Joe Irwin—very celebrated in his day—has fallen upon the shoulders of George Wynder. Joe, in his turn, had received it from Darby Gallaher, who was guide before him, beyond man's memory, and died "laving all his knowledge to Joe, when he, the said Darby, was 107 years ould and better." Joe's great recommendation—which he never failed to urge—was, that he was "the man that was down in the book." In this respect also (as no doubt many visitors will find) the guide of to-day imitates the guide of yesterday.



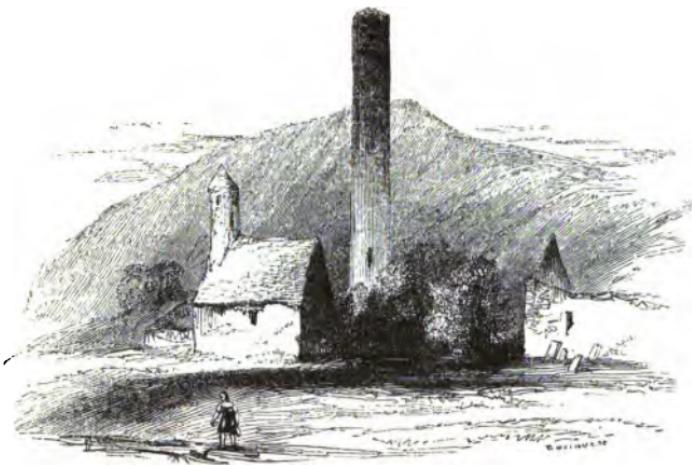
THE GUIDE AT GLENDALOUGH.

tained to be "a wit;" for on our asking him how he could accompany us with bare feet, he replied, "Ah! these are the soles that never wear out, and one set of nails lasts for a life." A further inquiry as to whether they were his Sunday shoes, led to the answer, "Be dad, they're the shoes I wear every day." So we engaged him; and a capital companion he was, and is; for he has infinite humour, an exhaustless store of stories, is a poet in his way, and although he makes it his boast—but not openly—that he "can coin laagends enough over-night to entertain the quality all day," he "lies like truth;" and his marvels

are about as natural and rational as those of the learned historian, Giraldus Cambrensis. As second in command, we commissioned James Brough, an infinitely more sober and sedate personage, who will do very well when Wynder is away; for he has contrived to pick up most of his "laagends," and is cherishing the growth of his locks in humble imitation of his superior. We set out on our voyage of discovery, "guided" by these two, but with a concourse of "followers;" for as there chanced to be no other visitors on that day, they could lose nothing by becoming volunteers; each and all had something to exhibit—a "bit of mine," or a splinter of the yew-tree that St. Kevin

planted with his own hands,\* a sure preservative from fire and shipwreck, and of inestimable value to ladies "who love their lords."

We were first conducted over a bridge of planks, laid upon gigantic "pebbles," that crosses the Avonmore, the beautiful river whose source is in this lake, and which running, or rather rushing, through "a fair country as eye can look upon," meets "the waters" in the vale of Avoca, and joins the sea at Arklow. The entrance to the city is through two Saxon arches, kept together

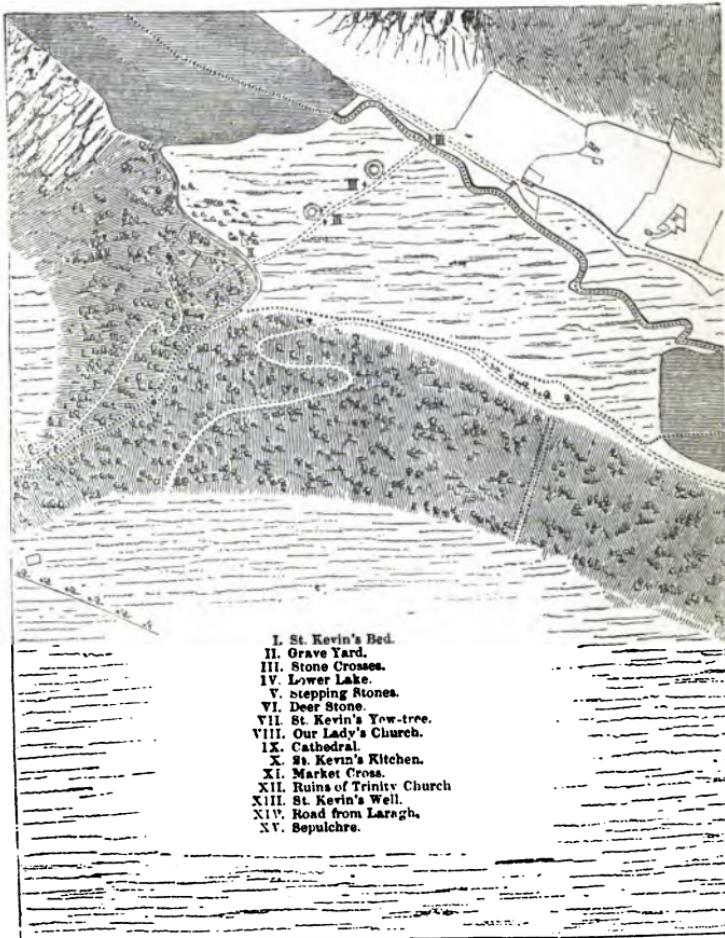


ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN.

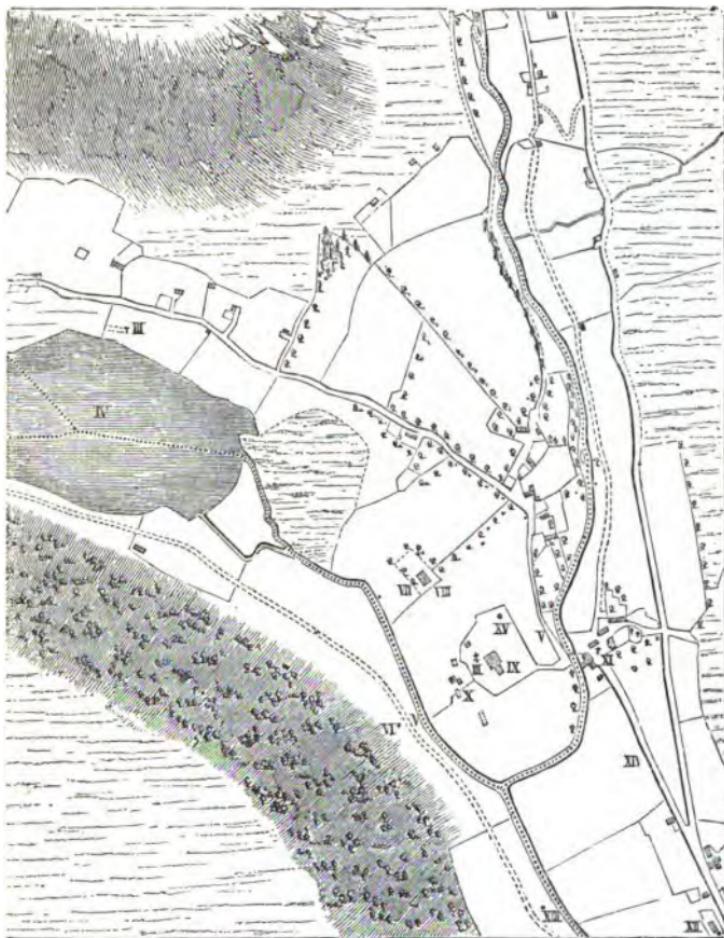
by the embraces of ivy—up a steep and narrow paved pathway—a wall at either side, enclosing the whole of the area in which the chief ruins are contained. We were led at once to "ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN" (its ancient name is lost),—the most perfect of the churches,—with its stone roof, and its steeple, a round tower, in miniature, the conical cap being uninjured; near it is the great round tower,—with the unusual number of seven windows, its height being one hundred and ten feet; the cap fell to the ground in the year 1804. The cathedral, the abbey or the church of St. Peter and Paul, our Lady's chapel, and the Ivy church, are also within this enclosure.

\* The long-famed yew-tree—which tradition states, and probably with truth, to have been planted by St. Kevin 1200 years ago—has been exhausted by "curiosity seekers."

Before we proceed farther through this interesting "City," in order that the reader may have a more accurate idea of the congregated ruins, we have copied



for his guidance and information part of the map of the Ordnance Survey; we have not reduced the scale, which is six inches to one statute mile.



MAP OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

The churches of Rhefeart and Teampull-na-skellig are at some distance on the borders of the Upper Lake.\* With the exception of the kitchen, "Decay's defacing fingers" have been very busy with them; traces of their architectural beauty are nearly all lost; that of Rhefeart is a heap of stones, and that of Teampull-na-skellig

can scarcely be distinguished from the rocks that surround it. The entrance to "Our Lady's church" is composed of stones of immense size. "The door," writes Mr. Archdall, "consists of only three courses; the lintell is four feet six inches in length, and fourteen inches and a half in depth. The door is six feet four in height, two feet six in width at top, and two feet ten at bottom. A kind of architrave is worked round the door, six inches broad; and in the bottom of the lintel an ornament is wrought in a cross, resembling the flyer of a stamping-press. The walls are carried up with hewn stone, in general of a large



OUR LADY'S CHURCH.

size, to about the height of the door, and the remainder are of the rude moun-

\* The river Avonmore is joined in this neighbourhood at the east by the Glendasan river, which flows previously through the vale of Glendasan, having its source in Lough Nahanagan: a river from Lugduff also supplies the lower lake. The Avonmore, before it passes through Glendalough, is called the River Glenaleo. Its fall into the lake is highly picturesque. Among the superstitions of the churchyard, is one common to other places,—that any person buried here will be inevitably saved at the day of judgment; Saint Kevin having prayed that this privilege might be accorded to his favourite church. We were shown here the base of a cross, weight about 3 cwt.; those who contrive to carry it between their teeth thrice round the ground without pausing to take breath, will never afterwards have the toothache—one of Mr. Wynder's stories to which we may, at least, attach credit.

tain rag-stone, but laid incomparably well." In the churchyard there are none of the finely-sculptured crosses such as we have met with elsewhere; that of which we preserve a copy is the only one of magnitude, and entirely without ornament, although the broken fragments of several smaller ones are scattered about, as head-stones to the graves.

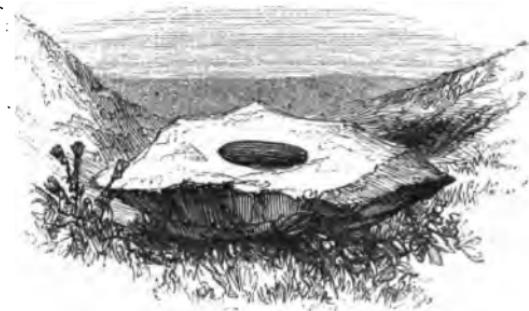
Our next duty was to visit the famous "BED" of ST. KEVIN; it is on the south side of the lake, and, as it is far more easy to climb up, than down, to it, a boat is always at hand to convey the curious to this especial object of curiosity. When comfortably seated and the boatman had taken the oars, we had leisure, and certainly inclination, to listen to the "laagends" of our guide Wynder. Some of the most original of them, as well as a few that are to be found in "veritable histories," we preserve for our readers. First was the story told by Cambrensis to illustrate the piety and humanity of the saint:—how, "when he retired to keep the forty days of Lent in fasting, meditation, and prayer, as he held his hand out of the window, a blackbird came and laid her four eggs in it; and the saint, pitying the bird and unwilling to disturb her, never drew in his hand, but kept it stretched out, until she brought forth her young and they were fully fledged, and flew off with a chirping quartette of thanks to the holy man, for his convayniance." Next, how "the stone—called the Deer Stone"—(he had previously pointed it out to us adjacent to "the Kitchen")—"was turned into a dairy by the saint. A poor widow-man was left with a baby; and what to do with it, he didn't know in the wide world; so he went to his holiness, and his holiness says, says he, 'Did ye never hear tell of the lilies of the field,' says he, 'and who clothes them? Come to this stone, my good man, every morning after airy mass,' says he, 'and I'll go bail ye'll get a drop for the babby; ' and sure enough at day-



STONE CROSS.

break the poor fellow saw a deer come, and lave a quart o' new milk in the stone, and that fed the cratur till he grew big enough and learned enough to be the saint's coadjutor; but the stone is there to speake to the miracle this

day." (And here, good reader, is a copy of it, to put the fact beyond dispute.) How "one day in spring, before the blossoms were on the trees, a young man, grievously afflicted with the falling sickness, fancied that an apple would cure him; and the dickons an apple-tree, at all at



THE DEER'S STONE.

all, was about the place; but what mattered that to the saint! he ordhered a score of fine yellow pippins to grow upon a willow; and the boy gathered, and ate, and was cured."\* How "the saint was one day going up Derrybawn, and he meets a woman that carried five loaves in her apron. 'What have ye there, good woman?' says the saint. 'I have five stones,' says she. 'If they are stones,' says he, 'I pray that they may be bread; and if they are bread,' says he, 'I pray that they may be stones !' So, with that the woman lets 'em fall; and sure enough stones they were, and are to this day."† How "a vagabone from Connaught stole the saint's mare and her foal, and the saint overtuck him and shtruck him dead upon the spot, wid a look he gav him; and immediately he ris a cross in the place as a warning to all marrauders; and

\* A version of this story is quoted by Dr. Ledwich, from "an Icelandic MS.," which adds, that "the tree seemed to rejoice in this gift of God, and bears every year a fruit like an apple, which from that time have been called St. Kevin's apples, and are carried over all Ireland, that those labouring under any disease may eat them; and it is notorious, from various relations, that they are the most wholesome medicine against all disorders to which mankind are liable: and it must be observed, that it is not so much for the sweetness of their flavour, as their efficacy in medicine, for which they are esteemed, and for which they are sought."

† Ledwich says, "these stones were kept as sacred reliques for many years in the Rheiheart church, but are now in the valley, at a considerable distance from it: they weigh about twenty-eight pounds each, are shaped like loaves, with the marks of their juncture in the oven." They are still to be seen.

the cross stands there now, with the marks of the mare's feet on the one side, and the foal's feet on the other!"\* (And so it does, for here is a copy of it.) How "the saint banished the larks; not, as the foolish imagine, because they disturbed his orisons, but because the workmen who built his churches 'struck,' complaining that the larks woke them too airily; so

says the saint, 'Do yer duty for this day,' says he, 'and they shall trouble you no more;' and ever since no lark floats above the holy waters."

Of other "haros" besides Saint Kevin, our guide had a store of tales. Of Fin Mac Coql's Cut—a singular gap in the mountain—he told us that "Fin one day met a countryman, and axed what news of the battle. 'Bad,' says he; 'we're bet into smithereens,' 'Och! murder,' says Fin, 'why wasn't I there! I'll show ye what I'd have done;' so he makes a blow with his soord, and cut a piece out of the hill. We call it the jiaunt's cut; himself and another jiaunt used to shake hands across the lake." Of course, the "laagends" of King O'Toole are many and various; we have space but for

\* The following is Mr. Otway's version of this story, as told by Joe Irwin. "This, sir," said he, "is the tomb of Garadh Duff, or Black and Yellow, the horse-stealer, whom St. Kevin killed for telling him a lie. It happened as follows: Black and Yellow one day was coming over the ford, there above, not far from Lough-na-peche, riding a fine black mare with a foal at her foot; and meeting the saint, blessed Kevin asked him, 'Where, Garadh, did you get that fine baste?' 'Oh, I bought her from one of the Byrnes.' 'That's a lie, I know by your face, you thief.' 'Oh, by all the books in Rome,' says Garadh, 'what I say is true.' 'Dare you tell me so—now, in order to make a liar and a thief and a holy show of you to the world's end,—I'll fix your foal and mare, there in that rock, and the print of their hoofs shall remain for ever, and you yourself must die and go to purgatory.' 'Well, if I must die,' says the thief, 'please me, holy father, in one thing, bury me in your own churchyard, and lave a hole in my tombstone, so that if any stray horse or cow should pass by, I may just push up my arm and make a snap at their leg, if it was nothing else but to mind me of my humour, and that I may keep my temper during the long day of the grave.'



THE MARE'S CROSS.

one: how "the saint managed to get from the king a grant of the land upon which he built his churches. The king was ould and wake in himself, and took a mighty liking to a 'goose, a live goose; and in coarse o' time the goose was like the master, ould and wake. So O'Toole sent for his holiness; and his holiness went to see what would the Pagan—for King O'Toole was a hathen—want wid him. 'God save ye,' says the saint. 'God save ye kindly,' says the king. 'A better answer than I expected,' says the saint. 'Will ye make my goose young?' says the king. 'What'll ye gi' me?' says the saint. 'What'll ye ax?' says the king. 'All I'll ax will be as much of the valley as he'll fly over,' says the saint. 'Done,' says the king. So wid that Saint Kevin stoops down, takes up the goose, and flings him up, and away he goes over the lake and all round the glin; which in coarse was the saint's hereditary property from that day out." How "the saint got rid o' the last of the sarpints: Ye see, yer honours, he was the ould sarpint that was 'cute enough to bother St. Patrick, when he druv out of Ireland the whole of his seed, breed, and generation. My gentleman walks off to Loch-na-Peche; and soon after St. Kevin comes to make his bed and build his churches; and the sarpint couldn't forget his ould tricks, having a dale o' spite agin the clargy. And the saint was, in coarse, intirely bothered, when, as fast as he ris the tower, down it came agin; so he set his dog Lopus to watch, and the dog brought him word that his innemy was curled up in the sinter of the loch, all day; but when his reverence went to bed, mee blackguard comes out, and does the world and all o' mischief. 'Och! what'll I do!' says the saint; 'is it to be nonplushed by a thief like this, that I'm after sleeping in a hole,' says he, 'and giving up the best o' good living,' says he, 'to say nothing of the ladies,' says he. Well, yer honours, the saint was only a soggarth (young priest) in thim times; and, in coarse, his prayers hadn't the strength they had afterwards; and all he could get by them was, that if he'd walk to the top of Kamaderry before the dew was off the grass, he'd see something. Now Kamaderry was a grate wood in them days, and it wasn't asy travelling. But the saint wasn't to be daunted; so he axes a lark to wake him (for this was before he made 'em quit the place), and he puts on his new ponticalibey, and away wid him up the hill. Well, when he gets to the top, what would he hear but the sarpint snoring! and the saint was mighty uneasy, till Lopus wint up to him and 'Whisper, yer rev'rence,' says the dog; and the baste told him a sacret, and slips something into his

hand. ‘Bathershin,’ says the saint, ‘I understand,’ says he. So wid that he takes out his braviary, and sthreels along, pertending to be at his matins; but he had one eye off the book watching. ‘Good Morrow, Saint Kevin,’ says the sarpint. ‘Good Morrow, kindly, sir,’ says the saint. ‘You’re up airly, I’m thinking, yer rev’rence,’ says the sarpint. ‘But faiks, you’re afoot before me,’ says the saint. ‘The pleasure of your company for a walk would be agreeable, Saint Kevin,’ says the sarpint. ‘Wid all the pleasure in life,’ says the saint. So the two went sthreeling, arm in arm, through the wood; but when they came to the end of it, what would they see but a grate hair trunk! ‘What’s that?’ says the sarpint. ‘Bad luck to the bit o’ me knows!’ says the saint. ‘I’m thinking it’s a trunk,’ says the sarpint. ‘So it is,’ says the saint; ‘and I never see a bigger.’ ‘Och! then many’s the bigger one I’ve seen,’ says the sarpint, ‘in Bully’s acre; and that’s in the city Develin,’ says he. Develin, ye see, was the ould ancient name o’ Dublin. ‘Pho,’ says he, in con-tinuation, ‘it isn’t big enough to hould me.’ ‘Och! honour bright,’ says the saint; ‘it’ud hould two o’ the likes o’ ye.’ ‘I’ll bet ye a gallon o’ sperits it won’t,’ says the sarpint. ‘Done,’ says the saint; and ‘Done,’ says the sarpint. So wid that the omathawn crawls into the trunk, laving the ind of his tail outside. ‘And now ye see, St. Kevin,’ says he, ‘it isn’t big enough to hould me; and so I’ve won the wager.’ ‘Let me have occular da-monstration,’ says the saint. So, like a flash o’ lightning, he slaps down the cover; the sarpint pulls in his tail—not to have it cut off; the saint takes the kay out of his pocket, and locks my gay fellow up, in a jiffy. ‘I have ye now, Mister Sarpint,’ says he, ‘cute as ye think yerself.’ ‘I own myself bet,’ says the sarpint; ‘let me out, Saint Kevin,’ says he, ‘and I’ll pay ye yer gallon like a gentleman,’ says he. Oh! yah! the holy man wasn’t to be done that way; so he tuck the trunk upon his shoulders, and carried it all the way to Croagh Phadrig, and threw it off the top of a big hill into the say. And every now and agin, when the winds are roaring and the waves lashing along the shore—that’s the sarpint twisting and twirling his tail round about in the trunk, and screaching out, betwixt the pauses of the storm, ‘Let me out, St. Kevin, and I’ll pay ye yer gallon o’ sperits like a gentleman.’ And so, yer honours, that was the way Saint Kevin got rid o’ the last o’ the sarpints.”\*

\* The ordinary reading of this legend is, that St. Kevin employed his dog Lupus to kill the serpent; in commemoration of which feat, under the east window of the tower he fixed a stone,

But all the legends of Glendalough sink into insignificance compared to that which the genius of Moore has immortalised—the legend of the Saint and Kathleen! When the saint was young and beautiful—our guide is the authority for fixing the event, in the twentieth year of his age—he retired to this solitude, and manifested a singular taste, for so young a man, by selecting, as his bed, a hollow in the rock, scooped—we again trust to Mr. Wynder—with no other chisel than his nails. He was striving to hide himself from the eyes of Kathleen, “eyes of most unholy blue;” and so—

“Where the cliff hangs high and steep,  
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep;  
‘Here, at least,’ he calmly said,  
‘Woman ne’er shall find my bed.’”

Yet the saint was mistaken; for when the lark, not yet banished, roused him from his bed, what should he see but Kathleen bending over him! The angry saint, according to Mr. Wynder, “put his two feet agin her breast, and kicked her into the lake.” But if we may credit the Poet—

“Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And, with rude repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.”

Both authorities, however, agree that the saint “drownded” the lady—a wicked deed, for which the poet offers no excuse, although the guide ingeniously accounted for it by affirming that “Kathleen wasn’t Kathleen, but Satan in the disguise of a woman;” for that “no Irishman born and reared could do such a thing at all at all.”

As we neared “the bed,” we noticed a female form high above it, and presently saw it skipping down the cliffs. “There’s Kathleen!” exclaimed the guide: and, for a moment, we looked to hear her “light foot nigh,” and gaze upon “the smile that haunted the young saint.” The Kathleen of the nineteenth is, however, we may presume, the very opposite to her of the sixth, century; or the “good saint” might not have been so cruel, after all. “THE BED” is a hole in a rock, on the side of the mountain of Lugduff, about thirty feet from the surface of the lake. The artist has assisted us to picture it. The

with a carving upon it of a dog devouring a serpent. This stone, which Ledwich describes, was stolen on the 20th of August, 1839, by a person in the garb of a gentleman.

ascent is exceedingly difficult, and somewhat dangerous: for a slip would inevitably precipitate the adventurer into the lake below: yet the peril is scarcely sufficient to justify the character given of it by Dr. Ledwich; "nothing," he says, "can be more frightful than a pilgrimage to the Bed." We confess, nevertheless, that we picked our steps carefully, both up and down, and had little hesitation in taking the advice of Kathleen and the hand of Wynder. The bed is about four feet square, and the saint must have slept in a very uncomfortable position; at one end of it is a large, though shallow, cavity, "big enough," quoth our guide, "for the saint's head, if it was a thousand times



ST. KEVIN'S BED.

bigger than his heart," which it surely was if he murdered his "lady-love." The bottom, top, and sides are literally tattooed with names and initials of daring pilgrims who have ventured there; among the rest is the venerated signature of Walter Scott (W. S.) carved by his son, when the great "Magician of the North" visited Glendalough in 1825, in company with an associate scarcely second in the world's honour, esteem, and love—Maria Edgeworth.

Midway up the cliff is a small jutting rock, called St. Kevin's Chair, where the wayfarer may take rest.

TEAMPULL-NA-SKELLIG is a ruin on the edge of the lake, close to the Bed; so little of it now remains that a sturdy labourer might carry the whole of it away upon his shoulders. At the extreme end of the lake, and seen to great advantage from this spot, is a fine and graceful waterfall, that carries into it the collected streams of the adjacent mountain, which are again poured out, at the eastern extremity, into the lovely river Avonmore. There is another waterfall—the Poulanass—of considerable extent, but hidden among shrubs and trees between the mountains of Derrybawn and Lugduff, a little above the



RHEFEART CHURCH.

church of Rhefeart. And this CHURCH OF RHEFEART—or, as it is usually called, “the sepulchre of the kings”—in which lie interred generations of the O'Tooles, is perhaps the most striking and interesting of the ancient remains; although time has left barely enough of it to indicate the extent of its conse-

crated ground. It stands south of the glen that separates the two lakes, and bears token of very remote antiquity. The interior is thronged with briars and underwood, that, in many instances, completely conceal the graves of which it is full. On one of the most remarkable—an oblong slab, much broken—may still be traced the letters which indicate that it once bore this inscription, in Irish characters:—

Jesus Christ.

Mile Deach feuch corp re Mac Mthuill.

(Behold the resting-place of the body of King Mac Toole, who died in Jesus Christ, 1010.

Near to the Rhefeart church is another piece of ruin—a circle of stones; but the most singular relic of this description is just above the waterfall of Poulanass and nearly between the two mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn. It is known as ST. KEVIN'S CELL, and consists of masses of flat stones, heaped one



ST. KEVIN'S CELL.

above another, and forming a circle, in the centre of which is a rude cross—or rather the relic of it, for time has mouldered it almost to a shapeless mass. And from this point, the valley is seen to great advantage; the cell is situated

in a rock, which juts forward, and exhibits the whole of the surrounding scenery in all directions.

From this part of the lake, too, we have a splendid view of the overhanging mountains; Derrybawn, Lugduff, Comaderry, and Broccagh. The two lakes are divided by a rich meadow.



LENMALURE is a still wilder part of this district, which from Glendalough must be gained by the military road over Derrybawn and Lugduff. The descent into the glen by the little inn at Dunnogoff is among the wildest scenery in Wicklow; and whatever the impression left by our visit to Glendalough, and the peculiar interest belonging to its "gloomy lake" and group of ruins, we must admit that until we stood under the impending cliff that overhangs the entrance to Glenmalure we had not seen decidedly the most sublime pass in these mountains. On either side for three or four miles its precipitous sides are formed of weather-worn masses of granite, that in many places seem ready to spring from their dizzy heights into the bed of the Avonbeg, which has its rise in Loughfinogeefin, and after bounding down the fall called the Ess at the north extremity of the glen, and receiving the homage of its many tributaries in its troubled course, seems weary of the toil, and settles down near the Lead Mine into a sedate river, leisurely wandering from side to side of a narrow but luxuriant stripe of meadow-land, its own alluvial formation. Few tourists venture further up the glen than the Lead Mine, for beyond this no vehicle can proceed, though some thirty years since, however difficult and dangerous, it was not impossible to drive by this mountain track into the Glen of Imael.

From the Lead Mine, looking up the river, we observed to the left what appeared to be another glen, not less romantic, but on approaching to explore it, it proved to be only a vast hollow in the side of Lugnaquila, known to the peasantry as the Glen of the Faughan rock, from the abundant growth of this fruit-bearing little shrub, which crowns its rugged sides.

Opposite the Lead Mine there are, except in very dry seasons, innumerable rills trickling down from the highest visible points on the west side of the Glen; one more remarkable than the rest is the overflowing of what is called Kelly's Lough, evidently a corruption of Loughnaquilla,\* which would appear to have given its name to the mountain, on whose steep side it lies under the dangerous path of the pedestrian, who will make the ascent from Drumgoff; but let no inexperienced citizen attempt this feat without a guide, and he too a good cragsman and able to bear a well-stored canteen, for there grows on these mountains a description of "hungry grass" which if he happen to tread on and have not the means of satisfying the imperious demands it creates, he may not only not be able to proceed, but perhaps be unable to retrace his path without assistance. A pocket mariner's compass may be at times most useful on such expeditions, as these hills will suddenly even in fine weather have their heights enveloped in dense fog or drifting mists. From the highest point of Lugnaquilla, which is marked by a flat rock called Pierce's Table, may be had distant views of parts of the Counties of Wexford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and Dublin, and to the east that part of Wicklow lying between the great Sugarloaf and Arklow, St. George's Channel bounding the panoramic prospect. Walking a few paces to the west, from the brink of a fearful precipice, there is a fine view of the glen of Imael, once the seat of the kings of these fastnesses. The descent from Lugnaquilla may be made by the Ess waterfall at the head of the glen, but it will add some half dozen miles to the walk.

Leaving Glenmalure, we follow the chequered life of the little Avon until we see it wedded to its more highborn neighbour at the "Meeting of the Waters," now winding its sinuous way through the rich meadow land of Fannaneirin and again struggling with the rude and rocky interruptions to its way under the woods of Balinacor, the pleasantly situated home of William Kemmis, jun. Esq.

Crossing at Greenane, we keep the right bank, and pass under the church of Ballinatone, lower down Ballad Park, the residence of its chaplain, until we reach the little hamlet of Ballinaclash, where, recrossing, we still follow the stream until our road falls into the coach line as we enter the Vale of Avoca.

If, however, after his visit to Glendalough the Tourist is willing to postpone his excursion to Glenmalure, and reach the Vale of Avoca by a more easy and

\* Now Lugnaquilla.

a shorter way, he will follow the course of the Avonmore down the Vale of Clara, which affords a variety of the more quiet though still beautiful scenery of the country. The little nest of cottages which gives a name to the valley stands on the opposite bank, where our road has gained a considerable height over the course of the river; and looking down on its little chapel surrounded with trees, reflected with its old bridge in the smooth water, it has an inexpressible character of repose. We now keep our way far above the river side until we reach Rathdrum, itself standing on very high land. The town has little to recommend it to the notice of the Tourist, his path here lying across the mail coach line. Still keeping the course of the river, leaving the public road he enters the demesne of Avondale, through which the proprietor, John Parnell, Esq. generously permits a passage of more than two miles to the Lion Bridge under Castle Howard. It has been said of this drive that more care bestowed upon the demesne would enhance its beauties, but it may well be doubted whether, if the hand of art were made more visible, we should not lose the very characteristic for which the lover of Nature will prize it most. Should the Tourist prefer the public road from Rathdrum, he will pass by the Casino, Kingston, and Avon Hill, and he will as he approaches the Vale have the best view of the commanding position of Castle Howard.



THE meeting of the waters" commences the Vale of Avoca; which extends, a distance of about seven miles, almost into Arklow. The genius of Moore has immortalised the spot; but those who approach it with imaginations excited by the graceful and touching verses of the poet, will be inevitably disappointed; unless they bear in mind that

“ ‘Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill”

which gave “enchantment” to the scene, so much as “the friends of his bosom,” who were “near;” where Nature was “charming,” chiefly because her charms had been

“Reflected from looks that we love;”

—spells that might convert a desert into a paradise. Not that the place of

meeting is without beauty; far from it; but its attractions are small in comparison with those of other places in its immediate neighbourhood. It is, however, the opening to a scene of exceeding loveliness; "a valley so sweet," as scarcely to require the poet's aid to induce a belief that nothing in "the wide world" can surpass it in grandeur and beauty. The visitor will pause a while, at the pretty and picturesque bridge, under which roll the blended waters of the Avonmore and the Avonbeg; forming here a placid lake, (in the centre of which is a small island, covered with underwood,) as if the rivers lingered for a first and last embrace, before they ceased their separate existence, and under a new name, the Avoca, rushed together to the sea. Upon their calm and quiet "MEETING," the mountains look down—one, in the distance, bleak and barren; the other immediately above them, mixing the dark hues of the fir with the light tints of the ash—"the brightest of green"—and flinging its subdued and gentle shadow, as if in sympathy, upon the tranquil union of a thousand torrents, here met, and "mingled in peace."

The road leads along the west bank of the Avoca; on both sides the hill-steeps are clad with forest trees; the opposite being especially rich. From above their thick foliage peep, occasionally, the turrets of some stately mansion; beneath which the eye detects "clearings" skilfully formed, so that the best points of view may be obtained; and, as the river takes a winding course, the means of amply examining the grace and splendour of the scenery are very frequent. Nearly midway in the valley, are the COPPER-MINES of Cronbane and Ballymurtagh—the former to the left, and the latter to the right, at opposite sides of the river. A prettily situated inn, "THE AVOCa HOTEL," is upon its margin. Scenery similar in character, yet perpetually varied, continues until the "SECOND MEETING" is reached; where the river is crossed by a handsome bridge, of stone, although the locality is still recognised by its ancient cognomen, "THE WOODEN BRIDGE." (The annexed view is from the height immediately above it, close to the church of Ballintemple). And there is another inn (THE WOODEN BRIDGE HOTEL)\* at the

\* "The Wooden Bridge Inn" is comfortable; and the charges for "entertainment" are moderate. Two coaches pass by it, to and from Wexford, every day. The hotel, however, is generally so crowded with visitors in "the season," that it will be necessary for those who design to locate there, to order rooms, by letter, a few days before their arrival. Cars are, of course, to be had in abundance.

base of Knocknamokill,—a hill which the Tourist will do well to ascend; for nowhere is the valley seen to greater advantage. A winding path, arched by the branches of finely grown trees, and bordered with myriads of wild flowers, conducts to the summit—and what a view! Our readers may form some idea of it; for here all we have been describing is taken in at a glance.

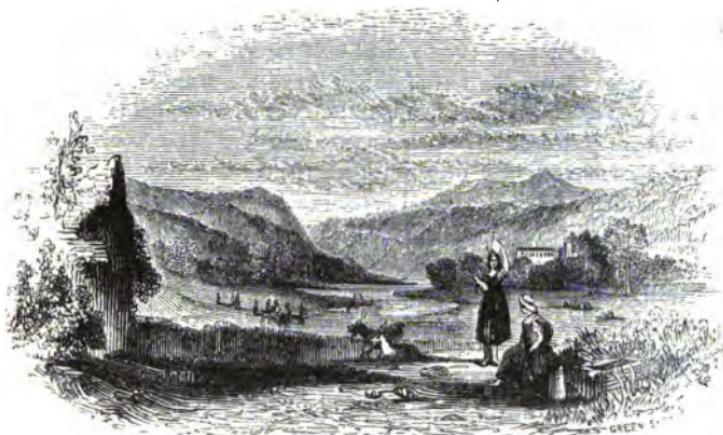
From the Wooden Bridge to ARKLOW, the river narrows and deepens; and the trees being more directly over it, a darker shadow is thrown along the waters.



THE WOODEN BRIDGE.

The woods of GLENART, the seat of Lord Carysfort, are to the right; on the other side of the Avoca is SHELTON ABBEY, the mansion of the Earl of Wicklow. It is a very elegant structure, situated almost on the margin of the river. But the district through which we are now passing, although a continuation of the Vale of Avoca, is properly the Vale of Arklow; and it leads almost into the town, where we are again introduced to the arid and coarse features of the county, which continue until its borders are reached and

we enter the county of Wexford. ARKLOW has the aspect of a thriving town; but, like all the harbours between Dublin and Waterford, it has the disadvantage of a bar. The remains of an ancient castle still exist; but of its once famous abbey there are now scarcely the traces left;\* and here the Avoca passes under a bridge of thirteen arches.



IN THE VALE OF AVOCa.

To visit SHELTON ABBEY, we must cross the Avoca, at Arklow, and after passing the old church of Kilbride to the left, where stands a lofty pyramid, the Howard family mausoleum, we enter the plantations, and are permitted a drive of three miles through the demesne, passing near the handsome abbey mansion of the noble proprietor, of which we had but a glimpse on our way down on the opposite side of the river. The pleasure-grounds are delightfully circumstanced and most tastefully cultivated. On leaving the demesne by the west gate, we are again on the public road for less than half a mile until we enter the woods and demesne of BALLYARTHUR, the residence of E. S. Bayley, Esq. Here are some points from which the finest views of the Vale of Avoca are to be obtained; and first, through the plantations near the mansion, we pass into

\* The castle was built and the abbey founded by Theobald Fitzwalter, fourth Lord Butler of Ireland. The castle repeatedly changed masters—according as the Irish or English had sufficient strength to take and retain it. It was "ruinated" by Oliver Cromwell, in 1649.

a shaded walk of about a mile in length, to what is known here as the Octagon, once the site of a rustic temple or banqueting house.

From this, looking down over the lofty oaks, whose highest branches are at our feet, we see the whole course of the Avoca, from the second meeting at Wooden Bridge until it passes under the long bridge at Arklow into the sea. Returning to the mansion, we direct our *maître de poste* to take the carriage-road to the *first* gate-lodge at the foot of the hill, while we, after a short walk, descend by a flight of some two hundred winding steps through the wood to the same place. From the top of this flight of steps are extensive views of another portion of the vale, not less beautiful, but of a different character from those we have just left. Looking up, we have the little wood-embosomed village of NEWBRIDGE, high over which are the red sterile rocks of Cronbane and Ballymurtagh copper mines, and beyond these the distant blue hills through which Glenmalure was rent at their creation. A glance down the vale before we descend; on the other side is CASTLEMACADAM church and the modern Elizabethan residence of its pastor, the latter built by the late Lord Powerscourt; and further down the pine-clad height of Knocknamokill, over the Wooden Bridge Hotel, and "second meeting." Beyond these, the brown heights of Croghan Kinsella, at whose foot on this side are the old gold mines; for that at Ballintemple church, which is now worked, is some miles apart, and comparatively a recent discovery.

We must now leave Ballyarthur, which of all the sylvan scenery in Wicklow will perhaps retain a place the longest in our memory. The drive is still through the wood, close to the river, at a considerable height, and we pass out under a castellated arch with a lofty tower, and find ourselves at Newbridge, where we again cross the river and regain the coach-road.



If the Tourist has leisure and inclination to visit a singular, but as far as the picturesque is concerned not an attractive district, he must retrace his steps through the valley, and proceed up the mountains—the Croghan mountains—a chain that separates Wicklow from Wexford county—for about four miles, from the “Wooden Bridge.” Passing a chapel prettily situated on the side of a hill, and looking down upon one of the loveliest of all the valleys, thronged with forest trees, and skirted on one side by the beautiful demesne of Lord Carysfort, we enter a remarkably wild district, in which are situated the original “Wicklow gold mines.” Until the period of our visit, we confess we had fancied that only in the poet’s verse we should find

— “our Lagenian mine,  
Where sparkles of golden splendour  
All over the surface shire.”

We were, as our readers will learn, greatly mistaken; for we actually saw “gold—yellow, glittering, precious gold,” dug from the bowels of the earth; weighed it in our palm, and were satisfied of its veritable existence;\* readily confiding in the truth of statements, that gold, to the value of many thousands of pounds, has been, from time to time, collected by the peasantry; and that, within two months after the discovery, they made, by the sale of what they had gathered, no less than £10,000.†

It does not appear that gold was found in any quantity until the autumn of 1796; when “a man crossing a brook found a piece in the stream weighing about half an ounce.” The circumstance was noised abroad, and almost immediately every river, stream, and rivulet, for miles round the spot, was

\* That gold must have been obtained in considerable quantities by the ancient Irish is a fact beyond controversy. The spade of the peasant is continually delving up some precious relic of old times—crowns, corslets, bridles, chains, rings, torques, fibulae, bracelets; and there is scarcely a private collection of antiquities in the kingdom that does not contain several specimens. Some of them are of considerable weight; Sir William Betham refers to one that weighed 36 oz., and Mr. Petrie to another that weighed 27 oz. 9 dr.

† This estimate is given on the authority of Mr. Fraser, author of a statistical survey of the county (1801).

thronged by eager searchers after wealth ; the news ran, like wild-fire, through every district of the county.

Soon afterwards, two companies of the Kildare Militia took possession of the ground by order of Government ; a sum of money having been issued for the



NEW GOLD MINES.

purpose of conducting the works upon scientific principles ; "a separate account being kept in the Exchequer of the receipts, in order that it might be given to whoever might be entitled thereto ;" but the experiment was comparatively unsuccessful—the produce of the mine during these operations

amounting to little more than £3,500; in 1798 they were discontinued, in consequence of the disturbed state of the county; and although partially resumed in 1800, the result was so unsatisfactory, that the attempt at further discoveries was relinquished, and the mine was abandoned.

Since this abandonment—a period of more than fifty years—the peasantry have still, occasionally, found morsels of the precious metal. At first, the pursuit was resumed with exceeding avidity, but the appetite grew less and less strong as the chances of discoveries diminished; and although now and then a group might have been noticed raking the débris which the streams had brought from the mountains—or, more frequently, a solitary wanderer detected scraping the edges of the current, and peering with longing eyes into the mud and gravel of the river—the people generally had returned to the more profitable labour of drawing riches from the earth by the spade and plough. About the year 1840, however, a company, formed in London, took a lease of the district, and worked the mines under the superintendence of a practical miner from Cornwall; but some miles distant from the place where the original Gold Mines were worked. They were still conducted upon a small and poor scale with variable success; scarcely, indeed, a remove from the rough process of the peasantry, making no attempt to trace the gold to its source, but contenting themselves with obtaining as much as they could from the clay that borders the stream. Yet the scene was one of exceeding interest; of which the accompanying sketch will convey some idea.



LET us here glance for a moment at some of the mineral treasures in which Ireland is proverbially rich. Of these the most important is fuel. Bog and turf are words so often associated with the name of Ireland, that the importance and extent of her coal-fields are greatly underrated.

The total area of bog is estimated at 2,830,000 acres, scattered in different localities,—sometimes in small patches, at other times, as in the Bog of Allen, covering a vast tract. Sometimes the bog is scarcely thicker than the sod that grows upon it; and at other times it is of great depth. Sometimes it is comparatively solid, at other times it makes what are called “shaking bogs,” forming vast

territories floating upon subterranean lakes. In endeavouring to make railroads through some of these bogs, thousands of cartloads of stones and earth have been swallowed up without making any perceptible difference, and in most such cases it has become necessary to sink into these insatiable quagmires immense numbers of rafts or frames of timber bound together, to make a kind of foundation upon which earth and other materials were afterwards thrown. Nor are bogs, as generally supposed, confined only to low levels; but on the contrary, above a million and a quarter of acres of bog form the tops or sides of mountains, generally at a considerable elevation above the sea.

The principal coal-fields are seven in number. Ireland boasts of possessing the largest field in the empire, perhaps in the world. It extends over portions of the counties of Limerick, Clare, Kerry, and Cork. The coal-fields of Leinster occupy portions of Kilkenny, Queen's County, and Carlow, and join those of Tipperary. There are three in Ulster; and the principal one in Connaught covers 140,000 acres, and lies in the counties of Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim and Cavan. A great portion of the coal of Ireland consists of stone coal or Anthracite, a species of coal that burns without flame. From the neglect of modern improvements and machinery, or from the want of capital, the coal mines do not fill nearly as important a position among the sources of national wealth as they ought certainly to do. And whilst Ireland not only could supply her own wants, but enjoy a valuable export trade, much of the coal used is imported from England and Scotland.

Iron is also abundant in Ireland; and the position of the iron-fields is particularly felicitous. In other places the various requisites for extracting the iron from the ore must be brought from a distance: in Ireland they are situated nearly together. Thus the coal and iron fields lie in close juxtaposition. Water is close by, either as a power or means of transport. Bogs are also at hand, and capable of furnishing any quantity of the best charcoal for the purpose of smelting; and so is limestone, which is indispensable, and in England must be often procured with difficulty. Let us instance the Arigna mines. Their ore contains 40 per cent. of metal, whilst the Staffordshire ores contain only 28 per cent. They are situated close to Lough Allen and the Shannon. Thus their produce can be transported with ease to any part of the island; and the Railroad Commissioners in 1838 estimate the coal-fields by which these mines are surrounded at 20,000 acres, equal to 20 million tons of coal. The richest ore

is close to the surface, and is exposed in the bed of the Arigna river in many places by the mere action of the stream.

The copper-mines are distributed in different localities, principally in Wicklow and Waterford; and in the county of Cork, at Berehaven in Bantry Bay; and at Skull not far from Cape Clear; but better known from its proximity to ill-fated Skibbereen.\* The quantity of Irish copper ore sold in Swansea for some years past averages something more than 10,000 tons each year, at an annual value of about 70,000£.

But the lead-mines of Ireland are of more value. The ore is sometimes so rich in silver as to be called silver-lead ore. The total quantity of silver obtained by the Mining Company of Ireland in 1851 was 3,860 oz., producing upwards of 1,000£., and the richest silver-lead ore is that from the Kilbricken mine, which produces about 120 oz. of silver to the ton of lead. Lead ore is scattered all over the island; but in small quantities. The quantity of metal smelted by the Mining Company of Ireland at Ballycorus in 1851 was 674 tons, which produced 460 tons of lead.

The Mining Company of Ireland are now working no less than thirteen mines in this country, and with what success may be estimated from the quotation of their shares in the money market (April 1853):—

	PAID UP £ s. d.	SELLS FOR £ s. d.
Mining Company of Ireland . . . . .	7 0 0 . . . . .	22 0 0
General Mining Company . . . . .	1 17 6 . . . . .	6 0 0

In addition to these mines, native gold (as we have shown) exists; and was once found so plentifully by the peasantry in Wicklow that they obtained more than 10,000£. worth in a single year. The annual produce is now, however, small. There are also mines in Ireland of antimony, manganese in several localities, zinc, bismuth, nickel and chrome. Slate quarries are abundant, and

\* It was principally in this locality that COLONEL HALL (the father of one of the authors of this work, and to whom we have made more distinct reference in treating of the mines at Killaney,) discovered and opened several mines; that at Kippagh, and that at Balleydehob, (both about eight miles from Skibbereen,) he discovered and worked: the first named of these two yielded a quantity of malachite quite as fine as the Russian. Colonel Hall, as we have elsewhere observed, was the pioneer who led the way to more fortunate followers. Although he raised ore in Ireland, and sold it in Swansea, to the value of about 400,000£., his speculations were unfortunately disastrous to himself and his family. Yet his example was not without beneficial effects to Ireland; and unquestionably showed what English energy, enterprise, and capital might achieve in that richly endowed country.

also marbles; beautiful specimens of which may be seen set in panels in the hall of the Museum of Irish Industry, 51, Stephen's Green East, which is open to the public free of charge. A visit there will well repay the geologist, and give him an excellent idea of Irish mineral productions. Ireland has also some excellent pottery clays, admirable sand (for castings and foundry work), in the neighbourhood of Belfast, often exported to England and Scotland; flags, granites, and buildingstones, of a very superior description.

All these industrial resources are gradually becoming known, and ere long will be a source of international exchange and mutual wealth.

Wicklow is the only county of Ireland in which neither primary nor secondary limestone occurs. Nearly the whole country is covered by the mountains which skirt the great central limestone plain of Ireland on the south-east, and which may be regarded as part of a range extending from Dublin Bay to the junction of the Barrow and Suir, near Waterford. The central part of the range consists of a mass of granite, having its strike in the direction of the range, and crossing that of the slate, through which it protrudes, and the ends of which, although much scattered and confused, abut against the sides of the granite. The slate rocks occupy the rest of the country on each side of the granite, and form mountains of less elevation, extending towards the sea on the one hand, and the limestone plain on the other, so that the country is wholly occupied by crystalline or schistose rocks.

The metalliferous clay-slate district extends in a narrow line from Croghan Kinsella on the south, to the sea at Killiney Hills (Co. Dublin) on the north. Metallic substances are diffused throughout this space in slight layers, in veins, or in massy beds; the last are generally copper or iron pyrites. In the granite and mica slate, ores of lead and copper are found. The granite is generally remarkably pure; it occupies a tract of varying breadth, of from seven to fourteen miles, and protrudes in isolated masses in the district occupied by the clay slate. It is not unfrequently porphyritic, as in Glen Cree and Glen Macanas. Schorl tourmaline, garnet, beryl, rock-crystal, epidote, heavy-spar, magnetic-iron ore, galena, copper and iron pyrites, and other minerals are found in small portions.

The mica slate district, on the eastern flank of the granite, seldom exceeds three miles in breadth, and generally passes into clay slate. Hornblende, hornblende-slate, garnatite, emery, andalusite, hollow spar, talc-slate, which is

quarried for chimney-pieces, hearth, and grave stones, and veins of quartz occur in the mica-slate.

The metals obtained in the clay-slate are gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, zinc, tin, tungsten, manganese, arsenic, and antimony.

The eastern flank of the mountains presents a varied aspect, being worn into deep glens and dells, bounded by abrupt precipices or occupied by lakes; while the western flank presents less variety, the glens and valleys being more expanded and less picturesque.



STRACING our steps through the Vale of Avoca, and taking again part of the route back towards Dublin, we pass through Rathdrum to RATHNEW, leaving to the right, about two miles distant, the town of WICKLOW—the capital of the county, but inferior in size and population to both Arklow and Bray.\*

\* On these shores the barnacle is often found; it resembles a wild goose. It feeds on the tuberous roots of an aquatic grass, which is full of saccharine juice: and instead of the rank taste of other sea-fowl, which feed partly on fish, this bird acquires from its aliment a delicate flavour, that renders it highly prized. But the circumstance which long made it an object of the highest curiosity, was an idea that it was not produced in the usual way, from the egg of a similar parent, but that it was the preternatural production of a shell-fish, called a barnacle. This singular absurdity is not to be charged to the Irish; it was first published to the world by Giraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied the early invaders, and saw the bird in this place. It was received with avidity in England, and set down among other *speciosissima miracula* of the new and barbarous country, where everything was wild and monstrous. The shell supposed to produce it is frequently found on this coast, adhering to logs of wood and other substances which have remained long in sea water; it is attached by a fleshy membrane at one end, and from the other issues a fibrous beard, which curls round the shell, and has a distant resemblance to the feathers of a fowl; on this circumstance the story was founded. So late as the time of Gerard the botanist, it was firmly believed by the naturalists in England. In a folio edition of Gerard's works, there is a long account of this prodigious birth, which he prefaces by saying, "What mine eyes have seen, and mine hands have touched, that I will declare;" and he accompanies his description with a plate, representing one of these birds hanging by its head to a barnacle-shell, as just excluded from it, and dropping into the sea. This fishy origin of the bird rendered it an object of ecclesiastical controversy. It was disputed with much warmth in England, before the Reformation, that this Irish bird, having a fish for its parent, was not properly flesh, and so might be eaten with perfect propriety on fast-days; hence this delicious meat was an allowed luxury, in which many worthy ecclesiastics conscientiously indulged, in Lent. One learned man made a syllogism to defend his practice: "Whatever is naturally born of flesh is flesh, but this bird hath no such origin, therefore it is not flesh." Another retorted on him by the following ingenious

For several miles round Rathnew the scenery is especially beautiful; it is however, a poor village, but there are two good inns in its immediate neighbourhood—one at ASHFORD, and one at NEWARTH BRIDGE, both exceedingly comfortable and well conducted.\*

About two miles from the inn at Newarth Bridge, and one from the village of Ashford, commences the entrance to "THE DEVIL'S GLEN," or rather to that side of it which is the property of Charles Tottenham, Esq.; for the river divides it; the opposite land belonging to Francis Synge, Esq. Mr. Tottenham requires that all visitors shall leave their names at his Lodge, where an order for admission into the glen is given by the lodge-keeper, a kindly and gossiping dame, in whose company the stranger may spend a few minutes very profitably. A narrow road—but not too narrow for ordinary carriages—shadowed all the way by luxuriant trees, runs, for nearly a mile, to the iron gate that bars the passage of all intruders; but where a call for admission is at once answered. As we enter (the overhanging foliage has hitherto concealed its character), the scene that at once bursts upon the sight is inconceivably grand and beautiful. We are between two huge mountains, the precipitous sides of the one being covered with the finest forest trees, of innumerable forms and hues, the greater number having been planted by the hand of Nature; but where she had manifested neglect or indifference, Art has acted as a skilful and judicious attendant, and provided a remedy for the omission. The other mountain is rugged and half-naked; huge masses of uncovered stone jutting out over the brawling river, into which they seem ready to fall, and where gigantic rocks have already striven to stay the onward progress of the wrathful current—in vain. How striking and how exquisite is the contrast between the side rich in foliage, and that which still continues bare! for

" Green leaves were here:  
But 'twas the foliage of the rocks, the birch,  
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,  
With hanging islands of resplendent furze : "

position: "If a man," said he, "were disposed to eat part of Adam's thigh, he would not be justified, I imagine, because Adam was not born from a parent of flesh." So universal was this belief in the extraordinary origin of the bird, that its supposed parent, the shell-fish, is called by conchologists *lepas anserifera*, "the goose-bearing lepas."

\* Not far from Newarth Bridge is Rosanna, long the residence of Mrs. Tighe, the author of "Psyche." Mrs. Tighe died at Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, in the spring of 1810, bequeathing to the world a volume of pure thoughts, conveyed in graceful and eloquent verse.

while between both, at a prodigious depth below their summits, rushes the rapid river, brawling so loudly as to drown the music of the birds; now a mass



THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

of foam, now subsiding into a calm miniature lake, where the trout find rest, and where the water is so clear that you may count their silver fins beneath it. The glen is little more than a mile in length; and midway a small moss-house has been erected; to our minds, the structure—although exceedingly simple—disturbed the perfect solitude of the place; where the work of the artificer ought not to be recognised. But this evil is insignificant compared to one, of

very recent origin, against which we may justly enter our protest—a wide carriage road has been constructed all through the glen; stolen partly from the river's bed, and partly from the mountain's base! Alas for the sylphs and dryads who have had their dwelling here! Alas for those who love untouched and untainted nature! Let us hope that the river, exasperated beyond control, will avenge itself upon the insolent engineer, who sought to restrain a mountain torrent within "licensed bounds." And this result is, indeed, to be looked for; the waterfall at the head of the glen, that dances so joyously and so "orderly" in summer, must be, in winter, a mighty cataract, full of fury, that no barrier, the work of man, can be expected to withstand.

Nothing in the county of Wicklow astonished us, or gratified us, so much is the Devil's Glen; with its roaring river, its huge precipices, its circuitous

paths, and the noble and graceful "fall," that seems as a crown of glory to its head. It is impossible for language to convey a notion of our delight, when we had climbed the mountain steep—by the tangled footway that ascends from the moss-house—and gazed below and around us. It is perhaps the most graceful, if not the most stupendous, of the Wicklow cataracts; it comes rushing and roaring down from the heights above, between rocks, through which it would seem to have worn a channel; then, as elsewhere, pausing awhile as if to gather a sufficient force with which to move onwards; and then dashing aside every



THE WATERFALL IN THE GLEN.

impediment that would bar its progress to the sea.

Reader, to reach it is, literally, but a DAY'S JOURNEY from LONDON!

As we were leaving the Glen, we encountered one of the prettiest little girls we had seen in Ireland; she was crossing a small brook —an offset, as it were, from the rushing river; but as rapid, and brawling as angrily, as the parent torrent, which it resembled in all save its width. She was completely enveloped in one of the huge cloaks of the country; it had been *flung* on, carelessly and hastily, but it flowed round her form in a manner peculiarly graceful. Her attitude, as she stepped somewhat cautiously over the mountain cascade, was so striking, that we strove to pencil it down; and the valuable aid of an accomplished artist, Mr. Harvey, has rendered our sketch worthy to be laid before our readers.\*



PEASANT GIRL

The tunnel given in the accompanying sketch is on a terrace drive formed about fifteen years since by Mr. Synge, leading from the heights over GLEMORE CASTLE nearly to the Waterfall. We regret much to add that this road is now all but impassable even to the adventurous pedestrian, the moun-

\* Within a short distance from the Glen.

tain torrents in that short time having in many places left scarcely a trace of it.



THE OLD TUNNEL.



DUNRAN—the residence of the Rev. Dr. Fletcher—another of the wonders of Wicklow—is but a short distance from the Devil's Glen; and scarcely lengthens the road to Newtown-Mount-Kennedy. It is a creation of nature rather than of art; the hill to the west being covered to its summit with the indigenous oak forest of this county; the granite rocks—one of which, of stupendous height, called "the Lady's Rock," the artist has introduced into his picture—assume occasionally the most fantastic forms. The defile is a narrow pass between lofty hills; in the several interstices of which trees have been planted, where there is, apparently, scarcely soil enough to cover their roots. As this part of DUNRAN lies upon very high ground, no water flows through it

—another variety in the characteristics of the county. The views from this point are most magnificent; let us borrow the poet's aid to describe them:—

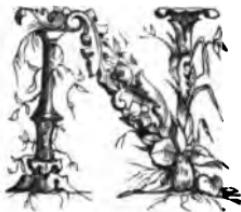
“ Oh! what a goodly scene!

\* \* \* \* \*

And seats and lawns, the abbey and the wood,  
And cots and hamlets, and faint city-spires;  
The channel there, the islands and white sails,  
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and shoreless ocean! ”



THE LADIES' ROCK IN DUNRAN.



NEWTOWN-MOUNT-KENNEDY, a large village, distant twenty-one miles from Dublin, is also surrounded by beautiful scenery ; within a mile and a half of it, in the demesne of ALTADORE, is a small glen called "the Hermitage," for which nature has done much, and art more. And here is another of the magnificent waterfalls for which the county is so famous. It is but one of many attractions in this delicious spot ; the grounds have been laid out with exceeding taste ; the walks through it are very varied ; and considerable judgment and skill have been exhibited in so planting and "trimming"—the one being even more necessary than the other where the growth is rapid and luxuriant—as to obtain a new and striking view almost at every step. A mile or two further on, is the rich vale of DELGANY, extending to the sea, seen to great perfection from the main road, where it descends into the Glen of the Downs. Delgany is the property of the family La Touche, whose name has been long—and not in this county alone—synonymous with goodness ; for to nearly every branch of it may be applied a passage from the epitaph to one of its members—"Riches in his hands became general blessing."



WATERFALL AT ALTADORE.

The family residence is Belle Vue, standing on the height to the sea-side of the Glen of the Downs, which is part of the beautiful demesne. At the very summit on a projecting rock, crowning this side of the Glen, stands a banqueting house—a striking object from the road beneath, looking like the outworks of some old castle, and commanding a panoramic view of considerable

extent, ranging from the great Sugar-loaf on the west, over the Scalp, Bray Head, and the whole coast to the town of Wicklow.

The village of DELGANY is, perhaps, of all the retreats in this county that where the lovers of repose and quiet enjoyment would locate themselves; but there is no hotel here, and the visitor must seek a home in some of the neat white-washed cottages, of which the place is made up. It is the growth of years of care bestowed upon it by its presiding genius.

There is a handsome church and rectory. In the former is a magnificently sculptured monument to the memory of one of the La Touche family, to whose bounty the parish is indebted for this place of worship.\*

From Delgany to the north termination of the GLEN OF THE DOWNS, the distance is but a mile or two; and the public road runs through it. The glen is formed by two abrupt hills, between twelve and thirteen hundred feet high; clothed with the most luxuriant foliage from the base to the summit of each. To describe the scene would be but to ring the changes on the terms sublime and beautiful; but to no part of the county



THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

\* The visitor to Delgany should not omit to see this fine monument in the church, to the memory of the Rt. Hon. David La Touche, who died in 1785. It is twenty-four feet high, and stands opposite the west entrance. On the entablature are placed three medallions, the centre representing David, the others Peter and John La Touche, Esqs. On one side stands a figure of Mrs. La Touche, holding a cornucopia; and a large life-sized figure of him to whose memory this splendid monument was raised, stands on a pedestal in a niche on the apex of the pediment.

could they be more justly applied. All along the valley, as elsewhere, we are accompanied by

*"The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain  
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks."*

The glen is of considerable extent; and in leaving it we enter once more a district comparatively barren; although, as we approach Dublin, the influence of cultivation is more apparent in changing the arid character of the soil, and giving the wild common the aspect of civilization. As we advance, from any of the heights, there is a glorious and cheering prospect of the sea; mansions and cottages are more thickly scattered about the landscape; and lofty mountains meet the eye from every point of view.

Leaving to the left the romantic Dargle, we draw near the northern border of the county,—and before we quit it altogether, visit the town of Bray. Here the scenery assumes a new character:—a few steps from the main road, and we are upon the shore of St. George's Channel.

BRAY is the largest town of the county, and, from its proximity to Dublin, is extensively visited by persons in search either of the benefits of sea-air, or the enjoyment to be derived from beautiful scenery; and here, in consequence, is "QUIN'S," one of the most splendid—and also comfortable—hotels in the kingdom. A large number of fishermen live in the neighbourhood of Bray; but unfortunately, the want of a quay for shelter greatly militates against them—an evil for which we hope a remedy will be ere long provided.

The immediate neighbourhood of Bray is thickly covered with the mansions of the resident gentry, and the villas to which the citizens, whose means admit of it, retire in the summer season. Amongst the former are Kilruddery House, the residence of the Earl of Meath, Hollybrook (Sir George Hodson, Bart.), Old Connaught (Lord Plunkett), Cork Abbey (Colonel Wingfield), St. Valory (Judge Crampton), and Ravenswell Brae (Isaac Weld, Esq.). Especially, in his drives about Bray, the Tourist will be sure to be brought through the small but beautiful demesne of Hollybrook, the seat of Sir George J. Hodson, Bart. The mansion is in the best style of Tudor architecture, with a terraced front overlooking a small lake, in which are reflected from different points the Great and Little Sugar-loaf Hills, the graceful outlines of the house, or the fine old evergreens that add peculiar beauty to this little paradise. The drive from the east entrance is through a narrow glen, wooded with venerable oaks and other

forest trees, at whose feet a brook finds its way, forming a number of miniature cascades. The pleasure grounds, parterres, and garden, are in the best possible taste, and kept most carefully.

The railway from Dublin about to be opened, crosses the river near the sea, and will be continued to Bray Head along the sea shore and thence to Wicklow. The works at Bray Head are well worth a visit, affording many beautiful views in all directions.



ERE we must leave this lovely county of Wicklow; passing unnoticed innumerable objects, in describing any of which we might occupy pages. As we have said, "to picture adequately half its beauties would require a large and full volume." We trust, however, we have written enough, notwithstanding our limited space, to direct towards it the attention of the Tourist—a place so easily within reach from any part of England; and a visit to which necessarily includes one to the Irish metropolis, so abundant in matter of the deepest interest to the antiquary, the man of science, the philanthropist, and, in short, to all who have at heart the welfare of the country, and desire its moral, social, and physical advancement.

As we have shown, a three-days' tour in this district will suffice for a careful examination of all its leading peculiarities of grandeur and beauty; two days will introduce the Tourist to many of them; and much may be seen in a single day's "run" from Dublin.

The county of Wicklow is bounded on the north by the county of Dublin, on the south by the county of Wexford, on the west by the counties of Kildare and Carlow, and on the east by St. George's Channel. The population in 1841 amounted to 126,143; and in 1851, to 98,978. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises an area of 781 square miles, or 500,178 statute acres, viz., 280,393 arable, 200,754 uncultivated, 17,600 in plantation, 341 in towns, 1,090 water. It is divided into the baronies of Arklow, Ballinacor, Newcastle, Half-Rathdown, Shileagh, Lower Talbotstown and Upper Talbotstown.



E have thus accompanied the Tourist to the Irish capital, and into one of the most picturesque of the Irish counties. Even if he journey no further through Ireland, he will have seen much of the country—its people, its peculiar character, its great and many natural advantages, and its large capabilities for good. If he see much—and doubtless he will—that yet demands improvement, he may be told of the vast advance that Ireland has been steadily making during the last ten years: and he will be led to hope that a closer and more intimate association with England will secure its on-progress and its consequent prosperity.

Thus wrote Arthur Young, more than seventy years ago: "When old illiberal jealousies are worn out, we shall be fully convinced that the benefit of Ireland is so intimately connected with the good of England, that we shall be as forward to give to that hitherto unhappy country as she can be to receive, from the firm conviction that whatever we there sow, will yield to us a most abundant harvest."

That these "illiberal jealousies" *are* wearing out is certain. To some of the causes which have promoted a better understanding between the two countries we have made repeated reference: there can be none so effectual as **FREQUENT INTERCOURSE**. What the consequence of the continual out-flow of the population of Ireland will be, it is impossible to say; it cannot be altogether evil, for the places left vacant will be filled in time; and while the Exodus enriches other lands with the labour which might have produced wealth at home, there will be a correspondent emigration into Ireland from the sister country, with its better habits, its improved systems and its ample capital, under the influence of which

Ireland must ultimately and inevitably become the most productive, and consequently the most prosperous, of all the dominions of the crown.

And this "frequent intercourse" cannot be less beneficial to England than it will be to Ireland. Ireland is as essentially "part and parcel" of the British Kingdom as either Yorkshire or Kent. Any legislation that can prejudice Ireland must be injurious to England. All distinctions that continue to consider the countries as two, cannot be otherwise than fatal to the welfare of both. They must be ONE, entirely and altogether, as Scotland and England are one. That much has been done to accomplish this great end, is certain: but it is also certain that much remains to do.

It is mainly to the introduction of English enterprise and capital into Ireland, that we look for the prosperity of that country. Various unhappy circumstances have hitherto kept it back: but those who recal the terrible mischiefs wrought by "agitation" some ten or twenty years ago, will have noted the utter failure of the agitator now-a-days: his powers have dwindled with the decay of themes that gave him strength; "Irish grievances" have become all but nominal. With English enterprise to lead, and English capital to work, it will be easy to foresee a glorious and happy issue to Ireland.

Capital will open its mines; establish its fisheries; make its rapid rivers auxiliaries to the manufacturer; double the produce of every acre of land; throng its harbours with vessels of trade; and, above all, capital will promote *emigration*—not to the vague Canadas—the worse than uncertain America—the perilous and impracticable Australia:—capital will promote emigration into the land-tracks—longing to be fertile—which never yet sustained life in aught but the hare and the grouse; but which, while they would largely repay cultivation, amply suffice to grow food for the whole surplus population of the country—a country which some people, unthinkingly arraigning the wisdom of Providence, have described as over populated with its millions of acres waste.

If, then, comparing the social and political state of Ireland as it *is* with what it *was*, we find abundant reason to rejoice; defective as it may be;—in contrasting the present with the past, we are not beholding a vision, nor even indulging a wild fancy, if we see in the prospect advantages to which those already obtained are but as dust in the balance: bigotry loosing its hold: the undue or baneful influence of one mind over another mind ceasing: habits

of thrift and forethought becoming constitutional: industry receiving its full recompense: cultivation passing over the bogs and up the mountains: the law recognised as a guardian and a protector: the rights and duties of property fully understood and acknowledged: the rich trusting the poor, and the poor confiding in the rich: absenteeism no longer a weighty evil;—capital circulating freely and securely, so as to render the great natural resources of Ireland available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland!



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